

MCCALL'S

APRIL

★ 1925



BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S LATEST NOVEL



for mirrors



for electric utensils



for windows



for
bathtubs
and tiling



for white
woodwork



for glass
kitchenware



for
aluminum



for enameled
refrigerators



for linoleum
and Congoleum



for glass
and nickel

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet!"



Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer



for
white shoes



Bon Ami

All 'round the house

Why is Bon Ami so popular? Because it's easy, quick and simple to use. Then, too, it cleans and polishes so many things. Here you see a few of the more important which respond to its magic touch.

Bon Ami absorbs dirt, doesn't scratch or scour it off like coarse, gritty cleansers. In a twinkling every spot, every speck of grime yields to Bon Ami's gentle action. Every surface sparkles with cleanliness!

And Bon Ami is easy on the hands—never makes the nails brittle, the skin rough.

You can use either Bon Ami Cake or Powder. The handy-size cake is preferred for the small things, the easy-to-sprinkle can for the big things. And perhaps you'll discover some unsuspected use for this "Good Friend" to the housewife!

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK



~ ANNOUNCEMENT ~

With the special pleasure that comes from personal discovery, we learn that the winner of the O. Henry Memorial Award First Prize for 1924 is

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

and the title of the prize story is
"THE SPRING FLIGHT."

This story appeared in the June issue of *McCall's Magazine*. It was chosen by us because of its fidelity to Shakespeare's life and age; for the vigorous imagination that endowed actual facts with romance while still preserving their historical accuracy, and for harmonizing them with the writer's own invention in a boldly designed and exquisitely wrought tapestry. It was selected, too, for *McCall's* readers because it tells a first-rate story—the prime consideration in so far as we are concerned. The difficult situations Mrs. Irwin handled with skillful ease, developing a tale that progresses dramatically through a climax of defeat to a climax of success, and ends in a thrillingly contagious uplift of the spirit.

The O. Henry Memorial, established in 1918 by the Society of Arts and Sciences, awards annu-



INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

THE WINNER OF THE
O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD
FIRST PRIZE FOR 1924



ally, to the most worthy story by an American, and published in *America*, a prize of \$500; to the second best story, a prize of \$250; and to the best short story a special prize of \$100. Writers and critics of the short story compose the Committee of Award, whose chairman is Blanche Colton Williams. Among those serving as judges in 1924 were Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs Is Pigs," retiring President of the Authors League of America; Allan Nevins literary editor of *The Sun* (New York); and Frances Gilchrist Wood, author of numerous short stories, several of which have been reprinted in Edward O'Brien's Best Short Stories series.

Mrs. Irwin, the first-prize winner, is well known to fiction lovers through her "Phoebe and Ernest" tales, and to women everywhere through "The Story of the Woman's Party." She is the wife of Will Irwin, the writer, who, by the happiest of coincidences, was a friend of O. Henry himself.

Every reader on *McCall Street* will look forward with interest to Mrs. Irwin's new story

"QUEENS"

which will be a noteworthy fiction feature of the May *McCall's*.

CONTENTS · FOR · APRIL · 1925

COVER: "CAPTAINING THE TEAM", FOURTH OF A SERIES "THE MILESTONES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE" BY NEYSA McMEIN

~ SPECIAL ARTICLES ~

One Way to Rear a Boy	2
GENE STRATTON-PORTER	
The Soul of an Artist	12
POLA NEGRI	
The Light of the World	15
BISHOP MANNING	
How Harold Bell Wright Gets His Novels From Life	18
JAMES LEO MEEHAN	
The Story of Woman	23
W. L. GEORGE	
Ironing Without Working	44
ELOISE DAVISON	
How to Get a Place on Easy Street	81
MARY B. MULLETT	

~ FICTION ~

A Son of His Father	5
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT	
The Only Woman in the World	8
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE	
Anna Martin	10
BERTHE K. MELLETT	
The Girl in the Cabinet	14
OLIVER PECK NEWMAN	
Merry Dale	16
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER	
The Keeper of the Bees	19
GENE STRATTON-PORTER	

~ SPECIAL ARTICLES ~

Good Manners Begin in the Cradle	63
EMILY POST	
These Bobs Are New	62
VIRGINIA KIRKUS	
Answers to Women	122
WINONA WILCOX	
~ FASHIONS ~	
Flares and Flounces Captivate the Mode	100
Pleats Are Endorsed for Spring	101
New Embroideries for the Spring Boudoir	115
ELIZABETH MAY BUNDEL	

Copyright, 1924, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter August 5, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, at San Francisco, Cal., at Seattle, Wash., at Des Moines, Ia., at St. Paul, Minn., at Council Bluffs, Ia., at Harrisburg, Penn., at St. Louis, Mo., at Albany, N. Y., at Lynchburg, Va., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Galesburg, Ill., at Utica, N. Y. All rights reserved. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our New York Office.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

April, 1925

Volume LII, Number 7

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Main Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 40 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

WILLIAM B. WARNER
President and Treasurer

O. B. CAPEN
Secretary

ROBERT CADE WILSON
Vice-President

H. F. BURTON
Editor

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed. *McCall's* will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



THE MOTHER



THE FATHER



THE DAUGHTER

FOR three years now this has been "Gene Stratton-Porter's page."

During that time, month after month, her thoughts about this great human business of living have been set down here for her countless friends to read and ponder. She has discussed with us life in all its varying phases, and talked over with us her own hopes and fears. We grew, in those years, to think of her as a friend, and to love her as one. Often, indeed, we brought our personal troubles to her to solve. Thousands of readers who have written to Mrs. Porter for ad-



vice because they felt she could help them, never failed to get a warm and ready response from this great woman. Now she is gone—taken before her time in a terrible accident; and so every word she left behind is doubly, trebly, precious. This editorial is one of the small sheaf she sent to us just before her death; it is one of the few yet to appear here before McCall's readers must forego forever the joy and profit of turning each month to that most satisfying of magazine treats—"Gene Stratton-Porter's Page."

One Way to Rear a Boy

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES," "THE WHITE FLAG"



THERE is an old truism that a fountain cannot very well rise higher than its source. So in order that you get the picture that I want to present to your credence in this editorial, it is necessary that I begin with the father and then dwell a few minutes on the mother of the particular boy concerning whom I am going to write; because very likely the boy could not have happened except as an emanation of the souls which produced him. I am going to assure you, also, that there is absolutely no romance in this or any other editorial that I write. In so far as I know, and think, and believe, what I am giving you is true

experience, either my own personally, or that of some one whom I know well and upon whom I rely.

The reason I say this is because a few weeks ago I happened to mention something that occurred when my garage burned in Los Angeles, and a woman sitting near, who was a perfect stranger to me and whom I did not know was listen-

ing to what my friends and I were saying, suddenly whirled upon me and revealed the fact that she knew who I was by her exclamation: "Good gracious! your garage didn't really burn, did it?"

And when I said: "Are you allowing yourself to suppose that I would state in print and give a detailed description of an occurrence that never happened?" In a bewildered, boggy sort of way she stared at me and stammered: "Why—why, I thought those things you wrote were just things you made up to try to teach a lesson or to show how things might happen!"

So, at my first opportunity, I want to say most emphatically that I am not "making up" things [Turn to page 80]

Why Linoleum makes a warm —and *not* a cold floor

*A test you can make
with your own fingers*

THE most sensitive finger tip is at the end of the third or wedding ring finger. If you will place the tip of one finger on a linoleum floor and the tip of the same finger of your other hand on a hard or soft wood floor, your own senses will tell you that linoleum is as warm a floor as the wood.

Your bare feet would tell the same story. The sole of the foot is even more sensitive to heat and cold than the hand.

Some people think that linoleum floors are cold. A floor of linoleum is certainly not so warm as a wool-carpeted floor, but put a linoleum floor in your bedroom, place the same fabric rugs on it as you would on wood, and your bedroom floor is warm and comfortable.

You can prove this to yourself at any time. There is a perfectly plain reason for it.

*Linoleum is cork—
and cork insulates heat*

Linoleum is a mixture of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on a strong burlap back. Cork is a non-conductor of heat. It is widely used as an insulating material. Indeed, cork board is now used inside the walls of houses to keep the cold outside and the heat inside. Linoleum floors tend to make a house warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The cork in linoleum helps hold the furnace heat in the house. This means a saving on coal bills. In summer the heat is *outside* the house and it is cooler inside. The cork in linoleum helps keep the heat outside.

*The modern way of laying
linoleum makes it a warm floor*

Fine linoleum like Armstrong's Linoleum should not be tacked down. Instead, a lining of warm, heavy deadening felt is glued to the wood underfloor and the linoleum is cemented down smoothly to this felt, waterproofed at the edges and where the seams are closely joined. This makes a warm, resilient, beautiful, permanent floor. Put your nice rugs on it. They will look even better and you will have a floor to be proud of for years and years.

Look for the
CIRCLE A
trademark on
the burlap back



*Linoleum in interior
decoration*

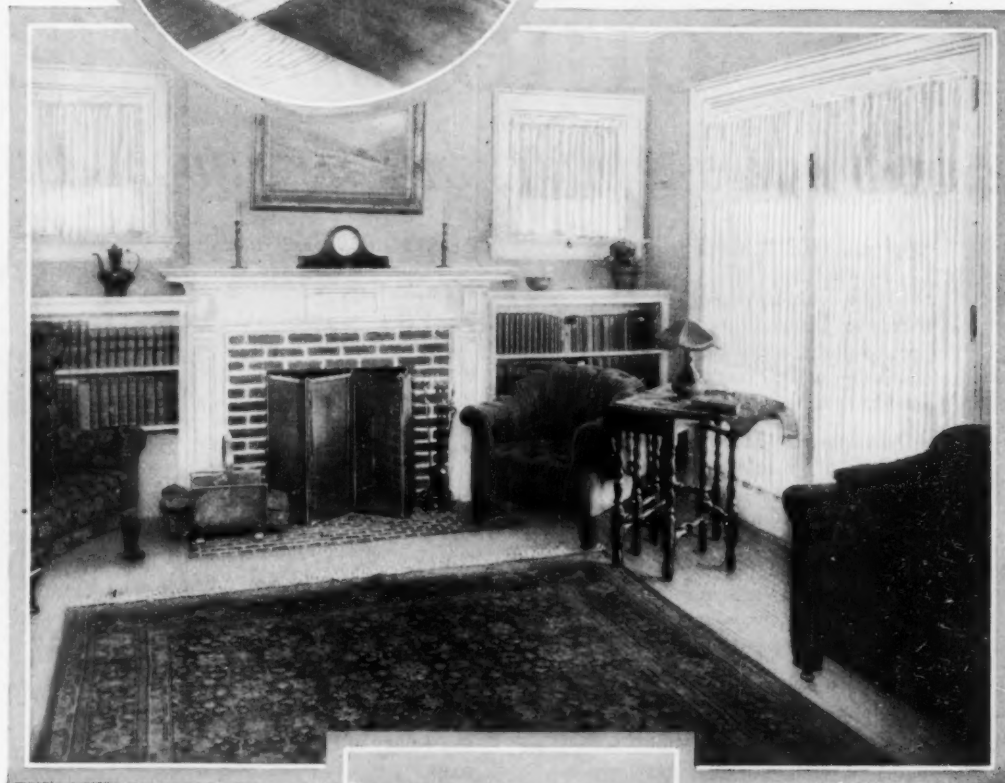
The growing vogue for pattern floors is increasing the use of



In comparison with wood the floor of linoleum is not cold. But for beauty as well as warmth, wool rugs should be spread on any bare floor, whether the floor is linoleum or wood.

∴

The fabric rug in this comfortable living-room is all the more attractive for its background of a floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum.



The linoleum floor in this bedroom is a warm floor. It is laid over a lining of heavy builders' deadening felt.

Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house. Agnes Foster Wright, a prominent interior decorator and a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines, has written a book on home decoration called "Floors, Furniture, and Color." We will send a copy of Mrs. Wright's new book anywhere in the United States for 25c. In Dominion of Canada, 60c. All genuine Armstrong's Linoleum may be identified by the Circle A trademark on the

burlap back. It is sold by furniture and department stores. If you have not seen any of the new designs and colorings in Armstrong's Linoleum, stop in at a good store in your city and ask to see them. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 885 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house



OHIO

"I am so impressed by the many good qualities of P and G The White Naphtha Soap, that I am moved to send this note of commendation. The use of this soap not only makes clothes whiter but at the same time lends such a clean odor and makes cleaning so easy, that I am sure there is no soap quite so good for the general household. P and G means 'perfectly great' to me."

Mrs. W. J. S.,
Dayton, Ohio

OHIO and ARIZONA

2,000 miles apart, but neighbors in their choice of this

IF you should travel from Cleveland, say, across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to Tucson, you would scarcely expect to find the women in Arizona enthusiastically using exactly the same laundry soap as those in Ohio used.

Nevertheless, as you looked out upon the lines of glistening white clothes, you could be sure that the majority of them had been washed with P and G The White Naphtha Soap, because P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in Ohio and Arizona, just as it is in most of the other states covered by your trip, and in the country at large.

What a recommendation for a soap! And how much it really means to you!

For it is clear that such wide favor must be based upon good reasons.

And it is. Here are the outstanding ones, as given to us by women themselves—women who have used all kinds of soaps and have decided for P and G.

P and G is *white*, and women who are careful and discriminating seem instinctively to prefer a white soap.

P and G keeps *clothes* white and colors fresh, because it washes clean.

P and G washes clean with less labor because it gives a fine, rich suds—in any kind of water, and in water of any temperature.

P and G requires much less hard rubbing, much less frequent boiling. Yet it is *safe*—it acts on dirt, not on fabrics or colors.

Finally, P and G rinses out thoroughly, thus preventing all grayness and soap odors.

Just try P and G for a few weeks and watch your clothes regain their fresh, new look. See how much time and labor it saves. Use it for all your household cleaning, too.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

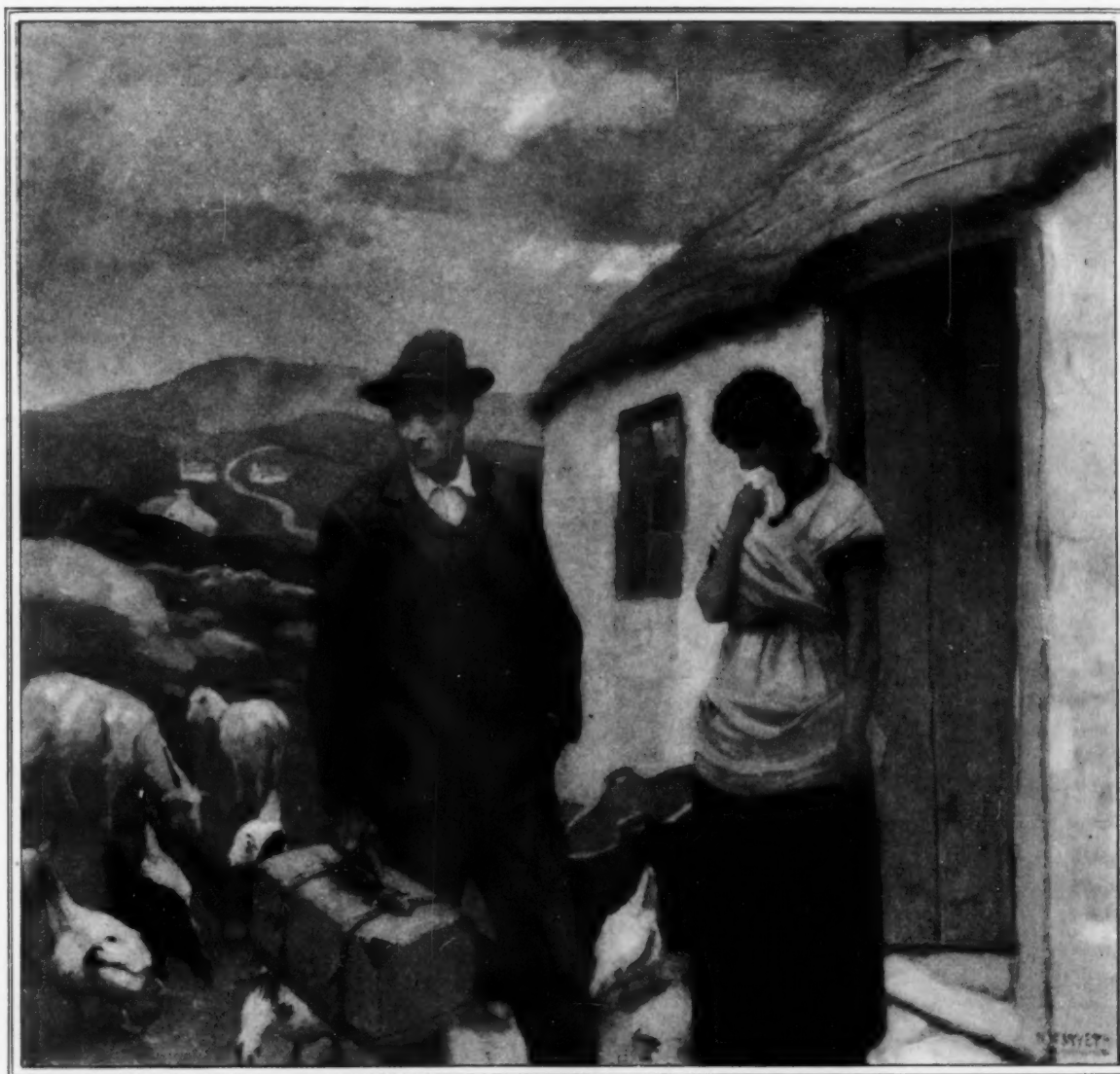
PROCTER & GAMBLE

ARIZONA

"When I first began to keep house, laundering and dishwashing were two of my biggest worries. Finally someone suggested that I try P and G Naphtha Soap. I did and found it entirely satisfactory as my using it for the past three years will testify. It cleans the clothing with less rubbing and does not injure delicate fabrics; it makes a suds in the hardest of water without the additional use of washing powders; and it does not hurt the hands."

Mrs. L. D. S.,
Globe, Arizona





"When my brother Larry had a chance to come to America . . ."

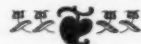
ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

FIRST! Before the rest of the world may read this newest—and greatest—novel by America's most-beloved writer, McCall readers will have the unprecedented opportunity of following it on these pages.—Herewith we present the first installment of "*A Son of His Father*"—and it is with special pride that we announce this, for this occasion marks the first time that Harold Bell Wright has ever consented to the serial publication of his work in advance of book publication.—This is the kind of treat we try constantly to provide for McCall readers—the kind that really marks an epoch in the magazine world

A Son of His Father

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "*WHEN A MAN'S A MAN*", "*THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH*", "*THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR*", ETC.



WITH the right background and proper perspective, the most commonplace things of our everyday lives assume colossal proportions.

A westbound, overland train was somewhere between Kansas City and El Paso. Through two long, hot, dusty days a young woman in the tourist car had been, to her fretful fellow passengers, an object of curious interest. Those who had been with her on the train from New York to Chicago knew that she had come from the great eastern city; but anyone could see that New York was not her home. Slow-witted from their grimy discomforts, and indolent from the dragging hours of their confinement in the stifling atmosphere

of the second class coach, they wondered about her with many speculative comments. Who was she? Where was she from? Where was she going—and why?

Whenever the feeble attractions of a perspiring card game failed, the players invariably turned their attention, with

pointless jests, to that lonely figure in the queer looking dress. One couple—a swagger man and a tawdry woman, who were improving their traveling hours with a cheap flirtation—made the bundle, which served the strange passenger as a traveling bag, a mark

for their ill-concealed merriment. When book or magazine palled, the listless reader would stare at her until a flash of sea-gray eyes would send the intruding gaze guiltily back to the neglected page. At meal time or whenever the train stopped—as even a westbound overland must occasionally do—the common interest was transferred, but never for long. The usual stock remarks about the various sections of the country seen from

the windows and the inevitable boasting comparisons with the various backhomes represented were exhausted. Political issues were settled and unsettled. The condition of the country was analyzed, accounted for, and condemned. But always, when every other point of conversational contact failed, that lonely young woman served.

And the young woman was as interested in the curious passengers—but with a difference. If she knew and cared that they were whispering about her she was careful to show no concern. If she felt their laughter she gave no sign, save perhaps a flush of color and an odd little smile as if she were trying to enjoy the joke.

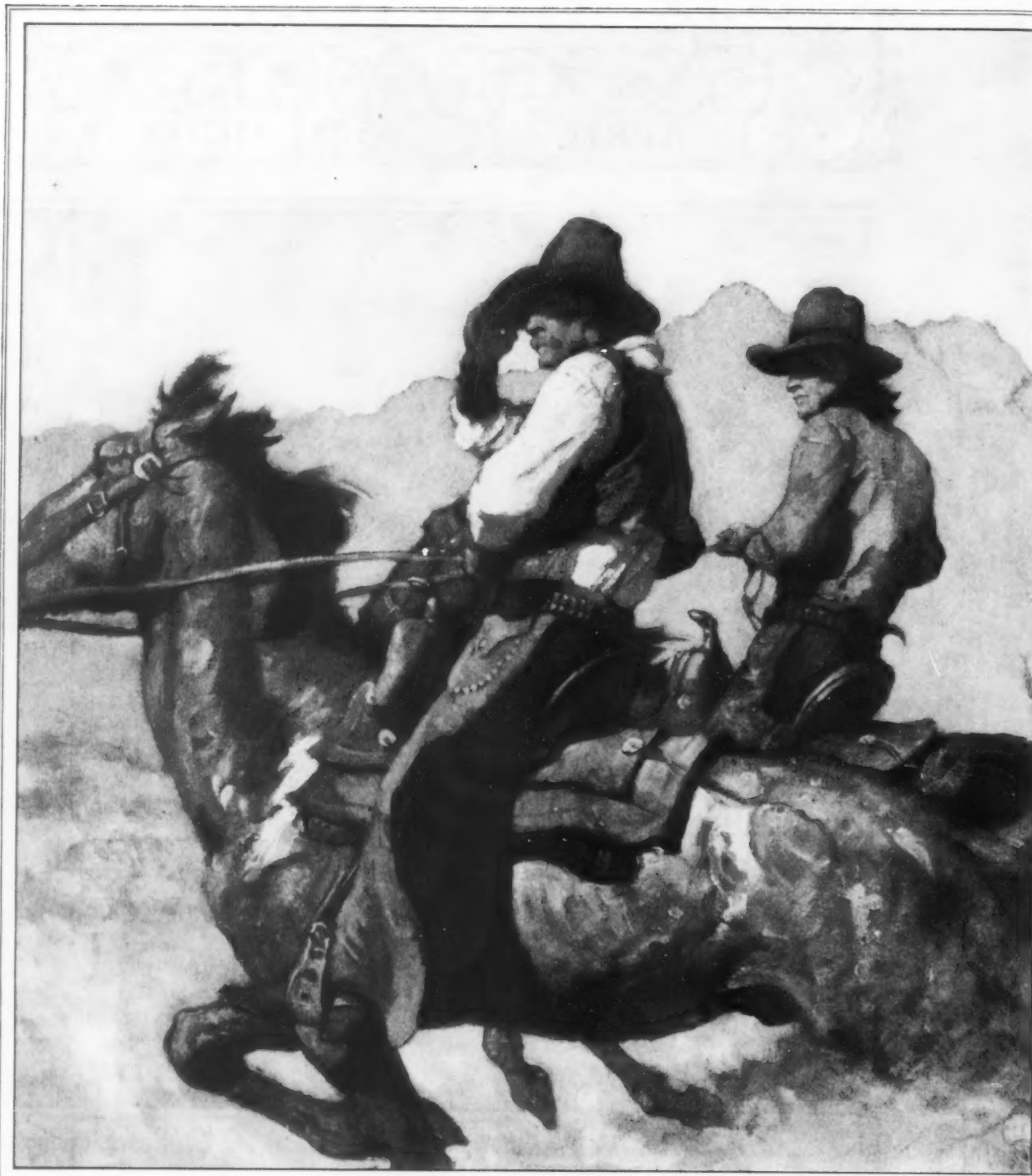
As the long hours of the westward journey passed, and the towns and cities became smaller and farther apart, and the might of the land made itself more and more felt, the girl stole a wistful glance, now and then, at her fellow travelers. She was so alone. At times, as she gazed upon the broad rolling miles that now lay between the swiftly moving train and the distant skyline, there would come into her expressive face a look of bewilderment and awe, as though she were overwhelmed by the immensity of the scene. Again, there would be in her eyes a shadow of fear as though she were not altogether sure of what awaited her at her journey's end.

At the first station west of El Paso a deep-bosomed country mother with a babe in her arms came into the car and was conducted by the porter to a seat across the aisle and a little back of the young woman. From her window the girl had seen the stalwart, sun-browned, rancher husband and it was not difficult for her to picture the home life thus represented. As she watched the mother and child, her face was as if she shared their happiness.

In strange contrast to the hurried passing of the miles the slow hours dragged wearily by. The young woman now looked out upon a wide expanse of dun, gray desert lying between ranges of barren, purple hills. From rim to rim the earth lay dry and hot under a sun-filled sky which in the blue vastness of its mighty arch held no cloud. Save for the disturbing rush of the passing train she could see, in all the dun, gray miles, no moving thing. As far as the eye could reach, the only visible mark of human life was that thin, black thread of steel. The gaunt and treeless mountains were set as if to mark the awful boundaries of a forbidden land, but from East to West that curving line was drawn with a bold, mathematical determination in daring defiance to the grim and menacing desolation.

Is it too much to say that these threads of steel constitute the warp of our national life as it is laid on the continental loom? And these fast flying trains—what are they but shuttles, weaving the design of our nationality? The factory villages and the mighty cities of our Far East—the farms and towns of our Middle West—the far flung cattle ranches and the wide ranges of our West—are these more than figures in the pattern of our whole? Consider, then, the threads that are carried by these swift train-shuttles to and fro across the loom: Planters, lumbermen, manufacturers, farmers, teachers, artists, writers, printers, priests, devotees of pleasure, slaves of the mill, servants of truth, enemies of righteousness—colored with every shade and tone of every race and nation in all this wide, round world.

But there were no luxurious, overland train-shuttles for those hardy souls who first dared to go from East to West across the continent. Slow ox teams and lumbering wagons on dusty trails, under burning skies, carried the human threads of that perilous weaving. Ah, but the quality of that old fashioned thread—the strength, the courage, the conviction, the purpose, of those lives that were firm spun on the wheels of adversity from the heroic fiber of the generation which first conceived the design of our nation! The weaving was slow, but the work endures. For us the warp was laid—to our hands came the shuttles—to us the unfinished pattern. But what of the quality of the thread which, in our genera-



“I’ve seen him ride broncs that had piled the best of them, and as for roping

tion, is being woven into this design, America?

Occasionally, now, the girl in the tourist car caught fleeting glimpses of human life in the seemingly empty and silent land—a red section house on the right-of-way, a dingy white blur of cattle shipping pens, a distant ranch house, a windmill with watering troughs, a pond where cattle came to drink, the lone shack of some hopeful homesteader. And then, with a long-drawn scream from the whistles and the grinding of brakes against protesting wheels, the headlong rush was checked and the train stopped.

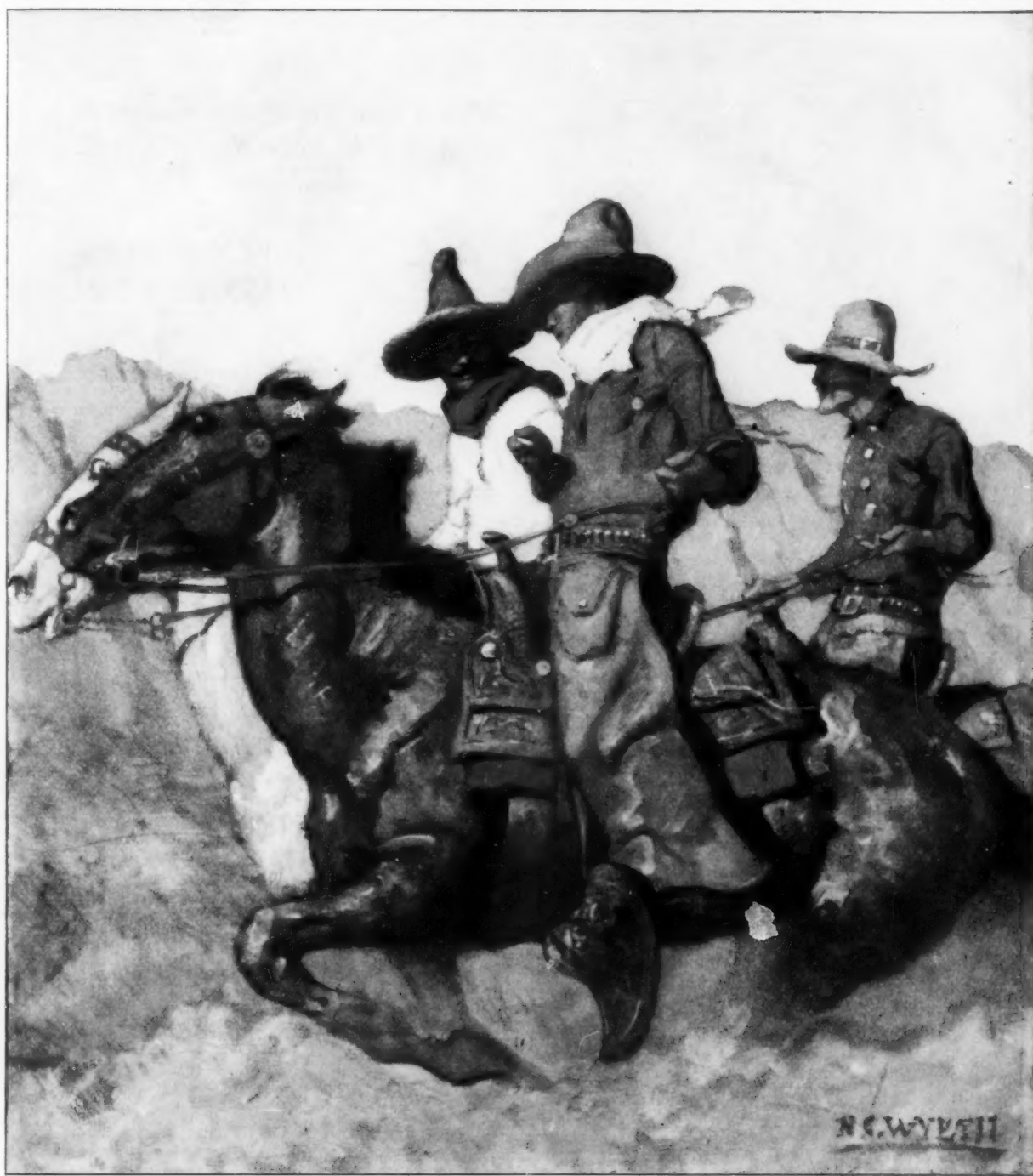
From her window, the girl saw a cluster of unpainted shacks and adobe cabins, one street with three forlorn stores—hardware and implements, general merchandise, drugs and soft drinks—a dilapidated post-office, a disreputable garage, a weather beaten hotel, and a tiny depot. From the depot platform one might have thrown a stone in any direction beyond the city limits. Some two or three miles away a cloud of smelter smoke towered above a small group of low, black hills. A few natives—cowboys with fringed chaps and jingling spurs, Indians in the costume of their tribe, and town loungers in shirt sleeves and big hats—had gathered to witness the event.


Many of the passengers, excited as children over this break in the monotony of their journey, hurried from the coaches to snatch a breath of clean air while walking up and down the platform and “viewing the sights.” But these travelers, who were so alert to anything new or strange, failed to notice that which caught and held the attention of the young woman at the tourist car window. A little apart from the general

gathering, a small company of men and women were grouped about a man who wore on his hat a wide band of black. The man's hat was old but the band of black was new. On a baggage truck near by there was a coffin.

The conductor, watch in hand, hurried from the depot. He paused beside the man in mourning and with him and his friends stood watching as the truck with the coffin was moved toward the forward end of the train. Then the conductor raised his hand and turned: “All Aboard,” and the careless sight-seeing passengers, with laughter and jest, rushed for the coaches. The girl at the window saw the hurried handshakes and the quick goodbyes of the man's neighbors and friends while one of the women placed a tiny bundle of humanity in his awkward arms. The train started hurriedly as if impatient to be off and away to business of more importance. The porter conducted the man, with the new band of black on his hat and the baby in his arms, to a seat in the tourist car.

The man was roughly dressed but clean, with hands that told of heavy toil. His face was the face of a self respecting laborer. His eyes were heavy with sleepless nights and with grief which he had no skill to hide. The porter's manner was marked by a gentle deference not usually accorded his second class passengers. The other occupants of the car settled themselves in various attitudes of weary discontent—indifferent to anything but their own discomforts. The sea-gray eyes of the lonely young woman in the queer looking dress were misty with tears.



—even the Mexican vaqueros have had to hand it to him more than once” 

The people who were privileged to sit on the rear platform of the observation car watched the lonely little town fade into the immensity of the lonely land. They saw that column of smoke above the group of low black hills but gave it no thought—just as they gave no thought to the generation that had so bravely laid the lines of steel over which their luxurious train shuttle flew so smoothly. Not one of them dreamed that their children, from the observation platforms of the future, would look upon a city there of which the nation would be proud. They did not know of the riches hidden in those bare, forbidding hills. They had no vision of the fields and orchards that would tame the wildness of the desert. They could not see the homes and schools that would come to be. With thought only for themselves and their little passing day they were as dead to the future of their country as they were indifferent to its history, and apparently cared as little for either the past or the future as they did for that coffin for which their train had stopped.

A train man passing through the car paused a moment beside the man with the baby and, as if he wanted somehow to help, adjusted the window shade. The conductor came, and his voice was kindly and sympathetic as he answered the man's low spoken, anxious questions. And in the eyes of the watching girl a smile shone through the mist of tears.

An hour or more passed. The man, holding the baby in his arms, sat motionless, gazing stolidly at the back of the seat before him. Many of the passengers dozed. The couple behind the girl talked in low, confidential tones.

Suddenly, above the noise of the train, came a wailing cry. The man with the baby started and glanced hurriedly around, with a look half frightened, half appealing.

The cry came again—louder and more insistent. Several passengers stirred uneasily and looked about with frowns of annoyance. The man, with hoarse murmuring voice and awkward movements, endeavored to quiet the awakened infant. The cries only increased in volume.

By now the passengers were turning in their seats with looks of indignant protest. A complaining voice or two was heard. The man, confused by the attention he was receiving and helpless to quiet his child, was pitiful in his embarrassment.

The swagger man and the tawdry woman exchanged remarks. A passenger across the aisle, hearing, concurred, and the man, thus encouraged, spoke in a tone which reached half the car: "If people can't take care of their darned kids they've no business bringin' 'em on the train." His companion, in the same vein, supplemented his effort with: "It's outrageous—where's the squalling brat's mother anyway?"

The passengers who heard murmured their approval of this outspoken protest. The man with the crying baby glanced back over his shoulder in mute apology. The young woman, who had been the object of their careless comments and thoughtless jests, sprang to her feet and turning faced the two who had won the applause of the disturbed company.

"For shame!" she cried in a clear voice which was heard easily by those who had endorsed the sentiments of the couple. "Have you no pity in you at all? Or is it that your

hearts are as cold as your eyes are blind?"

The swagger man grinned up at her with impudent boldness. His seat mate tossed her head. The startled passengers stared and waited with breathless interest.

With fiery recklessness the young woman continued: "There's no need of me askin' if you have any babies of your own—such as you would not—though 'tis to be supposed that you both have fathers and mothers of a sort. As for that poor little one's mother that you ask for, ma'am, you should know where she is—she is in the baggage car."

A sudden understanding fell upon the listening passengers. Eyes were lowered or turned away. Faces that were half laughing became grave and troubled. The pair before the girl hung their heads in shame.

A moment more and the anger went from her face. With a suggestion of a smile that was like sunlight breaking through a rift in stormy clouds, she said gently: "I ask pardon ma'am and sir. 'Tis myself that is thoughtless. Of course it is only because you do not understand that you are so cruel. Forgive me"—she favored the others with a knowing glance—"after all, everybody is just as human as they know how to be."

At this two edged apology every face in the little audience caught the light of her smile, and the effect on the atmosphere of the car was magical. The guilty couple to whom the apology was tendered alone missed the point—but they smiled with the rest.

The young woman did not pause to note the effect of her words. Even as the light dawned upon the slower witted ones she was standing beside the distracted man who was so engrossed in trying to quiet the baby that he had scarcely noticed the rebuke administered to the complaining passengers. "Please sir, let me try," she said gently. "'Tis easy to see that you're near worn out with worry—poor man."

The father lifted up his face to her with the look of a stricken animal that can not understand why it should be made to suffer so. "I'm mighty sorry, miss. I know we're disturbin' everybody but it seems like I just can't do nothing. I——" He again bowed his head over the wailing infant.

Then the man felt a light hand on his shoulder, and the girl was bending over him—her generous, loving soul shining in her sea-gray eyes. "I know—I know—" she murmured. "But please, sir, let me have the little

darlin'. Don't be afraid. 'Tis true I've none of my own—yet—but I know all about them just the same as if I had for 'tis me that's been mother to my own brother Larry since I was five and he was like your little one here. Is it a boy now? Of course it would be. I was sure it could be no girl from the power of his cry. 'Tis good lungs he has, which is as it should be, praise be to God."

She had the baby in her arms now and was crooning an Irish lullaby. The man's sad eyes were fixed upon her glowing face with wondering gratitude. The passengers, as they watched, smiled their increasing admiration. The baby continued to cry.

And then, still singing her low murmuring lullaby, and followed by the eyes of the passengers, the girl with the babe in her arms moved down the aisle of the car to the seat where the country woman was holding her own sleeping infant.

The woman smiled a welcome; and if there was a touch of matronly pride in the superior conduct of her own child, who could blame her?

"Poor little thing," said the girl, referring to the wailing infant in her arms, "would you just have a look at it ma'am?" She lifted a tiny claw-like hand. "See how 'tis nothing but skin and bones. And is yours a boy or girl?" "Mine are all boys," returned the mother—pride mingling with her sympathy.

"All boys! What a grand thing it must be now to mother a brood of men. This one is a boy, too. But the poor little thing's mother is dead and gone, you see, [Turn to page 64]



*Here is shown how man behaves in
the third of his "Six Ages of Love",
when he meets*

THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

*Roderick Dory is older now,
and a little more experienced
in the ways of women; but
still, he is, in reality, the same
lovable boy who won our hearts
as the young hero of "His First
Sweetheart" and "Teacher's
Pet"—and who, in the coming
issues of McCall's, will live
through the remaining three
phases of man's love-life as
depicted by this celebrated
novelist in a series of colorful
short stories, each complete in
itself but all concerned with
Roderick Dory from six to
thirty-six, when man finds,
according to Mr. Roche,
his final love.*

*"Oh, do not judge me husband,
because I have on my working clothes."*

The Only Woman in the World

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

AUTHOR OF "FIND THE WOMAN", "LOST", "THE DAY OF FAITH"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THERE are," opined Mr. Roderick Dory, "good women and bad women everywhere. It ain't, *isn't* what a girl does, it's what she is." His *vis-a-vis*, Mr. James Kernan, looked up from the bench by the tennis court which the two young men were straddling, and remarked contemptuously, "I don't get any sense in that. A girl's got to be what she does, ain't she?" "Isn't," corrected Roderick, with a sigh of patience. "Isn't or ain't, that ain't, *isn't* the point," argued Jimmy. "You said that what a girl does, she isn't. That don't mean anything." "Doesn't," said Roderick, wearily. "Well, *doesn't*, then," cried Jimmy angrily. "You give me a pain in the stomach. Anyone would think that you thought you were a writer." Roderick's eyebrows lifted superciliously. "One doesn't think one is a writer; one simply *is*." "Simple is right," sneered Jimmy. "You'd have to be pretty simple to think you could write anything. On the

level, Roddy, what have you written?" He executed the *volte-face* with utter lack of self-consciousness. "You wouldn't understand," replied Roderick languidly. "It's a play." "Is that what you're writing? What sort of a play?" "A drama of sex," answered Roderick. "It's about an actress that everyone thinks is bad because she wears tights, and in the last act she rushes from the theatre into the church where her husband, who is a minister, is preaching a sermon against actresses. He doesn't know that she is an actress, and nobody else in his congregation knows that she is, but she left the theatre in a hurry because their baby

was sick. She runs down the aisle—it's a night service the minister is conducting—and she trips, and her coat falls off, and there she is in tights. She hasn't had time to change her costume. The minister is mad as can be, but an old deacon gets up and hollers, 'No one but a good woman would be so worried about her baby, and you ought to be glad, Reverend Jones, that you ain't married to a heartless woman of fashion.'

Jimmy stared at the playwright; respectful awe was in his eyes and hero-worship in his voice, as he gasped, "That's a whale of a play! How on earth did you think of it?" Roderick shrugged. "One can't explain these things; one simply feels them." "What happens then?" asked Jimmy. "Why, the minister apologizes to his wife, and then he helps her on with her coat, while all the congregation look politely away from her." Jimmy could make no comment; he simply sighed in rapt and envious admiration. "Well, I certainly never thought you could write a play." Roderick shrugged a modest disclaimer of the imputation



of achievement. "It hasn't been produced yet, you know. She might not like it when she reads it."

"Who?" demanded Jimmy.

"Mildred Darrell."

"The musical comedy singer?" asked Jimmy. "I didn't know she played drama."

"She has a God-given genius; she can do anything."

"When you going to try and get her to read it?" asked Jimmy.

"Her new play, 'The Scrub Lady,' will be here next week. I'm going to try and see her then."

Jimmy sighed enviously. His own ambitions suddenly seemed tawdry and unworthy.

"I dunno that engineering is such a great career," he said lugubriously. "I think, maybe, that a business career might be better for me. Suppose I produce the plays you write? I got too much art in me for bridges."

Roderick leaned toward his chum and addressed him earnestly. "I hated ever to mention it, Jimmy. But I've noticed that while you may not have the creative instinct developed to a high degree, you got appreciation and understanding. I can't think of any person I'd rather have producing my plays than you."

"That's mighty white of you, Roddy," said Jimmy huskily. For Jimmy was of the kind that does not lead but is led. In all the days of their chumship, dating back half a dozen years, Roderick had been the planner, Jimmy the doer. The planner impulsively reached forth a hand; the doer grasped it, flattered. It was a moment. Two noble souls were consecrating their youth to the creation and furtherance of art. And into the moment came woman, art's greatest inspiration; woman, who cheers on the artist in his hours of despair, shields him from the contamination of earthly things in his hours of success, gives him from the bounty of her faith, and courage, and adoration, the stimulus he needs.

This woman was sixteen years of age; she was black-haired, and her eyes were hazel. The hoydenish period had not yet passed beyond her; to the aesthetic eye her lankiness of limb promised much, but a youth of eighteen would be apt to term her skinny. She was riding a pony; riding astride, and she swung off her mount with an ear-splitting whoop of greeting and the exposure of at least three inches of thigh. She was dressed in a bathing suit, abbreviated for the year 1904, and she was stockingless.

"Well, who's going to plunge into the briny with me?" she asked.

Roderick looked at her distastefully. "Your mother ought to do something about you," he said. "You aren't dressed."

Eloise Dennison waved a slender hand toward the beach beyond the tennis court. "A girl can't swim in stockings; and anyway, when did you join the church?"

"It isn't a matter of religious prejudice," said Roderick weightily. "It's a matter of what's right and proper, and what ain't."

Jimmy Kernan was the most loyal of slaves. He had just sworn to a wordless compact with Roderick. But for Eloise in days gone by Jimmy had nourished a hopeless passion and had withdrawn sustenance from it only when her preference for Roderick became too evident for him. He now turned upon his fellow traveller in the world of art. Thus always is it when woman arrives upon a scene held by men. "Isn't, not ain't," he said with quiet dignity. "Besides weren't you saying that a lady was what she is, not what she does, and doesn't your heroine wear tights? I think that's a lot worse than Eloise going swimming without stockings."

"Heroine? Whose heroine? What are you talking about?" asked Eloise.

Roderick arose from the bench; he straightened carefully the crease in his white flannel trousers. "Well, I guess I got to get back to work," he announced importantly.

Eloise stared at him. "What work have you to do? Going to mow the lawn?" Roderick shrugged disdainfully; his attitude was of one dwelling on remote and lofty planes. His manner annoyed Jimmy. Roderick ought not to scorn a lady whom Jimmy, only a few months ago, would have died to attain. Into his voice, which only a moment ago had held admiring awe, crept a note of ridicule.

"He's got to finish his play," he said. Eloise was aware of the subtle implications in the tones of the disloyal Jimmy.

"Play? What sort of a play has he written?" she asked.

Now Jimmy had really been deeply impressed with the outline of Roderick's drama. He forgot his momentary resentment toward Roderick.

"It's a great play," he told her. "All about an actress rushing into church with tights on, and the minister not knowing she's on stage, nor the congregation neither, and her having a baby—"

Roderick's laugh was one of amused tolerance. "You've got it a little mixed up, Jimmy," he said. "Let me explain it."

"Oh, do!" cried Eloise. There was something suspicious in her eagerness. But Roderick, in the blindness engendered by artistic vanity, walked into the pit. He described, with great detail, the climatic scene of his great play. All envy left the heart of Jimmy as he heard again the proofs of genius. He turned to Eloise. "Ain't it wonderful?" he asked.

Eloise stared at Roderick. "It's marvellous," she breathed. "I can see her coming down the aisle. I can feel it, Jimmy, you be the minister; stand on the bench. Roderick, you be the congregation. I'll be the actress in tights."

She turned and walked rapidly away from them; twenty feet away she stopped. With absolute, and deliberate brazenness, she unbuttoned the skirt of her bathing suit and stepped out of it, slim as a boy in the knickers that she wore beneath it. She draped the skirt about her shoulders. She advanced toward the two boys, shrieking at the top of her healthy young lungs, "Our chee-ild is dying, our chee-ild is dying!"

A yard from the bench on which Jimmy stood, she permitted the improvised cloak to fall from her shoulders. "Oh, do not judge me, husband, because I have on my working clothes. I am a good woman, and I only wear tights because I am a great artist." And now the subtlety of her genius percolated into the none too active mind of Jimmy. He had said that it was a great play. Now that he saw its absurdity he also saw opportunity to disclaim his statement. He rose brilliantly to the occasion.

"Only men wear pants in this church of mine," he cried. "I don't care if our baby is dying. You go home and put some clothes on you. This is a terrible way to act."

Eloise knelt upon the ground; she rolled upon it, careless that the dirt of the gravelled tennis court covered her bathing suit. "Be not so harsh with your loyal, loving wife," she pleaded. "I am a pure woman."

Slowly the fire had mounted to the face of Roderick. His cheeks, his forehead, his throat, even the back of his neck seemed to burn. He felt the foundations of his house crumbling beneath him; its walls were collapsing; its roof had crashed. "Eloise Dennison, nice girls don't go round before young men in the pants of their bathing suits. You're disgusting!" He tried to put sorrow into his words, but there was only angry humiliation.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jimmy, in sudden anger. "Haven't you been talking about it being all right for a lady to wear tights? Didn't you say that it ain't what a girl does, but what she is?"

Out of Roderick's own mouth had come confusion for him. He attempted to defend himself. "Art is one thing and life is another," he said.

"And a lot you know about either of them," declared Jimmy.

Dulcet and insinuating was the voice of Eloise. "Why, Jimmy, you mustn't talk that way. Roderick is a great

writer. Maybe I didn't act the part well enough. You weren't so good either. Let's do it again." The infamous woman actually walked away, picked up her discarded skirt, and began rehearsing her brutal burlesque again. A moment Roderick stared at her; she was desecrating all that he held finest. With great dignity he turned and walked away. Over his shoulder he glanced back at them as he turned a bend in the road that led away from the Beach Club. He saw Eloise and Jimmy walking toward the water. He seemed to detect, even at this distance, movements of their shoulders that might indicate mirth. He did not frame the hope, but if both of them had suffered tragic death by drowning in the waters of the lake he would have endured it bravely.

Somebody ought to speak to Eloise's mother. He hated to think of the sort of woman Eloise would grow up to be. She had no appreciation; she was so darned conceited about herself and how smart she was, that if anyone else tried to do anything she made fun of them. Then, slowly, dignity came to his aid. After all, she was only a child. As for Jimmy—well, Jimmy's jealousy had been too much for him to overcome. He would dismiss these unworthy people from his thoughts, and turn to contemplation of higher and nobler things.

At his home he viewed with distaste the wide expanse of lawn. It was a wonder to him that his father wouldn't hire a man to perform the menial duties of the estate. It was thus, "estate," that he liked to refer to the large, rambling, old-fashioned house, that increasing prosperity had enabled Mr. Dory to buy a few years ago. But Mr. Dory's ideas had not kept pace with his income. He believed that the modern youth was being ruined by too much pampering; he himself had left school at the age of sixteen and gone to work. He realized the benefits of education, and was anxious for Roderick to go to college. *but he has (turn to page 84)*



Miss Darrell's dressing room was on the ground floor just inside the stage door. She recognized him; she accepted his congratulations, haltingly offered, with gracious friendliness. He almost staggered from the room

ANNA MARTIN

By

BERTHE K. MELLETT



ILLUSTRATED BY
DANIEL CONTENT



"That first day I said I wanted to talk to you. But I didn't talk to you. If you knew me better, you'd understand. You'd understand that I always want to do the right thing—and always do the wrong thing."



THERE was nothing pretty about Anna Martin except her hands; and they were not pretty, they were beautiful. The man who had arrived on the boat which only that morning came to anchor in the roadstead of Nome, saw her hands as they lay upon the ledge of an open window in the school-house on the sand-pit, and caught his breath. Firm across the palms, long and strong in the fingers, unmarred by ten Alaskan winters, they were the white hands of a woman who has received no niggardly gifts from Nature. As he looked from the hands to the woman, some of their beauty seemed to run through the tall, slim body which held itself rigidly in the window opening, and to suffuse the austerity of her fine, pinched features.

However, it was not the man's scrutiny which warmed and almost beautified the face of Anna Martin. She had not noticed the eager searching of his eyes towards her. Her whole attention was on the sea, her whole mind was filled with the thought that the Aegean and not Bering would dance and flash before her when another spring arrived.

Had she looked from an opposite window in the corrugated iron temple of learning over which she presided, she could have seen the tundra. But Anna did not look at the tundra. She hated it. Winter and summer for ten years she had hated it. Up to that morning she had hated everything about the north, including the sea. Then suddenly, interrupting a struggle to teach the young Eskimo iglea how to spell, she had heard a boat whistle in the roadstead—the first boat of the year. No longer was the sea a universe of glass piled between her and the things she meant to have, but a path towards those things. A path for her to travel. The product of ten years' school-teaching in the north and of ten years' judicious investment in the residue of gold left on the bed-rock of placer-worked creeks, lay in the bank. September would bring the new teacher from the States. October would mean for Anna Martin the Pacific, Seattle, hotels and trains. After that Rome, Athens, Paris, a pension somewhere—the full fruits of spinsterhood after lean and hungry years.

She had been at the window less than ten minutes when the door at the far end of the building opened and little Waluk Johannsen came in. Turning back to her desk she sat down and watched rather grimly as this morsel of native humanity stumbled up the aisle, despair written all over his dark little pie of a face, the while he fumbled in the folds of his tentlike garment and finally brought forth a cres-

cent of carven walrus ivory—a treasure, as she knew well. "The cribbage-board of my uncle," he blubbered, "for Ticher if she will say over the white puppy the medicine of seven times."

Miss Martin recognized the ivory as representing the past winter's work of a certain crafty Eskimo. However short she might fall on the side of sentimentality over her pupils, Miss Martin gave full measure in moral discipline. She issued an order for Waluk to return the cribbage-board to its manufacturer. A wail resulted. The cribbage-board of his uncle was rightful indemnity to him, Waluk! Having all but laid hold on the incredible sum of ten dollars offered for the white puppy by a tourist lady from the steamer, the thrice undesirable relative had interposed with a demand for twenty, and thus lost all! For during the argument which ensued a wandering malamute leaped upon the small puppy, damaging

it so materially that even the original offer was withdrawn! If the unwanted uncle had minded his own business, would not the ten dollars have been Waluk's? So, if "Ticher" would please begin at once with the medicine of seven—

"You will return the cribbage-board immediately," interrupted Miss Martin. "And as for asking me to make some heathen exorcism—"

But it was only yesterday that Ticher had said a medicine with glibness to amaze even Waluk, "Seven times one are seven," she had said. "Seven times two are—"

A laugh ran through the narrow metal building, and Miss Martin, looking up to freeze it at its source, felt an unexplainable glow come over her. A man stood in the door, his broad, stooped shoulders making a silhouette at once young and weary against the light.

"There is gray in his hair, but he laughs like a boy," Miss Martin caught herself thinking. And so oddly important did the facts of his hair and his laughter seem, that it was not until he came down the aisle, bestowed ten dollars upon Waluk and conducted the astonished young man through the door, that she remembered her original intention towards him.

"You shouldn't have done that," she began sharply, but her tongue faltered into a new and gentle note. "Such actions do the Eskimos no good."

The man slid into a chair beside her desk. "I didn't want to do him good," he said. "I wanted him to be happy—and to get out. I saw you, standing at the window, and it came to me suddenly that school-teachers were like priests—you could talk to them. I've been looking all over the world for a woman I could talk to. Your hands—there's something that makes me remember the everlasting mercy, in your hands, and I need—I need—"

He leaned forward with his head upon his arms on the desk, like a child who, after unchildish wandering and vigil, finds home and comforting. Above him Anna Martin's face was as beautiful as her hands.

It was not until the *Queen* sailed again for the States that Anna knew Wandell Phelps was staying in Nome. She had heard the boat whistling belated passengers aboard, and had gone to a window in the school which looked over the tundra. She had chosen that window because she could not bear to see the ship's departure. But she heard the last lighter leave the beach, heard voices calling, heard the engines in the boat as it got under way—heard the lighter returning. Then, when everything was over, she looked behind her—and saw

him standing in the door, looking at her wistfully.

"I didn't go," he said as he came towards her. She got to her desk, and he slipped again into the chair beside it.

"I didn't go," he repeated again. "I didn't go." She sorted some papers, and evened up a pile of books that stood before her.

"I—" he began, halted and started over again. "That first day I said I wanted to talk to you. But I didn't talk to you. If you knew me better, you'd understand. You'd understand that although I always want to do the right thing—and I always do the wrong thing. I ought to have been married, years ago, to some clear-thinking virago who could handle a rolling-pin intelligently. And I shouldn't have had the money I've had. The fact that the money is gone now is of no consequence. The damage has been done. If all I'd ever had in the world had been some back-breaking job and about seventeen kids, I'd have been as good a citizen as the next one. And now I've seen you, and—and now I—I—I am—"

He looked up and for just a flash she saw him as he was. She saw the passionate, weak mouth, the line of cheek and jaw too near beauty for a man. Then the revelation was withdrawn and its memory effaced. He touched her clasped hands on the desk. "Anna," he said, "marry me. Marry me and hold me with those strong, wonderful hands. Make me go straight. A woman with hands like yours has a thousand strengths to hold and guide a man. Use those strengths for me. Marry me—"

Trembling, she got up and went to the little mirror in her cloakroom. Warmth lay over every feature of the face reflected there. It was as though a lamp, once dark and forbidding, had been lighted and rendered lovely. A thousand strengths—he said a woman like her had a thousand strengths. But had she? And if she had, would she know how to use them? The barren years behind her, the grim and lonely and unlovely years, rose like ghosts gibbering disaster. "I can't—" she said when she came back to him. "I can't—until I'm sure."

He shot her a look of infinite trouble and appeal. "But Anna," he pleaded, "it's the only way you'll ever be sure. A moment ago I said I should have married a virago. I meant it. I mean it now. It's because I see strength and straight thinking in you, and even a latent shrewishness, that I'm begging you to marry me."

"I can't," she repeated. "I couldn't take happiness, and then give it up—gracefully. I'd be afraid of myself—of what I would do—"

He went to a window and stood looking out for a moment. When he came back his manner had changed. "I think I'll leave Nome," he said. "I think I'll go on to the new strike at Copper Entrance up near the Canadian border."

Jealousy of the distance to Copper Entrance suddenly assailed her with bitterness. "Why?" she asked herself sharply.

He studied her face for a moment, and then looked away. "My dear girl," he said, "for the same reason that people once stampeded to Dawson, and later on to Nome. Gold. Having spent my patrimony—"

"Nome is still a safe investment. The wildcat days are over here. Reliable people hold all the property—"

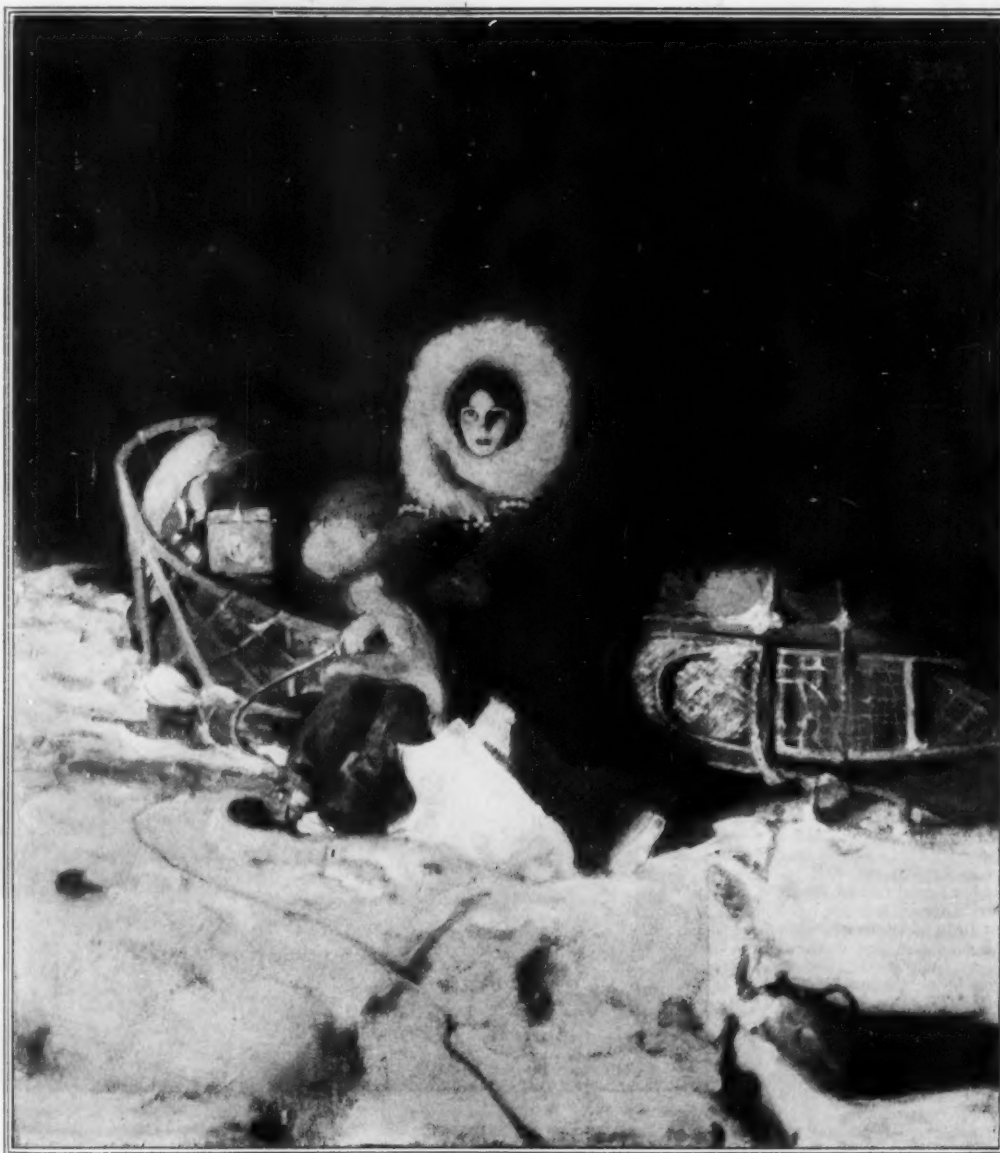
"They certainly do. All of it."

"Conditions were the same when I came ten years ago. But I found opportunities to buy in, and now I have money enough to keep me for the rest of my life. This fall another teacher is coming to take my place, and then I am going—"

She hesitated with the familiar catalogue—Rome, Athens, Paris, a pension someplace, on her lips. And in the repetition of four words she reconstructed her future. "—and then I am going to use my influence to make Nome more profitable for you than Copper Entrance could ever have been."

He took a pencil from his pocket and turned it nervously.

"Anna," he said, "you are making a mistake. If you'd marry me, it would be different. I—I should be afraid of your rolling-pin." He laughed a short, nervous, tormented laugh, and once more the look of trouble and appeal shot from his eyes to hers. "You could use the thousand strengths you have to hold me and keep me straight until I learned to go right of my own accord. A woman like you won't use



Fear that Phelps had eluded her on the road gave way to fear that she should overtake him before she reached the assistance necessary to enforce her will and the law's upon him.



those strengths unless she's married to a man. Another kind of woman might—but you—you never would. However, if you want me—if you want me here—"

He stooped to kiss her hands, and she drew one of them away and laid it upon his head. Once she had read of a mother, who after long years knew the child she had lost. It must have been by some such aching of the heart, by some such searching, enveloping pain and joy.

ANNA did not recognize selfishness in Wandell's demands upon her. To her his selfishness was not selfishness. It was as the insistent and rightful claim of a child upon its mother. The only reason for her refusal was that the ghosts of unloved and unlovely years stood behind her, croaking that the demand would not last, could not last, and that the claim would be withdrawn. Standing at her mirror and seeing

the bloom of beauty which Love had grafted upon the austere stem of her slenderness and health and regularity of feature, gave her only hope and not assurance. Caution and self-preservation were life-long habits. She had to know the permanence of the gift which had brought her love before she accepted the love irrevocably.

Wandell spent the long, light evenings of the summer in her cabin on the beach, appropriating her time, her wing-back chair and her attention with equal complacency. He made boxes to set on her window ledges and planted lettuce in them—and came and ate the salad they produced. He took charge of her appearance, and dictated her clothes. Rummaging through the general stores of Nome, he found a soft scarf of the shade of red to emphasize the blackness of her hair and eyes. When winter came again, at his suggestion, she gave away the hard, conventional garments which for ten years she had worn as a challenge and example to the Arctic world, and clad herself in mottled deerskin, softened at face

and wrists with wolverine. But it was not until she brought the white puppy of Waluk Johannsen into the cabin that her metamorphosis was complete. For ten years she had waged unrelenting war upon the dogs of Nome, shooting them from school and cabin. Now she walked the street straining at a thong of reindeer skin at the end of which balked a not inconsiderable bulk of white.

"It's the puppy you paid for that day—grown up," she laughed towards Wandell when he came to help her get the animal over the sill. "I made Waluk give her up."

Wandell dropped on his knees beside the dog. "She's a beauty," he pronounced appreciatively.

"I thought maybe we'd make up a team."

"There's a white dog out at Helme's place that I think will match. Tomorrow I'll run out and see if I can make a deal."

It did not occur to her to ask when he had been at Helme's disreputable road-house. And after Helme's husky was obtained, it did not occur to her to question why the team grew slowly, dog by dog, one at a time, after trips that took him away without her, instead of in a lot which would have co-ordinated their training. Even when he came less often to the cabin on the beach of evenings, offering business appointments in excuse, she required no explanations. Partly, this was because life had been so newly revealed that her mind was engrossed with its glories. Partly, it was because women of her pride ask few questions of others, even in their hearts.

By late February the team had grown to fifteen, and when Wandell

suggested two more, she acquiesced. It was morning when he left with the fifteen dogs to find the others, and by evening he had not returned. Anna stood at her window looking out. The winter had not long to live now. Already the sun, spinning

over the crystal horizon, threw itself nearer to the zenith with every effort. In March would come a smell into the air, as of the earth emerging from the snow. Dogs would nuzzle in the streets. Jack-snipes would call. It would be spring and she would marry Wandell. She was sure now. In the morning when he came she would tell him that she was sure.

Next morning when she went to the storeroom for a can of milk, she found a potato sprouted. She carried it to the sill near the stove. When the phone rang she flew to tell Wandell this incontestable testimony of the passing of winter. But it was not Wandell calling. It was Svensrud, sheriff and director of the bank; Svensrud who, out of all Nome, would admit no change in Anna. She had always been the best-looking woman in Nome, next to Helga, his wife, he insisted. Now his phone message was characteristically blunt.

"Phelps' company's bust," he said, "and [Turn to page 74]



The Soul of an Artist

By
POLA
NEGRI

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. E. HEITLAND



WHEN the editor of this magazine asked me to walk along McCall Street with him, I immediately determined to do so, not so much to let the people whom I would meet on that street know me, as to observe my own reactions while looking back over the hard road to that which most people would call a great success. I realize it is not what I am to my public, to my critics, or to my friends, but what I am to myself—Pola Negri—that counts in my work as well as in my personal life.

I think I am the loneliest person in all the world. The tragedy of humanity is that, notwithstanding its great sympathetic heart readily willing to give and to receive, such are its limitations that each member of the human family must live and die alone. We go about this earth seeking, seeking, and never finding. It is the great unfulfilled desire of the world which is at once its tragedy and salvation. Those of us who realize this must be forever lonely.

My mother had wished for a daughter so much and so often that she had even named me "Appolonia" before I was born, but I was such a tiny baby that she decided such a dignified appellation was ridiculous, and so the first day I saw the light I was called "Pola," and no one ever called me anything else except my father, who often called me "Lobus," the Polish equivalent for "Kid."

My father was the beau ideal of a soldier—gay, handsome, and debonair. I remember him perfectly, although I was only eight when he was sent to Siberia. My family name is "Chalupez." I did not become "Pola Negri" until I entered the Conservatory at Warsaw and had definitely decided upon a stage career. It was then I took the name of "Pola Negri" because my favorite writer was Ada Negri, the Italian poetess.

My parents were wealthy, and it was during the revolution of 1905 that my father's estate and all his other property was confiscated. Up until that time he was a very prosperous manufacturer, and I, his only child, had every luxury that a devoted father and great wealth could give.

We lived in a big manor house of huge rooms, although with few of the conveniences that one finds in much smaller country homes in America today. Our estate was surrounded by farms tilled by Polish peasantry, and my earliest recollections are of the peasant gatherings on feast days about our house. Being an only child, and living on a large estate far from people of my class, my early childhood was very lonely. That is why, perhaps, I turned to books, and spent much of my time in reading. My father was a highly cul-



❖ *From the first we both knew he was going to die; we*

tured man, a great reader, and I read very early the books in our large library. When I did play with other children, the children of friends and relatives, I always played with the boys. Girls seemed to me then so dependent; they were always appalled at my original ideas.

I have met very few women, with perhaps the exception of my mother, who seem to understand me, but after all that is not strange; sometimes I think I do not understand myself. I was my father's pet. He was always making me presents. He took my part when I did something naughty. He was amused at my wildest flights of fancy. I have never seen any one as handsome as he; I have never met a man that interested me as much as he.

I was eight years old when the revolution flared up. I was too young to understand, but my mother used to tell me about the terrible oppression of our people by the Russian officials. I remember the night my father left home to join the Polish volunteers. I can still feel his kiss as he said goodbye, and I remember the hot tears that fell on my face when my mother took me in her arms after he had left us, never to return; for that was the last time I ever saw my father. Two months later he was captured by the Russians and sent to Siberia.

Shortly after this the Cossacks sent by the Russian govern-

ment put our forces to flight, and one night a company of Cossacks arrived at our estate and began firing at the windows. With only the clothes on our backs we were pulled downstairs and pushed out on the lawn while the soldiers looted and set fire to our house. This was when I was between eight and nine years old. It has seemed to me that all my life has been a series of direful happenings.

A few weeks later, when we could pull ourselves together, we found that not only everything had been confiscated that my father possessed, but we were actually without sufficient clothing to keep us warm. Through one of my relatives who had some influence with the government, a few hundred roubles were salvaged. There was not enough to provide us a home, so my mother went to live with one of her sisters, and it was decided to place me in a boarding school in Warsaw. I was solitary at school; I imagined that in some vague way I was different from the other scholars; and yet today I am not sure I was. Until I was fourteen years old, I do not think I was ever happy.

When I was nine years old, I saw my first play, and was held spellbound until long after the fall of the final curtain. In the dormitory that night I determined to become an actress. The next day I told my schoolmates about the theater, and I reenacted the whole play to them. It made such a



knew our love was hopeless. It was too beautiful to last ❖

great impression that I was finally brought to the Countess Platen, the head of the school, to reenact the story for her. She was loud in her praises until I told her I was going to be an actress; then all was different. She sent me back to the dormitory, and always afterwards did everything she could to discourage me, even to asking my mother to remove me from the school. I was told that young women of my station did not become actresses, but it had no effect upon me; I simply kept my own counsel, and because my teachers believed I had reformed, I was allowed to go to the theater from time to time. I never played as other girls do; in fact, I was a very serious child. I never remember having a doll; I seemed to know they were filled with sawdust. I was an omnivorous reader, and besides acquainting myself with Polish and Russian literature, I read the masterpieces of French and German writers. Before I was twelve, I was able to speak and read four languages, and I soon added Italian to these. I loved poetry more than anything else, and I memorized Pushkin's and Heine's poems, and have never forgotten them. I have always been a dreamer, and the years have only intensified the habit. I come home from my work, I am tired, and the whole world is big and gray; there is no joy anywhere. I stretch myself out on a divan, and all is changed.

Immediately everything is changed from the Land-that-is to the Land-I-want-it-to-be.

Unless one has the capacity for dreaming, it seems to me life would be unbearably dull and dreary.

It is because to me that Land-of-make-believe is so much more beautiful than the world of reality that the life of the actor appeals to me. I do not think there ever was a moment after I had gone to that first theater when I was nine years old, that I had the slightest doubt of what my life's career was to be. I seemed always to understand the character, temperament, aims and actions of others under certain conditions better even than I did my own. When I was fifteen years old I told my mother I wanted to enter the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg, as it was then called. At first none of my relatives or my mother would consider this, but at last I was permitted to have my way. I stayed at this school for the most part of a year. Then it was found that I had a weak heart; the physical requirements of the Imperial Ballet School were too severe. I was unable to remain. While there I met both the Czar and Czarina of Russia, who were always much interested in the Imperial Ballet School, and had many chats with the Czarina on her visits to the school. She had the saddest eyes I have ever seen in a human face. She seldom smiled. She seemed to take quite a fancy to



*"In her first love, a woman loves her lover;
Ever after that, all she loves is love."*

So does the famous Pola Negri sum up her life, in this fine autobiographical sketch which was written by the world's most fascinating screen actress herself. This sentiment runs like a refrain through the dramatic recital of her life—from the tragedy of that early love of hers through to the more celebrated acquaintance with Charlie Chaplin; from a humble beginning in the Imperial ballet to her present eminence in motion pictures; through the terrible days of the revolution in Poland and the German bombardment of Warsaw—until we have, spread before us, bit by bit, the life of love, tragedy, and adventure which has refined the spirit, enhanced the beauty, and tempered the character of fascinating Pola Negri.



me, talked to me about my ambitions and always brought me little gifts. I used to think when looking at her that a crown rested even heavier on a heart than it did on a head. The disappointment of having to leave the Imperial Ballet was one of my great youthful tragedies, from which I thought I should never recover. Since then, however, I have learned one great truth: "Nothing goes out of your life but to make way for something better to come into it." We cannot always understand at the time that it is the better thing that comes, but when we have gained the right perspective, we have to acknowledge to ourselves that this is true.

Notwithstanding all my friends and relatives were very much against my becoming an actress, I could not be dissuaded from carrying out my plans for a stage career, and on my return to Warsaw I entered the dramatic conservatory of the Polish capital. So hard did I study that I completed the three years' course in one year, and at the age of sixteen I was graduated with honors and began my battle with the world. On the night of October 1st, 1913, I not only made my debut in Warsaw, but it marked the beginning of my economic independence. That is the most wonderful thing in the world that can come to any one, especially a woman. Immediately a girl understands that she need not be dependent upon any one for her daily bread, everything in life takes on a different aspect.

Unconsciously she throws off the shackles of "belonging." She need only be subservient to her own will. She may be not only the captain of her own soul, but she need not fear the starvation of her body. I have been glad ever since I realized it, that I was born in an age when so many women can make themselves happy in the knowledge that the work of their hands or their brain is of more worth to the world than the beauty of their bodies. I remember the first salary I ever received, which was a month after I made my debut. It was only fifty dollars in American money, but I was so overcome with joy when I put it in my mother's lap that I burst into tears. That money meant that my mother would never have to worry about the future; it meant the greatest joy I had ever known. I played Hauptmann's "Hannele" on the night of my debut; as I passed on the stage I was so nervous I could hardly speak my first line, but after a short time I became perfectly oblivious of my audience. In later years I learned to feel my audiences, but at my debut I was not Pola Negri, but Hannele, reincarnated. My first night was a great triumph; I knew then that I should succeed, just as I had known it since the time

(Turn to page 89)



"I grabbed my hat and had my hand on the door-knob when I heard someone coming downstairs."

The Girl In The Cabinet

BY OLIVER PECK NEWMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Only in one city of America does the social world rub elbows with diplomats that hail from the four corners of the earth—and that, of course, is Washington. Here, in this exotic environment, are spun webs of intrigue that eventually may come to strangle even great nations—and all in faultless drawing-rooms gay with light laughter.—Seldom do we read a story that really reveals these secret springs of our capital life, but the author of this tale writes with an uncanny knowledge of his subject that shows it to be first-hand. You will find it one of the most fascinating mysteries published in many a day.



NO girl in the whole world could possibly have been as happy as I was. That is, she couldn't have been unless it was Washington in April and she loved my Jack and Jack loved her. Of course, that couldn't be, because, while scads of the girls are crazy about dear old Jack, he couldn't see anybody but me from the very minute I almost ran him down at Twelfth and the Avenue, as he was wending his way across the street from the Post Office Department one afternoon when I was scooting up to the Capitol to meet Dad and was late, as usual. I slammed on the brakes, swerved to the left and barely scraped past him, halting my little red bearcat right alongside of him. My heart just gave one big jump, and we looked and looked and looked at each other.

Without knowing what I was doing I drove on slowly. I wish I had been bold and independent and forceful. I knew right then that Jack was the only man in the world for me. Our eyes had exchanged that subtle something which cannot be described but which means everything, and it had left me frightened and weak and scatter-brained!

Dear old Jack, though, had a couple of brains in that handsome head of his. He didn't do a thing but take my number, call up the license bureau, find out who I was, maneuver himself an invitation to the Silas Warrentons' ball at Rauscher's the very next night, and get himself properly and formally introduced.

It is impossible for any girl to know perfect rapture until she gets engaged in Washington in the Spring and, likewise,

no girl can possibly know complete misery until she gets unengaged under the same circumstances.

The Saturday before Easter, I breezed into the Willard Palm Room for luncheon with three other Official girls. Imagine my astonishment when, as we went into the Palm Room, the first person I saw was my very own Jack, seated at a table for two under a bower of roses in a far corner, gazing idiotically into the eyes of a black-haired, black-eyed, scarlet-lipped, eyebrow-pencilled vamp in a slithery black dress and

a flaming red hat, resting her satin arms on the table in front of her, and making eyes at him like the Queen of Sheba. I'll never know what I had for luncheon that day. I was hurt and humiliated and, after awhile, terribly, unbelievably angry. When we got ready to leave, I let the others go out ahead of me, for I wanted to give Jack and his lady friend a cool once-over. He looked at me with pleading and misery in his eyes but I ignored him as if he had been a perfect stranger.

Just as I passed through the doorway I felt somebody slip a folded piece of paper into my hand and I turned in surprise to find Joe, the courteous and [Turn to page 79]



"The Light of the World"

Woodcut by John J. A. Murphy

The Light Of The World

BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., L.L.D.

BISHOP OF NEW YORK

Around the subject of the divinity of Jesus Christ have raged controversies and wars, from that dark hour before the Resurrection to today, when Fundamentalist and Modernist are drawn up in opposing camps. For many inquiring souls the accumulations of theology have made faith difficult of access. "Show us the TRUE Christ!" comes the cry from millions of human hearts. Here, in simple language, the noted Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York states anew the mighty truth of the Eastertide—the truth of the Resurrection, and reviews for all people the revivifying power of Jesus, the Light of the World.



I AM the Light of the World." What would you and I think of any man now living who should declare himself to be the Light of the World? Call up before your mind the names of the very greatest whom this world has known, in this age or any other, and consider whether any one of them could with truth, or reasonableness, make such a declaration about himself. Plato, Aristotle, Caesar, Alexander, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, Newton, Shakespeare, Kant, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, are among the greatest of this earth. Could any one of these claim to be the Light of the World? We know that not one among all of them could do so.

This claim is in fact too great for any among the sons of men to make. And yet nearly two thousand years ago Jesus Christ stood here among us and said, "I am the Light of the World." And history has shown His words to be the simple truth. The truth of His claim has become more clear with every century that has passed. Faith in Jesus Christ has grown not less, but greater as the world has advanced in knowledge and enlightenment. More widely today than ever

before, far more widely than five hundred years ago, or one hundred years ago, or twenty years ago, men see that the one hope for this world and its future is in Jesus Christ. Statesmen, philosophers, economists, men of every sort, acknowledge that the Light which we have in Christ is all-sufficient; that if His truth were accepted and His teachings were followed our problems would all be solved; that we should reach the ideal of human life, and the Kingdom of God

would be at once established among men.

The claim which Jesus Christ made two thousand years ago was an amazing one. The acknowledgment of His claim by men today is still more amazing.

Why is it that of all our race He alone has been able to make, and to justify, this claim? The answer was given by the great Napoleon who said to a group of his officers, "I know men, and I know that Jesus Christ is more than man." And it was expressed by Charles Lamb when he said to

his friends, "If Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon were to enter this room, we should rise, but if Jesus Christ were to enter we should all kneel."

As we study the Person of Jesus Christ in the New Testament we see that He is indeed more than man. We see that He is truly a man, one of ourselves, but we see with equal clearness that He is more than this. He Who stands before us in those pages is the Son of God, the revelation to us of God Himself. He says that which God alone has the right to say, He does that which God only has the power to do, He places Himself in a relation to His

[Turn to page 56]

MERRY DALE

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

AUTHOR OF "JAVA HEAD"—"CYTHEREA"
"THE THREE BLACK PENNY'S"

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT



The dream-ladies that rove a novelist's imagination—that he never actually brings to life on paper—what are they like? Aren't they, perhaps, the loveliest of all a writer's heroines, the ones he shrinks even from trying to capture in word-pictures just because he knows he can never do them perfect justice—so elusive is their haunting beauty?

Joseph Hergesheimer, the world-famous American novelist, thinks this is so, and, in a series of short stories, has embedded in the amber of his beautiful writing, six of his appealing "dream women". This is the second of these sketches to appear in McCall's—it presents the portrait of Merry Dale, that lovely lady whom he saw so fleetingly on a certain blue night in Havana. . . .



IT was on the Casino roof at Almendares Park, only that one time, I saw her. But, actually, it was the Military Attaché who saw her, with a surprise which, for the moment, I failed to understand. "Why there," he exclaimed, "is Merry Dale!" This, except for the degree of his astonishment, didn't interest me; and I reminded him that everyone, more or less, sometime got to the Cuban-American Jockey Club.

That was all very well, he replied, he knew that perhaps better than I did, but it was different about Merry. But there she was, on the outside of the small dancing throng, and he half rose from the table. However, he sank back into his chair with a mutter that there was no cutting in at these interminable dances.

The table where we were sitting was large, round and except for us, empty during the music. In the center there was a miniature electric fountain, its diminutive gleaming spray changing through a rainbow of colors; around it were apparently informal heaps of immense red roses; these, again, were held by a picket of bottles—before every place, practically, there was a quart of Scotch whiskey—and then came the scattered silver and glasses, thin and tall, wide for champagne and minute for brandy; the beaded and lace bags, the crumpled webs of handkerchiefs and gold lipsticks, of a dinner's end. Or, rather, I hoped it was the end, for we had sat down at only a little past nine and now two o'clock was forgotten. I didn't dance, the Attaché, for some unexplained reason, wouldn't; and so, for us, the party was inordinately long.

Yet it was beautiful on the Casino roof; the pavilion, white like alabaster, was filled with a light that might have been made by the roses . . . it seemed to be floating on the strains of its music in indigo space. And there—so high—the nightly trade wind was almost strong among the palms and curtains. Below, at my back, the great sweep of the race track was dim; some lights gleamed in the lines of stables beyond; and, beyond again, Havana was like a constellation of stars on its sea.

"It's different about Merry Dale," the Attaché asserted. And then he proceeded to explain. He began by telling me that he had come from a small town in Iowa. Merry was born there, too, and there she lived, except for one short eventful journey to Chicago, until she married and left forever. "I was at the station," he said, "and I could see that she was done with Iowa." Why, after his description of her, she shouldn't be, I couldn't possibly make out. Her name was Mary, of course, and the reason for its change to Merry he couldn't imagine. It appeared that she had never been particularly gay.

"She wasn't at home in Cedralia," the Attaché asserted. "She was born there, so were her mother and father, and their parents had gone out to Iowa when they were young . . . from a farm in Vermont. And yet in Cedralia Merry wasn't easy. She hated the parties and the picnics; and the lovers there . . . well, I only know how she treated me. She wasn't pretty, but the prettiest girl in the world, beside her, had no chance. None, do you understand!" He waited for me to contradict that but I stayed quiet. I had no wish to be projected into a discussion of charm. "She was too lovely, as a fact; she hated buggy riding and sitting out on the porch in the dark; and so, after a while, she got almost unpopular."

"She didn't with me, though. I kept going to see her long after I knew it was hopeless; all the other girls in Cedralia

seemed awful. It was because of Merry, I think, that I left. I went away and finally got into West Point. Yes, Merry did that to me, I'm certain. Just knowing her! Then she made that trip to Chicago—I should say she was about twenty-four—and met Nelson Blaben. She said they were introduced at a theatre but I think he picked her up. Anyhow he followed her to Cedralia and they were married soon after." He very carefully lighted a cigar of the special shape called Sobresaliente. "They stayed married for two years at least. Blaben had all the money you could think of, they had lived at Lake Forest as soon as anyone, but Merry left him. I never knew why, and naturally nothing in the papers made it clear.

"She went back to Cedralia, where she had a house but no family left. I was East. . . . And here she is." She passed the table, in an effortless and perfect accord with the music, and I watched her with a new curiosity. She was slender, thin, really, with a mass of hair that might have been red but wasn't, and a face broad at the temples and pointed at the chin. Her eyes, I thought, were gray; there was a slight tilt to their brows; and, as she danced past, she was coolly powdering her nose with a dab of lamb's wool.

She wasn't beautiful, but, as the Attaché had pointed out, she made a beautiful woman, so unfortunate as to be near her, appear stupid. Her dress, conspicuous in its simplicity, was a brocade of silver tissue; she had on black stockings, or rather—they were so sheer—I suspected their presence, and black satin slippers with a complication of straps about her high sharp insteps and graceful round ankles. In addition to all this there was a cloud of black tulle at her bare neck and shoulders. Merry Dale, no other name described her for me, had been twenty-four at her marriage; that, from the subsequent course of my companion, must have been at least ten years ago; but it didn't seem possible that she was thirty-five.

There was no indication, no air, of age at all about her. She wasn't young exactly, a girl, that was clear; and yet it was impossible to think of her as, at least, approaching middle age. There was no trace of weariness, no sign of unhappiness, no lines nor shadows. And yet her face wasn't merely empty—the record, the page, of an emptiness within; her expression sparkled like the fountain at the center of the table; even in her whole surrender to a slow dance-time there was a flexible energy, physical and mental, instinct in her relaxed being. I said that I'd like to know her:

"There's more to it," the Attaché replied moodily. "I ought to tell you first. She has accumulated a very bad reputation for herself. It costs a great deal to be with her. It's as funny as the devil, too: nobody knows Merry better than I do, and she's not like that. Merry always hated to be messed with."

In return I pointed out that my own reputation was not affected by what personalities I met; I made no investments in decorative ladies; Merry Dale could do nothing fatal, or even serious, to me. My heart wasn't open to the assaults of a dangerous sentimentality.

"I can't bring her over here, of course," he told me; "although I'm going to change my mind and dance . . . with her. We might run into you on the balcony afterwards." There was a pause in the music, the rest of the dinner party were returning, and I was able only to nod. The woman beside me amused herself by burning the brandy she floated on her coffee. In England, she said, she smoked a briar-wood pipe, in Seville a cigar—



Merry Dale said she would drive. The low, heavy car was then literally hurled into the dark. "What would you call it?" I managed to ask the orderly. Better than seventy, he was certain.



"And what," she was asked, "in China?"

She hadn't been to China, but—if that was what they were after—she had tried opium. In a little Maine town. She turned to me with the inevitable question about stimulants and creative writing; and, again, I explained that they were ruinous. This, as it was usual, was a disappointment; and she dragged up Poe and De Quincey against my assertion. "Drugs kill the memory," I pointed out, thinking of Merry Dale; "but women—"

It happened that I was standing near the Military Attaché when he met Merry Dale. He said, "Hello, Merry." She replied as simply, but adding that she wouldn't pretend to be surprised seeing him here. "It wouldn't be complimentary, would it?" she asked, as they moved away, dancing. They were silent until they had made the complete circle of the room, and then she reminded him that she had always hated to talk when she was dancing. He remembered that, he assured her. No one else, he told himself, had ever danced as well as Merry. But, of his old romantic passion for her, not a quickened breath remained. He had, strangely, no affection for her as an individual, but an immense tenderness for the early part they had played together in Cedralia, in life. Suddenly the past seemed to have been a time of flawless delight, Merry as a child he adored:

"You got all over that deathless love of yours," she commented.

"I was just realizing it," he admitted. "But I was thinking too what a pity it was. Merry, the old time was wonderful." "You hated it then," she replied. "You said you hated it as much as I did. You wanted to go away . . . into a different existence—"

"And not alone," he interrupted her.

"We might as well stop dancing," she announced. "I simply won't talk then." Accordingly they left the floor for the narrow balcony over the driveway and entrance to the Jockey Club grandstand and Casino. "You detested Cedralia," she repeated, her bare arms lying on the broad rough railing; "but more than anything you wanted to be older."

"I got that wish, anyhow," he said.

"And now you talk about how wonderful it was. But, in a way, I understand what you mean—you are still in it. Women lose their youth, you know, but men never. Women stand off from the past, they can see it, yes, and themselves, as it was; but men are blinded by sentiment, don't you think?"

"Perhaps," he answered, after a little. "You always speculated a lot, Merry. Have you concluded anything at all?"

"Nothing," she acknowledged; "nothing at all. But just that the present is no better than the past. I've never found what I was looking for."

"Did you discover what it was?"

"No, not even that. I've stopped looking. How can you keep on and look for a thing if you don't know what it is! Except for that, you see, I haven't changed. I hate to be kissed as much as ever. I don't want people, men or women, near me. The only time I'm ever happy is when I'm alone . . . with the door locked. Then, sometimes."

"What about Nelson Bladen?" he demanded.

"That was my fault entirely," she surprisingly replied. "Nelson was never to blame. I married him for money and to get away from Cedralia; and then I discovered I wasn't after either of those things. Lake Forest was just as stupid as Iowa, and the money, after I had it, I never noticed. I mean I couldn't think of it as a reality and something difficult to get, valuable. It was, well—it was like the air. I had to have it, of course."

"Merry," he said earnestly, "I wish I could be in love with you again. Isn't it funny you had a tremendous influence on me. You made me, really. What I did—I've just realized it—was all stirred up by you. And yet I haven't seen you for years. You know nothing in the world about me, and, well—I know less about you. You changed all my life and had nothing to do with the change. You ought to get something out of it, Merry; it isn't fair."

"What is?" she asked, absent-mindedly.

"Your hair in a plait," he went on, "and a white dress with starch in the evening! I remember the starch better than anything else. You

crackled. Merry, when anyone touched you."

"Do you know where we can get a drink without going down to the bar under the grandstand?"

"I do," he answered; and he led her to the service end of the floor, to a contracted counter by the shafts that dropped to the kitchens. He supposed that—like all other women in Cuba—she'd have a Presidente cocktail, but she surprised him by preferring a small straight whiskey. "No mixed drinks in the tropics," she reminded him. "Nor anywhere else, for me." She lighted a cigarette; and, gazing at her slender grace, the dull gleam of her silver dress and high-piled hair, against the background of the small bar, he recalled, in a kind of amazement, the years they had lived in Cedralia. Her hands were bare of rings, but, about her white powdered throat, there was a string of pearls small but unmistakably fine, and her cigarette-holder was set with a band each of diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

She wasn't beautiful, but, here, beauty was unimportant. "Come outside," he cried at her; and, with a hand on her arm, he almost dragged her under the stars. "Merry," he said, "I've just explained that I don't love you, and I won't pretend that I ever could, but let's get married anyhow. I'm a major—I have money besides—and I'm going on. Cuba is only an incident. We're neither of us exactly children any more, and we won't bother each other. Maybe it's peace you've been wanting for so long."

"No, not yet," she declared. "And I couldn't marry you now any more than I could when you first asked me. Really, I can't make my imagination go that far. It seems improper."

"You might do worse," he said stiffly.

"Anything would be better than what I have done," she admitted. "You can't think how I detest every bit of it. But I ought to thank you, oughtn't I, for the offer. It was very polite of you. Men are always wanting to marry me. They started when I was fourteen."

"I wasn't much older," he reminded her. "I first put on long trousers to go and see you. They were checkered, and had a red stripe. There was braid on the coat."

"Will you forgive me—I can't remember them." He saw that she held no response at all for what had passed. "And hadn't you better go back to your party?" she asked. "I saw the General arriving just as we came out here."

"Perhaps," he agreed. It was impossible to keep the chagrin he felt from his voice and manner. "There is a man who wants to meet you. He's a writer and very well thought of, I believe. Do you mind?"

"I hate writers," she asserted; "they are so conceited. And why I can't imagine. They seem to think their little books are miracles. Oh no, I couldn't stand a writer."

"You might like this one," he persisted; "I wish you'd try. They want to please him here. And there's a lot in his favor, for a writer—he's sober and he won't want to hold your hand." She asked if a certificate to that could be produced. "I'll put it another way," she went on, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars he does."

"I meant unless you insisted."

They were at the door to the pavilion, and the Attaché saw his superior, in a dinner jacket decorated with a ribbon, standing with a vociferous Cuban. "I'll have to go and drop Morales off the balcony," he explained; "I'll bring that bird I spoke of up afterwards. The rest will be your fault."

It was an hour later when he spoke to me again, explaining that he had told Merry Dale I wanted to meet her. I immediately asked how she had replied to that. But the Military Attaché merely said he understood women were always eager to know writers. There was, it seemed to me, some truth at least in his observation; and, when I was introduced to Miss Dale, I had a pleasant sensation of well-being. Nearby she was more remarkable than at a distance—the potency of her charm increased as she was approached. She was like a silver flame. And, surprisingly, she was honest; she admitted at once that she hadn't read all my books. "Not all of them," she repeated. "Can you manage to forgive me?" I could.

"What does it feel like to be so horribly celebrated?" she demanded. The Attaché had gone. "But then you won't answer that. You'll be modest, and that always infuriates me. Why a man who has written a book—a good book, of course—should try to be indifferent to it I can't imagine."

"I can explain that easily enough," I told her; "we're afraid other people won't agree with our feeling of its importance. And then, you see, if you talk about your own book the person you're with hasn't a chance to be honest."

"I suppose not," she agreed; "and the kind of people who don't like your books you avoid."

"I'm afraid so. Will you have a cigarette?" Yes, she told me; and, since I didn't care to dance, it was pleasant outside. On the balcony she walked slowly, with her head back, veiled in cigarette smoke, to what evidently was a place of communication with the kitchen. I was turning when she stopped me. "Do you know," she said, "I thought I heard a cocktail shaker."

"Not here," I replied; and then, at a door beyond, I saw that a small bar had been stocked by the dumb waiters. "You'll have a Presidente, of course." But she instructed me that I should know better . . . in a hot climate. She preferred a little rye whiskey.

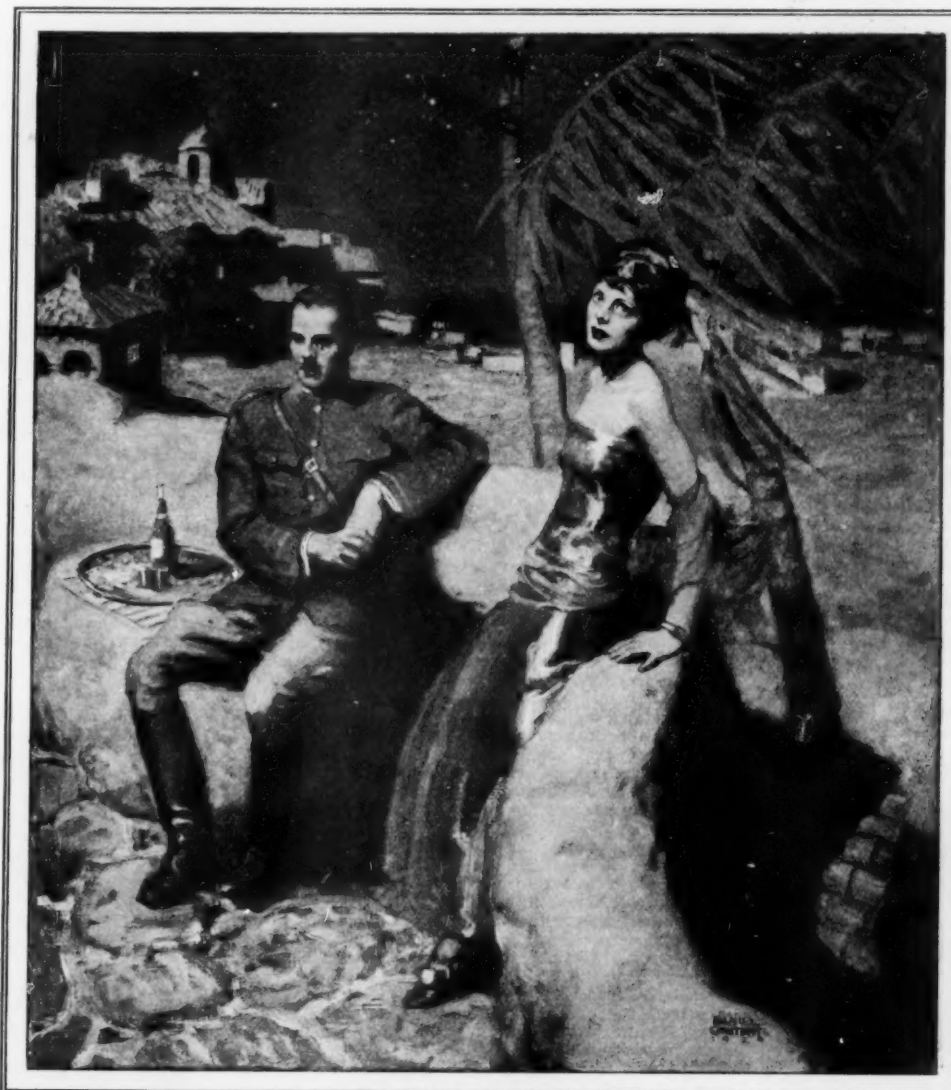
Again outside I studied her candidly, professionally. "I don't believe I've ever known a more attractive woman," I said abruptly. "So far as I can see you have everything—grace, manner, charm, and, more surprising still, a good mind."

"It hasn't done too much for me," she answered. "If I have all you say it's only been a cause of trouble."

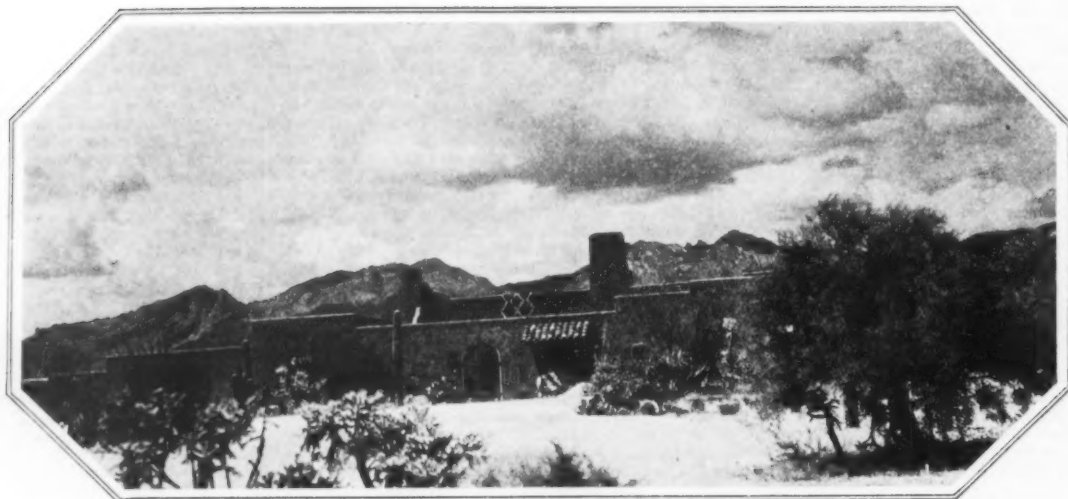
"That would be natural," I explained. "Beauty is like that—it's a tremendous power. It makes everything else unimportant. It always has and it always will. Men are not used to it; beauty's rare; and, when they see it, why, everything else goes. I don't know if you've read a book of mine—"

"About a lovely woman?" She broke in.

I acknowledged that it was. "You must be so tired of talking about them," Merry Dale swept on; "and I insist on being an exception. I don't want you to think of me simply as another woman. It would be much better to watch the roulette." At an end of the dancing pavilion there was a pastorally painted wall, and by it a servant, standing fixed there, opened an unsuspected door for us. Inside, the gambling room was brightly lighted. There were comfortable chairs, a deep sofa, tables with magazines, and, along either wall, the games of chance—the reversible cage with imprisoned huge dice, hazard, a green baize with leather dice cups presided over by an engaging and rotund individual, and the tables, the disked wheels, of [Turn to page 59]



“Anything would be better than what I have done,” she admitted

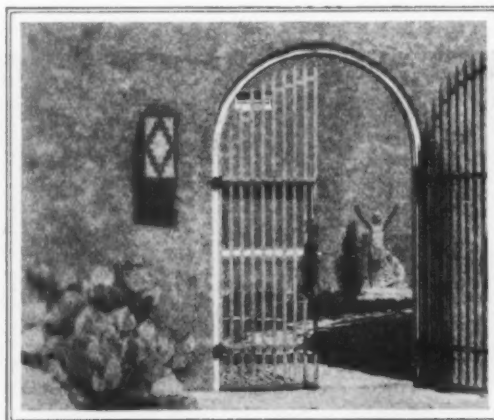


Harold Bell Wright's home in the Arizona desert

How Harold Bell Wright Gets His Novels From Life

BY JAMES LEO MEEHAN

You know them all—fearless Dan Matthews, Brian Kent, true-hearted Barbara Worth, and a score of others—heroes and heroines whose adventures in living have thrilled you as you read them in the pages of America's favorite novelist. Probably, as you've followed the famous figures, you have asked yourself, "Is this true? Are these real flesh and blood men and women?" And immediately your heart made indubitable answer: "They are real—all of them." And of course Mr. Wright, like all great writers, does draw his inspiration



The patio gate—the main entrance to the house



Last month, in writing of the great novelist of the American desert, I tried to make you see Hal Wright, the Man; to see him as I saw him during those days that I was privileged to spend with him at that beautiful home of his that is like an oasis in the great desert of Arizona.

This month I want to take you with me—and with Hal Wright, himself—into his workshop. I want you to sit with us in that quiet room, to hear him talk about his work as I heard him.

It was good talk, and it was typical of the man. Typical, too, of that desert country which is the scene of so much that he has written. When he took me for a drive through

The author's writing room



from actual "folks". Because the Editor believes you will want to know the genesis of Mr. Wright's new hero, Big Boy Morgan, hero of "A Son of His Father", which begins in this issue of McCall's, he sent a special representative to visit Mr. Wright at his home in the Arizona desert, to talk with him in his quiet study on whose walls hangs only one picture—a head of Christ—that you may know how this great novelist draws his characters from life. This article by Mr. Meehan gives you a great picture of a great man at work.

the great sahuara forest. The sahuara is more familiarly known as the giant cactus. This sahuara forest is one of the largest in the world. It stretches in every direction for miles, as far as the eye can see. But it is a forest of nothing but trunks and branches, not a sign of foliage! And as we drove through the forest, over a rutty road that was little more than a wheel trail, we talked of many things.

Volstead met us at the gate of the patio. Volstead was introduced by Mrs. Wright. He is a desert tortoise! Tortoises are not uncommon out there on the desert. Possibly a few of the sea-going family remained there after the Great Flood. I don't know. But they are there, and to my [Turn to page 73]

what is known as "Old Tucson," that portion of a modern city of some thirty thousand which is so old that no one knows exactly its age, immediately I began to see some of the charm that had captured Wright and prompted him to make Tucson his permanent home. Tucson, I learned, was a walled city when New York property was not worth a dollar an acre, when Chicago was a prairie!

Venerable adobe buildings of the Spanish days are still there, fairly pleading with the visitor to come and learn their stories. Wright loves old Tucson. I imagine he frequently drives through that section—and I am very certain he is always resentful when he passes what remains of beautiful old St. Augustine's church, which thoughtless twentieth century people have converted into a garage!

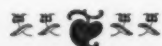
"Out here we are still very close to the pioneers," he told me. "Reminders of the older civilization, the oldest known in our country, are all about us. Just a short horseback ride from our house there is an old ruin, the age of which no scientist will even venture to guess."

So there you have the charm of Tucson. The old stands beside the new. A modern city, with modern buildings, a great university, all the comforts and conveniences of 1925, chucked right in with things which had their beginnings perhaps long before Columbus brought his tiny fleet into the West Indies.

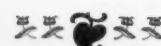
We went out several miles to the east, to see one of the most fascinating and weirdest sights of the Southwest. It is

Don, a great Dane, the guardian of the house





THE LAST FULL-LENGTH NOVEL FROM THE PEN
OF AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED WOMAN WRITER



There was a question in his eye, a humorous quirk about his mouth. "Margaret Cameron," he asked, "Are you a lady?"

The Keeper Of The Bees

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES," "THE WHITE FLAG"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

JAMIE MacFARLANE, late soldier of the A. E. F., was resting on the porch of the hospital where he was a patient when he overheard the physicians call his case hopeless, and plan to send him to a camp for tubercular veterans of the Great War.

Immediately, his fighting blood was aroused, and without taking thought for the future he ran away to seek health by the sea, if so be he might find it, and if not, to die in his own way.

Days of wandering brought him to the Bee Master's gate, where he succored the old man in a sudden and grave illness, and promised him to care for the bees while the Master went to a hospital.

The little Scout, the Bee Master's child friend, and assistant, helped him in this; so too did Margaret Cameron, who lived next door.

One stormy night Jamie climbed to a seat on the cliffs,

to find there a strange and weeping woman. When he begged to be allowed to help her she asked him to marry her. Though knowing neither her name nor her circumstances he agreed, and they arranged to meet for the marriage on the next day. Then the Storm Girl disappeared.

WHEN the faintest sound of a footfall had died away, Jamie settled back in his niche in the rock, drew his wrappings around him, and turned his face in the direction of the sea—the face that had just been held between a pair

of strong, impetuous woman's hands, the face that had been showered with wholly impersonal caresses merely as an expression of release from a thralldom of shame. He had been paid in the coin of the realm of womanhood most

desired by men, therefore most frequently offered by women in extremity—by women who understood man's need of them.

Then for a time, long past the stipulated time, Jamie sat and watched the gradual clearing of the sky, the calming of the sea. It was not long before he could see the stars again and some way, a star always was connected in Jamie's mind with a suggestion of hope. Ever since he had read an oration by the greatest agnostic of his day in which he had said at the grave of a beloved brother, when put to the ultimate test himself: "Hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing," Jamie had thought that perhaps the lips of man never had uttered more beautiful words. This night had been a night time of despair for a

young thing that he had held in his arms for a few brief minutes. Every night for a long time had been a night of despair for him. He was sorry, sorry to the depths of his heart, for the grief that wracked and tore and drove frantic such a fine, strong young thing, with an odor of the woods, with the sage of the mountains and the lavender and gold flowers of the beach distilling like incense around her. That was the pity of it. How had shame happened to a woods girl? Jamie knew that while he lived there would remain in his nostrils the scent that had first assailed them, carried by the winds of the storm, and as if it had not been removed, he could feel the clinging of the silky strands of hair. Then he wondered how it came to be unbound. Then he remembered something else—the one revealing flash that had shown him the girl most clearly.

"By Jove!" said Jamie softly. "By Jove! She wore a nightdress and one of those eiderdown kimonos over it! That means that she had gone to bed and was so driven she had decided that she'd bed in the sea. She couldn't have come up these rocks as still as thought, and she couldn't have gone down them with swiftness and ease if she had not known them perfectly. That means that she came from somewhere very close here. But how am I going to keep that promise? How am I going to marry a girl with such a noble face, with hands of such assurance? How am I going to stand up and swear that I'll love her and take care of her so long as we both shall live, and then not work for her, not wonder where she is, and what is happening to her, and whether I could not do more for her than give her my name at a pinch?" And so the night passed.

The morning passed swiftly, there were so many things to do. When afternoon came, and Jamie locked the front door and started down the walk for the short trip to the trolley line which ended a few rods away, he was as white of face and hands as his condition warranted. Otherwise, he was an attractive gentleman. He carried his head at a high angle. He stepped out in the Master's best shoes and grey trousers and black coat, in his grey silken shirt and his dull blue tie and a soft broad brimmed black hat, he stepped out as was proper that any gentleman might habit himself when he was going to be a bridegroom. He wondered where the girl he was going to marry was at that minute and what she was doing; whether she really would be at the appointed place to meet him and what she would look like, and what she would say to him, and with what words she would leave him when she had had from him the things that she had admitted she needed so badly—a name, a license, and a ring.

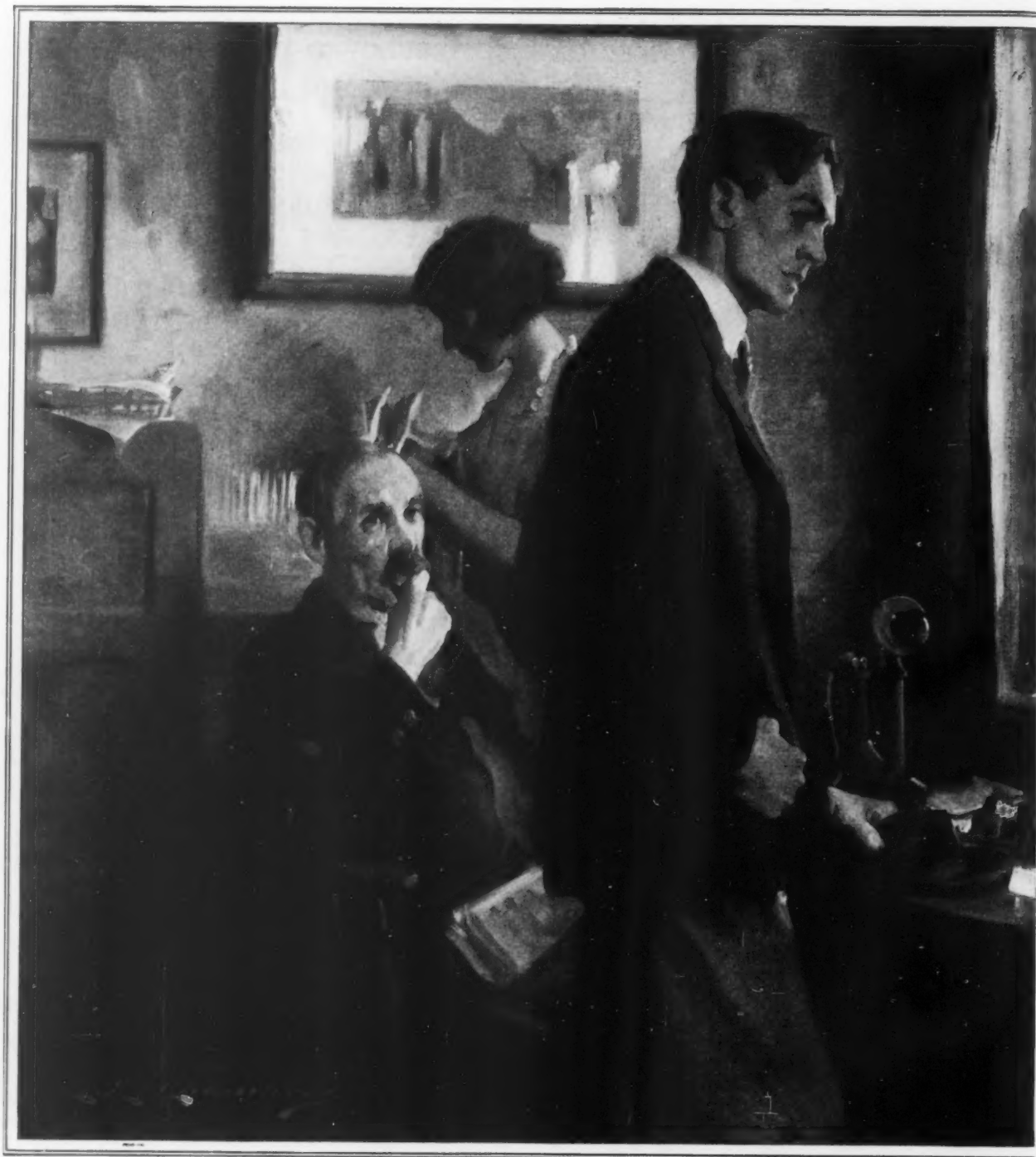
When he reached the ring in thought, a dull red flamed up in Jamie's cheek. He was not sure that he had not gone too far. Before the Bee Master had been carried from his home he had pointed to a little drawer in his secretary in which Jamie would find money for whatever he needed until the Master's return. From that drawer, as a fortification for his self respect that morning, Jamie had taken ten dollars. He was not sure that ten dollars would pay for a marriage license. Perhaps the girl would expect to pay for it, but Jamie could not quite endure the thought of a woman paying for his marriage license. After all, if he stood up and married the girl, it was his wedding, the only wedding; he would ever have probably, and he meant to pay for his wedding even if he borrowed the money.

After making several changes he landed before the old Court House with some minutes to spare. Hurriedly he made his way to the Marriage License Bureau on the main floor. He told the Clerk he was expecting to be there shortly with a young lady to secure a marriage license and he asked about the expense, and found to his relief that he had more than enough money. Then, with all the haste compatible with

the state of his knees, he left the Court House and regained the street and located a jewelry store.

He laid the money he could spare on the counter and said: "Could you furnish me with a very plain, simple ring for that amount?" The jeweler examined it and then, after a bit of hunting, he found a ring that Jamie thought would be the right size. It looked fairly decent, so the enterprising salesman had the money and Jamie had the ring.

Then he headed back for the Court House, and as he stepped into the office, he faced a woman whom he knew instantly. He knew her height; he knew her eyes. He knew without knowing exactly how or why he knew. He was a bridegroom, but the woman he was facing was not a bride. She was a widow, if any story were to be told by her clothing. From head to foot the Storm Girl was in deep mourning. A tight, small hat fitted her head and was pulled so low that he could see only a gleam of her eyes. The baffling thing about the costume the girl wore was a veil. He would have called it a widow's veil. It was thick; it was black; a broad satin band finished the edges. The band covered the mouth and chin; the hat shaded the eyes and a mask-like gleam of eye and a line across the cheek

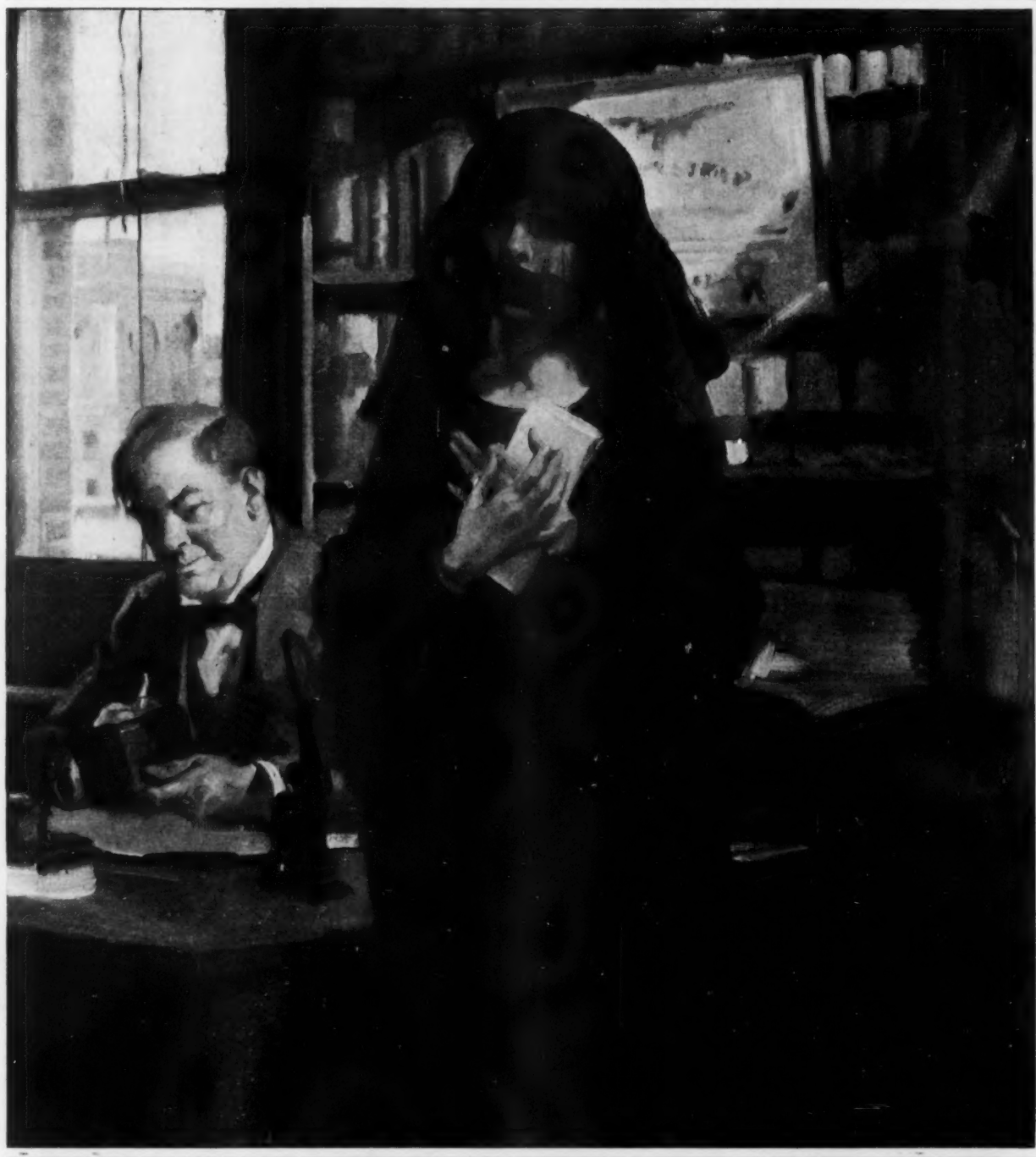


While Jamie wrote down the name of his beside him stood the tall, self-reliant girl, the Storm Girl firm in the impression that he then handed them to her for her signature, both hands over it and held it there as if

and nose were all Jamie was permitted to see of his prospective bride—the woman who was to wear his name.

For a minute he experienced a sense of shock, and then he realized that in some manner death figured in the adventure he was embarking on that day. Possibly, after all, the man whose place he was taking was a dead man who might have fulfilled his obligations if he had had the opportunity; but, at any rate, the girl had distinctly said that she must be rescued from shame.

Whatever the woman beside him was getting out of this, Jamie had made up his mind that he was going to get a wedding, and it was going to be his own. He took the arm of the girl beside him and piloted her to the Clerk's desk. Whether she had the correct impression now or not, Jamie did not know, but he proposed that when she got through with that wedding and went her way with the ring and the certificate that were to save her self respect, she should, at least, go in the belief that she had married a man. He had forgotten all about telling her that very shortly he



father, mother, and all the things required, When these documents were filled out, to keep was a man of his word, Jamie signed first, She laid the certificate on her breast and folded nothing in the world could be more precious.



would not be a man; he intended for the few minutes that were to come to be all man.

When the Clerk finished his share of the proceeding and offered the long envelope to Jamie, he waved toward the girl he was marrying and the Clerk gave her the document. They were directed to the office of the Probate Judge and it was not any time at all until the official documents were signed, sealed and delivered to Jamie, who, without one glance of examination, handed them to the Storm Girl. Jamie paid the fee and walked beside her to the street without knowing even the surname of the woman he had married. She might be either Smith, Jones, or Brown. It was utterly ridiculous, but it was perfectly true that the touch of a hand, a strip of white face decorated with dark eyes, and "I, Alice Louise, take thee, James Lewis, to be my lawful and wedded husband," were all he had to go on. So he had married "Alice Louise."

Jamie cupped his hand around the elbow of Alice Louise merely to show her that he considered himself enough of a

face of the girl opposite him, he saw that the muscles of the cheeks and the lips were all in a quiver, and that the steady stare of the eyes looking into his was going to dissolve any minute in an uncontrollable gush of tears. He said in low tone: "Steady yourself! You'll be all right in a few minutes. Are you taking the car at this corner?"

She had merely nodded in assent, and still with her elbow in his palm, Jamie piloted her through the crowds and helped her on a street car, and the people surged between them. As he saw her enter the car and make her way to a seat, he realized that "Alice Louise" and "I do" were all that he had heard his wife say.

Then Jamie put on his hat and regained the sidewalk and said to himself in not very pleasant tones: "Well, can you beat that?"

He had not expected much, but he had expected a word or two, and not only had the words not been spoken, but the lady herself had not even turned her head to see whether he was going to take the same car or not. She had

man to take care of her in case she needed him, and he piloted her to the street, and there, standing on the sidewalk, for the first time they looked at each other.

As he looked straight into the

in the least surprised to read,

"My dear Mr. MacFarlane:

"The reason I left you without saying one word, without one backward look, was from the physical necessity of keeping my lips tight shut and my eyes wide open in order that I might not attract the attention of passersby and humiliate you by making a scene before people.

"I want you to know that what you did for me has given me life, the chance to go on with my work with the same prideful assurance I always have taken in it. It has eased the heart of a woman who was slowly dying from fear and anxiety.

"All my life I shall thank you for your kindness of last night, for your unparalleled act of today. If you are correct in your statement that you have not much time, believe this, that every night before I go to bed I shall ask God to extend to you His utmost clemency, the deepest depth and the highest height of His mercy.

"It is quite impossible that I should voice adequate thanks for what you did for me, and now I find that it is equally impossible to write anything on this paper that will come any nearer expressing my sincere thanks for the obligation to you under which I find myself. With all my heart I do thank you, and I hope that God will bless you and keep you. I hope that you may be mistaken and that there may be a long and happy life in store for you."

Half a dozen lines ahead of it, Jamie got it, and it hit him in the face like a blow. It was written there in a firm, beautifully legible hand, just such writing as Jamie had

walked down the aisle, taken her seat with her back toward him, and sat immovable until she was carried from sight. She had gone away Mrs. James Lewis MacFarlane with the necessary credentials and the ring he had produced at the proper moment for a finger that had not hesitated to receive it. Now he was left standing on the sidewalk and the best thing for him to do was to see how soon he could reach home and restore the Bee Master's wardrobe to its accustomed place.

The thing he had done was going to stay with him for a long, long while.

All that evening as he sat with a book by the Bee Master's lamp, he thought of it—of her—the woman he had married. To have saved the life of a woman like that was worth thinking of. He had thought last night that it might be the one worth while thing that he could do before the end. Since he had nothing else to do, and since it would intrude, he could not very well be blamed for thinking about it. Evidently, no one else was going to think about it. He *had* coveted a word. He had not received even a "Thank you." But that was all right. He did not ask or expect anything.

Right there, Jamie closed the book with his finger in the place, and went to open his front door. A messenger boy handed him a parcel and a letter.

Jamie slipped the letter from the band that held the small oblong box in his fingers. With the letter in one hand and the box in the other he contemplated them. He caught an odor emanating from the box that he knew. His brain told him even as his fingers worked with the string that he would find a big bunch of the pinkish lavender flowers that grew on the sand of the beach. He lifted the delicate blooms and hunted through the house until he found a little bowl of antique copper in which he carefully arranged the flowers.

Then he took the letter and broke the seal. Again Jamie felt that he knew exactly what he was going to see. The thing that the eyes and lips had been unable to say because the effort of speech would unlock a floodgate of tears, that thing had been written. So he was not

written in a firm, fine hand:

imagined the hand that he had held last night and had seen in operation that afternoon, would write:

"With undying obligations,
Alice Louise MacFarlane."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Jamie. "Can you beat it? Is she really going to take my name? Is she really going to use it in some kind of business? Is she really going to bring a child into the world and call it 'MacFarlane'?"

Next morning when Margaret Cameron finished dusting and entered the kitchen to gather up the dishes from which Jamie had eaten his breakfast, she found that long, lean individual sitting at the table and looking at her speculatively. There was a question in his eyes, a humorous quirk around his mouth. His fingers were drumming the table. Then he spoke.

"Margaret Cameron," he asked, "are you a lady?"

Margaret Cameron took hold of a wooden chair back, and leaning forward, studied Jamie intently. But she answered him quietly and readily enough:

"I try to be."

"Oh, I don't mean," said Jamie, "have you got a long line of highly bred ancestors. What I want to know, to put it briefly and bluntly, is would you faint at the sight of a drop of blood, if it happened to be human blood?"

Margaret swung a chair around and sat down on it.

"Can't you manage your dressings?" she asked quietly.

It was Jamie's turn to be disconcerted.

"You know," said Margaret, "when you bend over to reach the hose and going through the garden, the bandages across your back and the straps over your shoulders show, and they look to me to be cumbersome things. I've wanted to speak to you for a week. I believe I could take some unbleached muslin and make a kind of jacket and fold some supports across your shoulders that would hold it up exactly as well and not be half so uncomfortable."

Jamie sat silently staring at her.

At last he said: "I think what I had in my mind was this:

I was going to ask you if you would take one good look at a decoration I wear on my left breast, and then I thought I'd go to work and put a kind of schedule that I've thought out for myself into practice for, say one month; and then I'd ask you if you would look again and see if I'd done any good. For six months I've wakened in the night thinking about the sea. Now I've gotten here and I've made up my mind that I'm going to try it. I want to go over a list of food with you; I want you to cook me plain, simple, nourishing stuff, something that's got iron in it, something that will have a tendency to purify and to clean up blood saturated with poison.

"When I finish my morning rounds with the bees, I am going to put on that bathing suit at the back door; I am going down the back walk and I'm going to squeeze a tumbler level full of the juice of a couple of those big red tomatoes and drink it, and then I'm going on down to the sea and I am going in mighty close to the edge of these bandages. I'm not so sure that I am not going heels over. Then I'm coming out and I'm going to lie on the hottest sand in the hottest stretch of sun I can find and cover the bare parts until I get toughened enough that I won't blister, I'm going to let the sun dry that salt water into my anatomy, I'm not going to rinse it off. Then I'm coming up and eat whatever you prepare for me in the kind of combinations we agree on that will go toward the making of a man. Then I'm going to take a nap. Then I'm going to get up and drink a glass of orange juice. Then I'm going to go out in the garden and see what I can do for the flowers. I can find a world of things to do. Then we will arrange a dinner that will have at least a tendency to be what you might call a gesture in the direction of making a real man out of particularly big bones and peculiarly flabby muscle. I'm going to walk down to a place on the beach that I call the throne and I am going to sit there, and thoroughly wrapped in the Master's eiderdown dressing robe and his old working overcoat on top of it so that I cannot possibly chill, I am going to breathe fog and mist and salt water until my tongue tastes salty in my mouth."

Margaret Cameron stretched out her hand.

"Now come on, let's have a

look at that sick side of yours."

So Jamie stretched himself on the bed and uncovered his breast. Margaret Cameron, bending over him, could feel the blood slowly receding from her face.

"My, but that's an angry wound!" she said at last. "The flesh looks as if it had been burned. It's almost angry enough for what we used to call 'proud' flesh. And it is deep and it's wide."

She stood staring an instant. Then she shifted her eyes to Jamie's.

"Are you good for a strenuous diet and a stiff pull?" she asked.

"If you mean have I got the courage, yes," said Jamie. "I am going in the ocean. I am going to soak in sunshine. I am going to be a calamity to the tomato patch. Why I want these things, I don't know. But I am ravenous for all of them."

"Where'd you get that tomato idea?" asked Margaret Cameron.

"I ate one yesterday and it seemed to fill a long felt want. It seemed to hit the exact spot. I had a feeling that it was cleansing and cooling. At any rate, it will be more interesting to plan a fight to live than to spend months figuring out how soon I am going to die. In the meantime, if you would fix up that arrangement for bandaging, I'd be very grateful."

So Margaret went home to bring her sewing basket and her measuring tape, and Jamie returned to his work.

He went down to the garden and gathered the tomatoes and put that thought into action.

It was while he was in the kitchen working with the tomatoes that there came a rush of feet under the window and a blood curdling series of yells broke on the air. Jamie dropped the tomato and stepped to the back door to see what the commotion might be.

Drawn up in front of him at a particularly erect angle and pulling off a snappy salute stood the little Scout. Ranged

along the walk there were three children concerning whose sex there could not be the slightest doubt.

The little Scout indicated the first youth in line.

The introduction, accompanied by a wave of the hand, and a flourish of a wooden sword, was this: "Fat Ole Bill!" Jamie's quick eyes went to the face of the youngster. Fat Ole Bill had not the slightest objections to being "Fat Ole Bill." He grinned, did his best at a salute, and stepped aside.

The Scout Master waved his sword, and a boy, ("Possibly ten," commented Jamie) a boy lean, slender, with olive skin and red lips, with black hair and big liquid black eyes, a boy unusually beautiful, stepped up, trimly saluted the Scout Master and then Jamie. The introduction that accompanied him was: "Pa's and Ma's Nice Child."

Again Jamie's eyes searched the face of the youngster and it was evident that "the Nice Child" did not give a darn what the Scout Master called him.

The sword waved for the third time as the Nice Child stepped aside and the next boy fell into line, ("Possibly thirteen and maybe fourteen," was Jamie's comment) a boy taller than either of the others, enough flesh to amply cover his bones, red hair, blue eyes, immaculate, unusually expensive and carefully selected clothing. There was a peculiar arch to the boy's lips, a slight projection of the teeth, a flock of dancing lights shining in his eyes. The wooden sword waved a wide circle and grounded. The red haired youngster executed a salute for the Scout Master so gracefully that it was a picture to see. His heels drew together, his chin lifted, his shoulders squared. The salute was wonderful. The Scout Master waved him on to Jamie with the introduction: "Angel Face."

For the third time Jamie looked inquiringly and discovered that the Angel Face was so accustomed to the title that he probably would have been annoyed if it had not been used.

Then, with little grey points of malice in his eyes, Jamie squared his shoulders and executed a for-sure, honest-to-

goodness, four years in a bleedingly bloody war salute for the youngsters and all of them pricked up their ears and recognized the real thing when they saw it.

"Gentlemen of the Scout Company," said Jamie, "I am exceedingly gratified to be introduced to you. No doubt the Bee Master has been accustomed to welcoming you in his garden. In his absence, I extend the same welcome." He turned to Angel Face. "Would you be good enough," he said, "to give me an introduction to the Scout Master?"

The red haired boy opened his eyes wide.

"The Scout Master knows you!" he said defiantly.

"Sure!" said Jamie. "The trouble with me is that I don't know the Scout Master."

At that minute a badly battered wooden sword circled through the air.

"Attention! Scouts to order!" The boys lined up and saluted beautifully.

"Ready!" came the order of the Master. "Tell the world the name of your Scout Master!"

The boys squared themselves and paused ready. The eyes of each of them were focused on the point of the sword.

"Altogether now!" said the Scout Master. The sword waved through the air and in unison, at the tops of their voices, the boys began, each letter bitten off with a snap that fairly hurled it in the face of Jamie: "T-H-E, the, L-I-M-I-T, limit—The Limit!"

They saluted and dropped back and the Scout Master stepped before Jamie, sheathed the sword, straightened the right hand down the seam of the pantaloons, laid the left across the breast, and the figure swayed forward in a profound bow.

Then the Scout Master addressed Jamie: "The Bee Master lets us fight Indians here."

"All right," said Jamie. "Whatever he allowed goes with me."

The Scout Master turned to the Scouts.

"Disband!" came the sharp order. "Prepare for attack!"

The Scout Master marched down the length of the walk, heading straight toward an opening in the whitewashed board fence that separated the grounds of the Bee Master from those of Margaret Cameron. Jamie watched while the right hand of the Scout Master went into a protruding pocket and from a mass of things that it contained

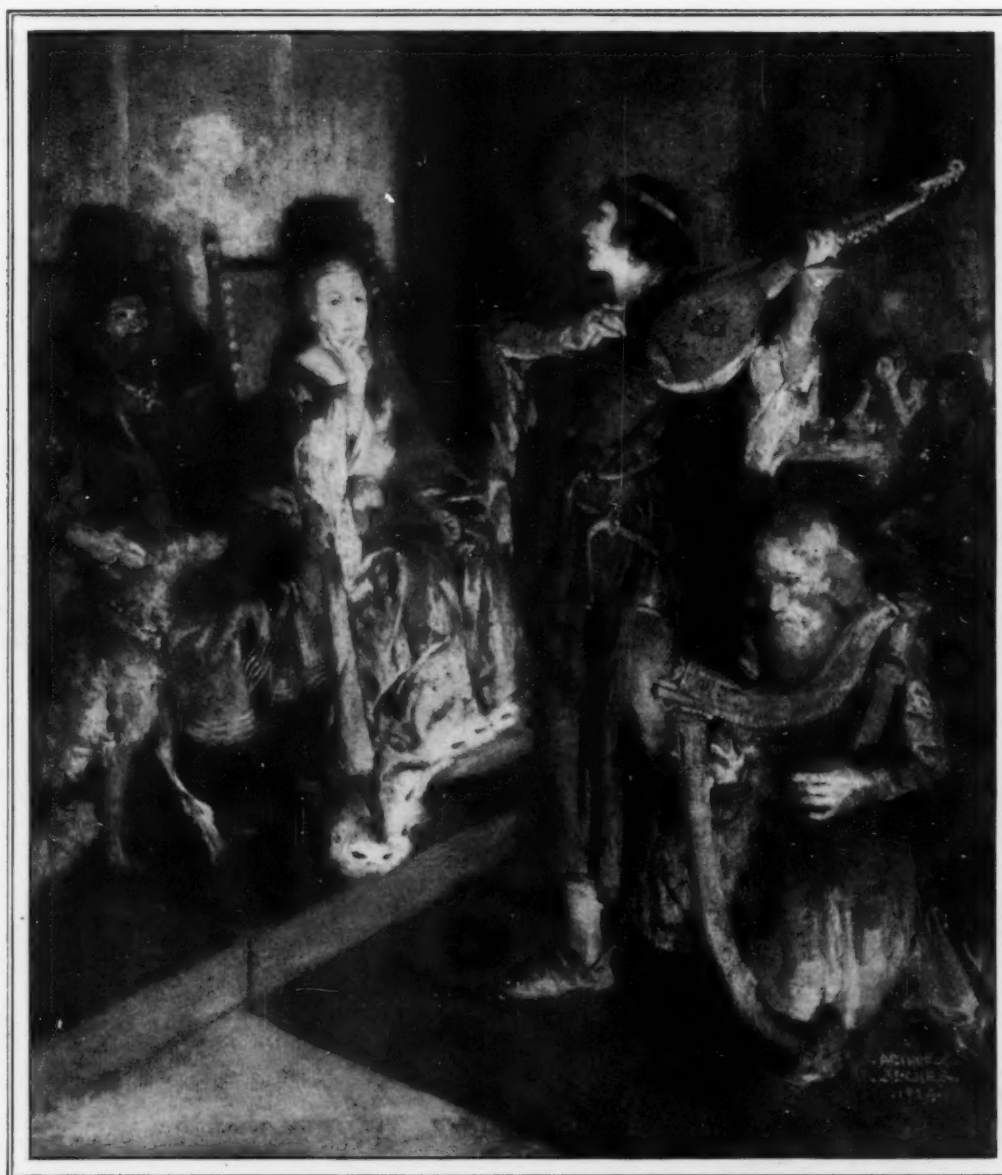
[Turn to page 46]



His eyes were watching them intently—when the stand man said, "Your hot dogs are ready! Come on."



What is Woman's mission? What has been her supremegift to the world? Poets have sung of her beauty and her power to charm; history has recorded her influence on the destiny of nations, statesmen and king-makers have learned of her wisdom and understanding. Always physically weaker than her companion Man, always dependent upon him for protection and support, yet her power has been acknowledged in every age and by every race, for her realm is in the hearts of men who are her lovers and her sons. And this power of Woman's, this mighty force, is today, as it has always been, a power for Peace. Steadily,



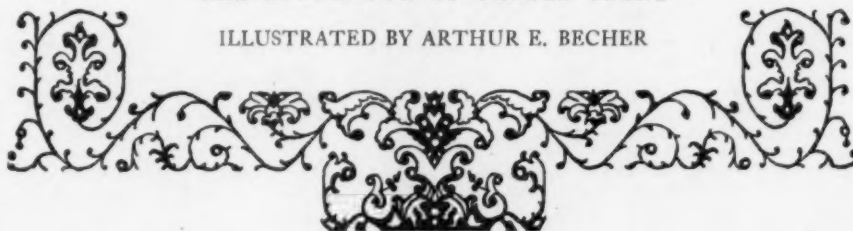
In the eleventh century the troubadours went from castle to castle composing and singing

The Story of Woman Through the Ages

BY W. L. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND BLOOMING", AND
"THE CONFESSION OF URSULA TRENT"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



THE Hebrews were perhaps not the first people to achieve social organization. They were probably senior to the Chinese, though slightly junior to the Egyptians. But all the same, so far as our knowledge goes, and of course that knowledge is not great, the Hebrews were the first to become conscious of the moral basis in the life of a nation. That is why the writer selects them as the first link in the chain which unites us with neolithic times. Other groups, older than the Hebrew society, seem to have known force and force only as the cement of their social edifice. The Hebrews could not avoid force in a world that understood nothing else, but they can claim to be the first race which recognized the idea of order, of justice, upon which modern states are based, imperfectly no doubt, but based all the same. The Hebrews took the first step towards modernity; in regard to women they established a new point of view.

The whole trend of Hebrew life was ethical. A woman was chosen as wife not so much for her beauty as because of certain qualities: humility, frugality, or charity. If we consider the laws and regulations of Hebrew social life we form the picture of a society rather akin to that of New England in the days of the early Puritans. To work, to maintain oneself soberly, to steal the goods of no other man,

regulations for the treatment of leprosy, others for the maintenance of cleanliness. Above all, and this has a closer moral bearing on the question, we find Hebrews realising the bad racial effects of in-breeding. Three thousand five hundred years ago the Hebrews knew that a man should not marry his mother, step-mother, aunt, half-sister, granddaughter, step-daughter, or sister-in-law. This seems simple enough to-day, but if we recall that the Hebrews were living among peoples whose standards were no higher than

from the dawn of time, through the dark centuries of paganism and through the ever brightening era of the Christian dispensation, she has been winning Man away from savagery and War. She has been inspiring in men ideals of the sanctity of human life, for which so great a price is exacted of her, ever holding up before their eyes the vision of a world in which War shall have no place. Here, in this second article of a series by the English writer and feminist, you will trace this noble influence at work in the world, and you will see Woman, the Eternal Mother, leading Man, into ways of blessedness and Peace.

and to keep the Law; upon this hard and clean basis the Hebrews created a nation capable of cruelty and occasional immorality, but which escaped many of the lusts, filths and pestilences of the oriental.

The Hebrews had a number of sanitary laws prohibiting the eating of camel, rabbit, hare, pig, shell-fish, birds of prey, lizards, etc. All of these are wise, particularly in a hot climate. We find



Before Christianity—arose many moral lives, beautiful and chaste. Early in the first century there had been strong reaction against the vices of Roman society.

those of animals, we realize the progress and the probable effect upon the human race.

The Hebrew basis is moral. The Hebrew refuses to imitate other Asiatics: they prohibit disfigurement. At last, alone in the East, he gave a value to the chastity of woman other than wife. He created a new point of view: he did not merely seek compensation. A girl being a piece of property, the idea of purity entered his mind. Thus we find the law imposing the death penalty for infidelity in marriage, or for the seduction of an affianced girl. The idea of marriage is also born, for a man seducing a non-affianced girl is compelled to pay her price and to take her for wife. These laws should not be looked upon as savage, even though the death penalty be inflicted. In the main, the Hebrew was far less savage than the surrounding tribes. Savage or no, he afforded to woman a position she had never enjoyed since life manifested itself upon earth. An important point is that the Hebrews did not practise the harem system; though they lived in Asia, they gave their women a freedom which to-day the women of India or Turkey do not enjoy. Women went alone about the streets of Jerusalem, even the young girls, who congregated round the wells to gossip among themselves and sometimes with the young men. This does not mean that the Hebrews did not guard against obvious dangers. They expected of a woman utmost discretion of

behavior, and they rated her high when she was discreet. They had also precise ideas as to her place in the world, which was one of utility; in a respectable Hebrew household it was the duty of the woman to spin, to weave wool and flax into stuffs, to preserve provisions, to cook, to sew, to plant the vine—briefly, to perform the functions of any countrywoman in our own period.

But it must be acknowledged that however much women may have mattered in private life, however much they may sometimes have ruled their husbands, they are purely incidental in the Hebrew scheme. We see this in the family tables of the Palestinian families. Never is a daughter mentioned in the list; the race is preserved through the men; the record states who is the father, but not the mother. The mother is known only if some action of hers affects the family. Indeed, we have very few records of Hebrew wives, presumably because their situation gave them little chance of asserting themselves.

In general, in Palestine, woman was a piece of property, and in some periods a piece of property which could

be brutally treated at will.

All through the Hebrew records we discover this point of view. We find, for instance, that a father, attacked

by a mob, is willing to give up his daughter as a peace-offering. In other words, a girl is a commodity to be bought, sold and used.

The Hebrew assumption was that woman is inferior to man. The Hebrew idea of a good man is that of a protector, who sees that a woman is fed, and allowed to pursue her life in peace. In return, she must be humble; if a good man marries her, he is conferring honour upon her, and she must keep herself submissive to him.

The most important fact in Hebrew moral law is the creation of the wife idea. The Egyptians certainly came to a rather similar point of view, but holding very vague moral theories they never afforded to the wife the status which she found in Palestine. It is, however, a little difficult to understand exactly what the Hebrews meant by a wife, because the idea of monogamy had not entered their eastern mind. The Hebrew records nowhere clearly describe a marriage ceremony; indeed, very probably, there was no definite ceremony; the guardians of the young people came together; the girl's price (or dowry, but this comes much later) was fixed, and the marriage was concluded practically by contract. Still, the thing that matters is not the detail [Turn to page 26]

It made Americans eager to eat Soup!

The full-ripe, glowing-red tomatoes you see on this page are the kind we use in Campbell's Tomato Soup. They are strained to a fine puree, blended with golden butter, seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs and then placed right at the elbow of every woman in America!

Its irresistible flavor has made people eager for soup. It has shown them how delicious soup tastes, how nourishing it is, how tonic and wholesome for everybody.

Soup gives a real sparkle to the meal—a fresh charm and attractiveness to the daily menu.

And Cream of Tomato never tastes quite so good as when you prepare it with Campbell's.

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

THE STORY OF WOMAN THROUGH THE AGES

(Continued from page 24)



but the principle; it was the Hebrew who evolved the wife idea out of the neolithic point of view that a wife was merely a piece of plunder. It is therefore certain that the Hebrew wife did not consider her rights in the same way as what to-day we call a wife. She accepted polygamy; though sometimes jealous, she never discussed the right or wrong of it. She also took it as normal that her husband should keep as many favored slaves as he chose; in one recorded case a Hebrew king had seventy-eight wives and slaves, but some difference of status seems to have existed, for eighteen of these women are set apart and described as wives. The Hebrew wife, therefore, obtained a definite recognition.

We find all through the records indications of the inferiority of the non-legal wife. Notably, in a case where the aggression of another tribe is anticipated, the Hebrews place in front of their wives and legitimate children, their slaves and their children. It follows that the wife is more precious and that she must be protected with the body of the slave. A wife enjoys certain guarantees. A Hebrew might divorce his wife, but if no fault could be alleged against her he had to leave to her family the price he paid for her. Also, he might not marry her if she had married another man. This insured her not being sold back into practical slavery after her widowhood. Those were still tragic times for women, and though the Hebrews did much to raise woman from the position of the beast to that of a human being, though they rose infinitely above anything that the East knew, they were still pilgrims of the dawn, and the broad sunshine of feminine freedom still lay many centuries below the horizon.

So far as we know, the idea of refinement by birth and education did not exist among the Hebrews. From early times, however, the Greeks conceived the idea of class. Women of the governing class were fairly well treated, but all through Greek history, women of lower position are treated with the most terrible cruelty, bought and sold, separated from their children, flogged and crucified. The Greeks probably obtained the idea of class from the fact that their tribes were led by more or less hereditary chiefs—hence the better position of women of the nobility.

It is difficult to render a conclusion as to the status of woman in later Greece, because laws were often broken with impunity. To the end the Greeks take back calmly women who have passed to other men; they put to death those who are unfaithful; they foster the courtesan by the side of the wife; they still treat women as cattle. In that sense the Greeks do not go much beyond the ancient Hebrews. But what they did was to introduce marriage ceremonies, and rather clearer matrimonial laws. One may roughly say that while the Hebrews invented matrimony, it was the Greeks who invented marriage.

MARRIAGE IS BORN

That is an important fact: whereas in Judea marriage was a family matter in Greece it was a public relationship. The state took some interest in it, even though the old Asiatic idea still existed; an Athenian might not marry a woman who did not belong to an Athenian family; he might have her as a slave but not as his legal wife. The Greeks felt for their legal wives a respect different from that which the Hebrews bore them; while the Hebrews were moral, the Greeks were formal.

It is one of the paradoxes of Greek life that the women who really counted were not the legal wives, but the courtesans. In Greek literature we find very few hints of educated wives; we discover on the other hand a number of educated courtesans, such as Aspasia, Lasthenia, (who studied under Plato), Leontion, (pupil of Epicurus), Phryne, (model of Phidias), Lais, and others. It would be impossible for a modern to understand the situation in Greece, until he recalled that women of good family were so uneducated that no man could converse with them except about household matters. Since it is an instinct in man that he should desire the society of women beautiful and intelligent, the Greek demand for something less stupid than the wife naturally rose.

In general the Greek courtesan was a foreigner, or a freed slave. She had no social position to lose; therefore she went about freely, and she drew from the many philosophers and sages a great deal of education; a learned Greek might have ignored a female pupil, but he would not drive her away. The girl of good family would never have been allowed to hear Plato, so the courtesan acquired all the knowledge.

It is rather significant that Xenophon should report that Aspasia lectured on the duties of husbands and wives, and on the bettering of the social position of women. We find in her, and in Sappho, the first hints of a feminine revolt; we gather it still more from the insults which Aristophanes throws at the suffragists of his period, when he suggests that they want to go to the assembly in male clothing, and to

make the laws over their husbands' heads.

That is important: it could not have happened in Judea; in Greece we find the first hint of woman stumbling upwards on the road which she will find so long and so steep!

It is more difficult to sum up the Greek woman than the Hebrew, because our moral civilization is closer to Judea than it is to Olympus. We cannot ascribe to Greece much progress over Palestine; we can only record that an obscure stirring among the Greek women was manifesting itself, that then was born the mysterious thing which some call progress, some decadence.

IN ANCIENT ROME

IT is difficult to say how Rome affected the woman problem, because we cannot tell what Rome would have been with-



In Ancient Palestine

out Athens. If Greek manners had not so greatly influenced the Roman, if the great Latin nation had not conquered the Greek cities, Rome might have produced a civilization of its own and possibly have improved much upon the treatment of woman, which in Greece was bad. In comparison with the Greeks, the Romans were a crude people, and they had a mania for imitating a people whom they could conquer.

The Romans regulated marriage and women more closely than did the Greeks, because they regulated everything. The Romans were profoundly municipal; they organized every activity, from the wearing of clothes to the worship of the gods. For this reason their treatment of women was less brutal than that of the passionate Greeks; but it was much colder, less inspiring, less likely to produce romantic beauty.

The course of the Roman women was much the same as that of the Greek, apart from the Roman organizing tendency and its benefits. She could not be a citizen, but she could be the patroness of a city. Or she could see her statue erected if she gave money to a good cause. The Roman matron was theoretically a chattel of her husband, and was treated with cold respect; a great deal of money might be expended upon her, as to-day upon certain wives, but it was hardly good form to

lavish upon a wife a passion that would be better employed elsewhere. In fact, she was proud, gossipy, and as luxurious as she could afford.

The Romans also kept vestals, who took a thirty-year vow of chastity, who prayed, sacrificed, and served in the temple. If she broke her vow, a vestal was buried alive, while her paramour was lashed to death. In this study what matters in the idea of the vestal is the obscure recognition of some special quality in women. The vestal was deeply respected. She served as an umpire in disputes; a criminal, on his way to execution, was pardoned if he met a vestal. In these ideas, in deep shadow of man's instincts, hides the idea that a woman's purity is a valuable and sacred thing. Thus the confused picture fades away, of a Rome of rich women, slaves and courtesans—most of the latter being freed slaves, clever and of no account.

In theory the Romans were monogamous; in fact the rule had certain exceptions. Practice varied, but at a certain time male bigamists were branded with a hot iron. In the main they practised monogamy more than the Greeks; they were therefore instinctively travelling towards the Christian morality that was to come to them. But marriage itself was never secure for a Roman wife. She could be divorced very lightly. The Romans needed only to send a written notice:

"Take away what belongs to you."

The only corrective is that women as well as men were allowed to obtain divorces, but, as in Greece, they suffered socially when they availed themselves of the law. They still lived in a society where woman was at a disadvantage, unless she was the daughter of a Roman citizen; even then she had not her full liberty. She lived in a world of agitation, war, debauchery. Long before Caesar the matrimonial regulations were despised, the manners grew corrupt, and little by little the rigid attitude of republican Rome was obscured by the oriental pageantry of later emperors, who kept their eyes fixed upon a sanguinary spectacle, the gilded chariots, the savage pleasures of the East, the fights in the arenas between lions and men. It was not a world for woman to assert her rights, but rights came to her all the same, because the Romans, vicious and brutal as they might be, had a vision of an ordered world. Woman is weak; those beginnings of the ordered world began to give her a beginning of security. "Began to give a beginning": that is not much, but woman had to travel slowly along a way of which she did not yet see the end.

CHRISTIANITY

Whether we consider man or woman, the coming of Christianity is the most important event in the whole of history. Other faiths not devoid of greatness, such as Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, have swayed scores of millions and have had lasting effects; these faiths endure, but none has the faculty which we find in Christianity to adapt itself to the needs of the dominant race, namely the white race. None has shown itself capable of evolution; they are to-day what they were on the day of their first preaching.

Here, at last, was a faith proclaiming men and women were equal in the spirit, if not quite equal in the world; a faith which upheld permanent marriage, which enforced upon men duties which had been enforced only upon women: Christianity was the first faith to proclaim that *man*, also, should be faithful. Women gave themselves to Christianity with passionate zeal. Many acted as missionaries: Clotilde converted King Clovis, the Frank; Bertha of Kent and Gisela of Hungary introduced Christianity into their countries; women later converted the Duke of Poland and the Czar of Jarislav.

The essential idea of Christianity, from the spiritual point of view, we need not dwell upon here, since we all know to-day the Christian conception. For the present study we are concerned with the effects of Christianity upon the morals of the period. Before Christianity arose many moral lives; beautiful, chaste, self-sacrificing lives were lived, particularly among the Greeks; but never before had there been a massed effort for the maintenance of good morals. Early in the first century there had been strong reaction against the vices of Roman society. But the Christians were more definite. One of the most active, Chrysostom, born at Antioch, pupil of a sophist, became a Christian and a hermit for ten years. Eventually, as Archbishop of Constantinople, he dared to deliver violent sermons against the license of the Imperial Court. He protested against the sale of girl slaves, and was able to reduce the traffic. All through the history of Christianity we find this puritan insistence upon the clean life.

The next article in this series by Mr. George, tracing the history of woman and the influence of love on the human race, will appear in next month's McCall's.



GUESTS arriving at a supper dance, given for a New York debutante, at New York's most fashionable restaurant on Park Avenue.

Investigation shows that among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other soap.

One Hundred and Two New York and Boston Debutantes tell why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap

IN the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as "society" in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred.

In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

In order to find out the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 258 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting.

Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said they used Woodbury's to overcome definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury's as their reason for using it, or its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing. Two girls used it because it had been recommended by their physicians.

Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Also sold in convenient 3-cake boxes.

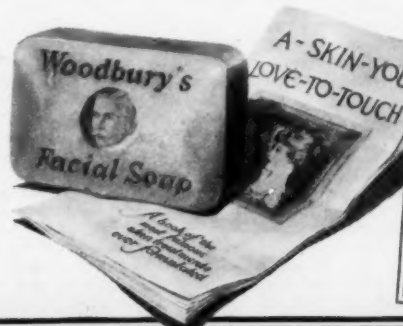


To Free your Skin from Blackheads:

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion.

Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Free! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



The Andrew Jergens Co.
1504 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me: FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1504 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont., English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name.....Street.....
City.....State.....



Right Food— Their First Necessity

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

I HAVE always been very much interested in the growth and development of animals, and at the present time this work is my avocation. Again and again I have seen animals which, at birth, promised little, develop into perfect specimens of their kind as a result of care in feeding and housing them, of attention to right ventilation and cleanliness, and of proper forms of exercise.

And for more than thirty years I have been associated intimately, in my professional work, with thousands of infants and growing children. Repeatedly, in my private practice, in hospitals and in out-patient work, I have been impressed with the possibilities of proper growth under good management even when little could be expected of the patient, judging from his original condition.

Every newly born infant is to have a future. His health, vigor, power of resistance, happiness and usefulness as a citizen are determined in no small degree by the nature of the care given to him during the first fifteen years of his life. He has a right to demand that he receive such care as will produce a sound, well-developed body; and this should be our first thought and object where he is concerned. There are many occupations other than those of the army and navy that require physical fitness. Competition is always keen. Employers of men and women, whether in the office, the factory, among the artisan class or on the farm, cannot afford to employ the physically weak any more than they can be expected to put up with the mentally dull.

Fundamental in the life of the young of all animals are their growth and development. Nature has fixed definite laws in accordance with which this growth and development proceed. The type of animal which is produced depends in no small degree on the way in which we comply with nature's laws. Heredity of course plays an important part. Nevertheless, assuming that the young of the lower animals or of men possess all that can be desired in this respect, if the management during their growing period is faulty, the adult evolved is certain to fall short of the normal or of what might have been accomplished if the details of everyday life had been carried out properly.

On the other hand, a person or an animal which has not had the benefit of good heredity, will evolve, when given the advantages of scientific care every day in their young lives, into an adult superior in all respects to those who were more fortunate in birth but deprived of proper supervision. I have seen this demonstrated repeatedly both in the lower animal and in man.

The most important factor in the working of men and women is nutrition. It is self-evident that a child who is fed on suitable food will become a more vigorous, better-

His whole future—his health, vigor, power of resistance, happiness and usefulness as a citizen—hinge on the care you give your child during the first fifteen years of his life. Every day of the year he must have right food. Next in importance, comes fresh air. Then cleanliness, cheerful surroundings and healthful amusements. Nor must he ever work or exercise to the point of fatigue.

It is a sad fact that children suffer more from nutritional mistakes than do the young of the lower animals. Read what Doctor Kerley says, on this page, about food values and the importance of knowing how to feed your child.

developed adult than one who, beginning at birth and continuing throughout the period of growth, is fed in an indifferent, careless manner on foods of indifferent qualities.

Next in importance to food, and following very closely, come fresh air, cleanliness, cheerful surroundings and healthful amusements, together with an absence of work or service of any very arduous nature. Growing children must never exercise nor use effort to the point of fatigue.

It is a sad fact that children suffer more from nutritional errors due to the lack of suitable care and food than do the young of the lower animals. The cause of this condition may be explained on two grounds: first, many parents possess little or no knowledge of food values; and second, the child has no value in dollars and cents.

Success in the management of children demands daily attention to details. One must realize that the child has

to be fed properly every day in the year. The years of the early life of an individual are set apart as a period of preparation for adult life. A bad start during the first year has a deterrent influence upon the whole development of a child; and, unfortunately, during this first year, many mothers cannot supply to the infant the food fashioned for him by nature.

This brings us to the matter of substitute feeding which has been discussed in detail in previous contributions. Any type of substitute feeding means that a food foreign to the child's digestive organs and digestive capacity is to be his means of nutrition. Success depends on our ability to supply in suitable form, and the child's ability to appropriate, a food containing the nutritive elements in approximately the quantities found in human milk.

It is impossible by using cow's milk or any other food exactly to reproduce mother's milk. What we strive to do is to imitate human milk and we can do it now with sufficient accuracy to make it acceptable and sufficient for most children who are deprived of the breast. After the nursing or bottle-age the feeding should be supervised by a trained nurse or a physician, and menus should be arranged to which the family ought to adhere as closely as possible.

In our patient-clinics one is often impressed with the inappropriate feeding of the children who apply for treatment. Boxed breakfast foods, breadstuffs from the bakers, crackers, cake and fried meats often comprise the large part of the child's diet. The children are fed in this manner not because the parents are too poor to provide the right nourishment but because they lack knowledge of the nutritional value of foods.

The children in question were the offspring of day laborers, drivers, waiters and small wage earners generally. The children were not hungry; their appetites were satisfied and the parents then considered their duty done.

It is not only among the so-called working people that all the errors are made. In my private work I am often impressed by the lack of knowledge and common sense in child nutrition. Among the errors common to all classes is the giving of food at irregular intervals and the giving of cakes, candies and other sweets between meals. Such practices not only take away the child's appetite for the regular meal but interfere with his digestive capacity for a suitable diet.

In order to fill in this absence of common knowledge, the matter of food value and proper dietetics should be taken up in a practical way in our advanced schools.

To feed children with a view to their bodily development is a subject in which parents must be instructed. Today there is much greater intelligence in this regard among the masses than was the case twenty or even ten years ago. This is due to the various agencies that have been established throughout the country to spread the gospel of better babies and better children and better adults.

Watch Their Eyes

NOT so many years ago a boy was born in a luxurious home. His parents tried to give him every advantage that a boy should have. He loved Nature and delighted in long walks in the woods. One day when the boy was about thirteen years old a companion pointed out an interesting object. The boy could barely see it. For the first time he realized that something was wrong with his eyes and he told his father. Then came glasses and constant joy and astonishment at the bright new world with clean-cut outlines. All the wonders of the woods which he never dreamed existed were spread before his happy eyes. Books were no longer pages of letters with fuzzy tails. * * * * This boy was Theodore Roosevelt who became President of the United States.

If parents, such as his, for all their love and care and ability to provide for his needs, never knew that their son had defective vision, can anyone doubt that there are thousands of boys and girls today whose poor sight has not been discovered by their fathers and mothers?

* * * * *

Only 10 children in 100 at the age of nine years have even so-called perfect eyesight. Every one knows of course that a perfect eye is indeed a rare thing. One out of every eight school children has seriously defective sight or some disease of the eye which needs immediate attention.

If your child is the one out of eight whose eyes require attention you ought to know it. You cannot tell from the appearance of the eyes whether they are normal. And eyes are willing servants—they seldom complain unless they are severely overtaxed. Perfect vision does not always mean perfect eyes. Serious disease may be present

and yet be unnoticed. Many of the eye diseases that lead to blindness are catching. If treated in time they can be cured.

School children are often careless. Impress upon your boys and girls the danger of using towels that have been used by other people. Try to keep them from rubbing their eyes. Great danger comes from infection and dirt.



The time to begin to protect the eyes is from the hour the baby is born. See that the doctor or nurse puts a drop of a prophylactic solution into the baby's eyes to prevent the serious disease commonly known as "babies' sore eyes" which often results in blindness.

Much of the eye trouble of later years comes from injury in babyhood. Never let the sun shine on a child's eyes—even when asleep. Baby eyelids are not sufficient protection. Diseases of childhood sometimes leave the eyes in a weakened condition. Children's eyes require attention during and after serious illness, especially measles and diphtheria.

* * * * *

Get a good eye specialist. He will quickly discover whether your child needs eye treatment or glasses. If glasses are necessary he will prescribe them.

Many people are prejudiced against glasses for children. It is not true that

"once they put them on they will have to wear them all their lives." By wearing glasses when they are needed the condition often is cured and glasses may be dispensed with.

You would not willingly deprive your children of happiness or joy in life and yet, unknowingly, you may deprive them of more than happiness. You may rob them of the power to be independent, self-supporting citizens. You may deny them possible greatness.

There are upward of 100,000 blind people in the United States. According to the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness more than half of them are needlessly blind.

Only 20 of our 48 States have statutes providing for eye tests in schools. Less than one-third of the school children of the entire country have their eyes examined each year.

While parents may not suspect that there is anything wrong with their children's eyes it is sometimes easy for a teacher to detect difficulties. Teachers have an opportunity to watch the way the children use their eyes—to see whether they squint when looking at the blackboard—to observe whether they hold books too near their faces—to notice habits of rubbing or blinking the eyes.

Teachers are doing a kindly and humane act in helping to prevent misery and possible blindness when they notify the parents of children who need to have their eyes examined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free to any one who writes for it, a booklet, "Eyesight and Health" which will be found helpful.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

May We Love Too Much?

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Editor, Department of Food and Household Management

ILLUSTRATION BY DALTON STEVENS

PERHAPS you can help me, dear Miss Splint," wrote J. L. some months ago. "I can't talk things out with anyone here and I've thought and thought until I don't know what is the best thing to do.

"For three years I've been engaged to a man whom I deeply love. Yet we're no closer to getting married today than we were three years ago. It's largely a question of money—Tom has his mother to support and he doesn't make enough to take care of her and me, too.

"Of course I could keep on working (I'm making as much as Tom is) and we could board but I don't believe that is the answer to our troubles. Matrimony in one room in a boarding-house would be a sordid failure for us however well it may work out for some people. Though I adore Tom, I want children, too, and for children you need a home and time to take care of them.

"So, as I see it—and you must tell me frankly whether I am right—it is up to Tom to earn more money, soon. And therein lies the real cause of my worries. Tom is the dearest fellow in the world but he lacks the push that puts people ahead in business. It's partly my fault, I admit. I care so much for him that I've petted him and sympathized with him over every little disappointment that's come up in his business until I've made a perfect baby of him. He's very sensitive, has no self-confidence and is depressed for days by set-backs that would make me laugh and go after it all the harder.

"With Tom's disposition I don't believe he will ever be a big money-maker, and I don't mind that a bit. I'm not afraid of having to 'manage' and I can help out on the income in several ways—by renting a room or two, or perhaps by baking cakes to order, which I am supposed to do well.

"Am I boring you, my dear, with all this detail? But I want you to see things just as they are for I have a terribly important decision to make.

"Three years of Tom's life and mine have drifted away since we discovered we loved each other. I am twenty-five, Tom is thirty. I don't want to go on being engaged until my youth is gone, yet Tom takes the attitude that we must wait—indeinitely—until something happens. Well, I believe in making it happen. It seems to me that unless we can see our way clear to being married within the next year or year and a half we had better set each other free.

"Does that sound very cold-blooded? But I needn't ask you that! You'll understand. If I loved Tom less it would be easier to make the decision. I should simply tell him that we weren't fitted for each other, that we'd made a mistake and that he had better find some other girl who would be less exacting in her demands than I am.

"And then, after a little while, perhaps some other man would turn up whom I'd like and I should forget Tom without a pang.

"But loving him as I do, I'm a coward about hurting him. Every hurt to him makes me cringe. To say to him, 'Either earn more money or give me up,' seems brutal and mercenary and yet it's what I must say. My instinct tells me it's for Tom's own good as well as mine to deliver an ultimatum like this, and decide things once and for all. It would be easier to part now than to wait and wait until we were middle-aged. We simply couldn't patch up our lives then.

"I need not pretend it would be easy for me to give Tom up. I see his fine qualities with a lover's vision that has something of the mother in it, too. He is loyal and clean-minded and as understanding as a woman. And he loves me. But the most important thing of all he does not understand—that life may slip away without our ever having lived it, he and I together with our children, by our own hearthstone. And I think I must make him see it or give him up.

"Will you tell me if you think so, too?"

AS I said, this letter reached me almost a year ago and you can see that it would not be easy to answer. Strained human relationships sometimes need the applica-



Far better to be firm with him now, even at the possible cost of loneliness and readjustment

"My faith and love are justified a thousand times, but it couldn't have been done unless there'd been fine material to work with."

tion of only a little more patience to straighten them out, yet often to keep on being patient is like throwing good money after bad.

But Tom, from all that J. L. wrote, seemed worth a final trial—high ideals and a wholesome outlook on life are excellent foundations for a happy marriage. It was evident that J. L. loved Tom; did he love her enough? I wondered.

I suggested to her that she have a frank talk with him, a talk that should be absolutely free of anger or reproaches, on her side. She must make Tom see and feel as she saw and felt and if he was as generous as she thought him to be, he would understand her motives. Then she was to set a probation period of a year and in that time not only Tom but she must develop. J. L. had admitted in her letter that she had encouraged Tom more and more to lean on her for sympathy; it was not surprising he was fast losing whatever independence and initiative he may have had. She would have to teach herself to shift a fair share of responsibility on to Tom, and let him feel some of the joys of protectiveness, instead of keeping them all for herself.

Of course she was not to use sledge-hammer methods of reform. Love needs tender, subtle handling and no adult male will stand being made over if he knows it. But J. L. is intelligent and unselfish and she managed to throw her interest into Tom's work in a way that made it take on new color and significance. Tom began to see new opportunities in business because J. L. had made him believe in his powers.

Someone has said that a mouse, treated like a lion, would grow a mane overnight, and Tom, discovering that J. L. thought him clever, really grew to be so. I fancy Tom had not had too much of that sort of thing at home.

Then they began to read together biographies of men who had achieved the goal they had set out for—and don't you think a good biography is almost as exciting as fiction? The final stroke in J. L.'s campaign was to induce Tom to join the Country Club. It looked like a wild extravagance but proved a shrewd investment because Tom took up tennis and was made hard physically and was taught to see and think quickly.

But you'll be more interested in reading part of J. L.'s second letter than in having me tell you about it.

"We are going to be married in September. Isn't it marvelous? Tom can't get away for a vacation until then. With this new concern he's getting almost twice as much as he made with the old one and they're crazy about his work! He is darling to me; he realizes now how much I need him, and he does much more for me than I deserve.

DEAR Miss Splint: Paris, 1925. In the family pension where we have been living, Madame prides herself on her cooking—with reason.

But even more wonderful to us is her art of serving and her choice of garnishes. The pot-roast left from dinner reappears at luncheon sliced cold, and arranged on a platter with stuffed eggs, small bunches of water-cress and rosy radishes—a vivid and decorative dish, having the added virtue of disguising the fact that the servings of meat happen to be small.

Surprise Potatoes, which deserve a more fanciful name, give another interesting way of using bits of meat. Boiled potatoes are cut in halves lengthwise and the cut surfaces spread with a thick layer of chopped meat, seasoned and moistened with cream or stock. The potatoes are then put back together, held in shape by tiny skewers, and baked until thoroughly heated through, with frequent basting of stock so that they have a rich brown color and a delicious flavor. Served with their brown sauce, in a deep platter bordered with orange carrots, thinly sliced, they make a colorful one-dish luncheon.

Madame is a master in the use of her vegetables for effective garnishing. Broiled or fried tomatoes, buttered peas, carrots and roasted potatoes all give color and can be arranged more interestingly with the meat than in separate dishes. A well-browned pot-roast, bordered by alternating mounds of tiny buttered beets and green beans, is unquestionably more attractive than the same piece of meat alone with a few sprigs of parsley. Then, too, the sauce of the meat juices adds to the flavor of the vegetables.

The cold meat platter is garnished with its accompanying salad, all green plants being dressed so that they are seasoned for serving. One day short stalks of celery, stuck into stuffed olives so that they stood upright, formed gay little gardens at each end of a plate of sliced ham and cold veal. When eggs were expensive, one, hard-cooked and cut into thin slices, with half a stuffed olive laid in the center of each slice, was sufficient to give an air to the dish, when discreetly arranged with the green salad.

Any meat would taste better when garnished with thinly sliced boiled carrots, marinated in French Dressing, mixed with chopped pimiento and pickle and arranged in little mounds, alternating with tufts of dark green water-cress. The humble, inexpensive pickled beet will touch up a potato salad or combine with cabbage or celery.

Thanks ever so much for your wishes and your interest and a very happy 1925 to you.—Sincerely, Day Monroe.



What the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin



Woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Marie
Queen of Roumania

PPOINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the midst of the great affairs of Europe.

At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid, flashing life of the Balkans.

Today no queen in Europe has such influence in state and international affairs. Queen Marie matches her skill in state-craft and the prestige of her position with the magnetism of her personality to achieve victories for Roumania that astound nations many times its size.

Even after her crowded years in Roumania, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful, beloved of her people and human to the core. When she wears the national dress and mingles with the simple peasant folk she is just as lovely as when she wears her gorgeous robes of state and her magnificent crown jewels. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

More and more, women are realizing this. They have found that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never the woman who is a success. Yet it is so easy to look one's best! A few thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and a little regular care every day—this is all one needs to keep the skin fresh, clear and youthful.

YEARS ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that would answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method of cleansing and protecting the skin is used everywhere by women who, because of their high position or their social prominence, tax their skins the most and yet must keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, the thorough cleansing that keeps the skin clear and fresh. For this use Pond's



HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

A recent portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo, eminent European artist. Queen Marie, a writer of distinction, has done much to foster the Roumanian national arts. She is called "the mother-in-law of the Balkans," having married her two eldest daughters to the Kings of Greece and Yugoslavia.

Below, a pair of silver boxes from Tiffany and Company, bearing the Queen's crest and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift to Her Majesty. They are reproductions of a pair of early American silver boxes made about 1750, now in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers or a piece of moistened cotton, smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, the powder, the dust, and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. Repeat the process. Now notice how fresh and clear your skin feels—and looks—how smooth and relaxed. And, above all, how youthful. Finish by dashing your face with cold water or rubbing it with a piece of ice.

If your skin is very dry, use Pond's Cold Cream at night, too, patting it in around the corners of your eyes and mouth, where—unless you are wary—wrinkles will begin to form. Let it stay on until morning—you will find the little lines all smoothed away.

And then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, light, greaseless, and deliciously refreshing. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untired. No amount of wind or sun will roughen it now. After you have smoothed in the Vanishing Cream, you are ready to rouge and powder. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which they go on and blend—and stay—for hours! No more horrid nose-shine to worry you now.

MOST skins need a Pond's cleansing only once a day, but after exposure of any kind, such as a dusty train trip or a long motor ride, you will find there is nothing more refreshing or relaxing to your skin than a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Finish up, as always, with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you just that last touch of brilliancy and smoothness that—to be absolutely perfect—your complexion requires before you powder.

Take care of your lovely skin. Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty like hers, can be, as she says, "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." Buy your own Pond's Creams in jars or tubes and use them faithfully every day. You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can keep. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D.
139 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

OVEN BAKED



57

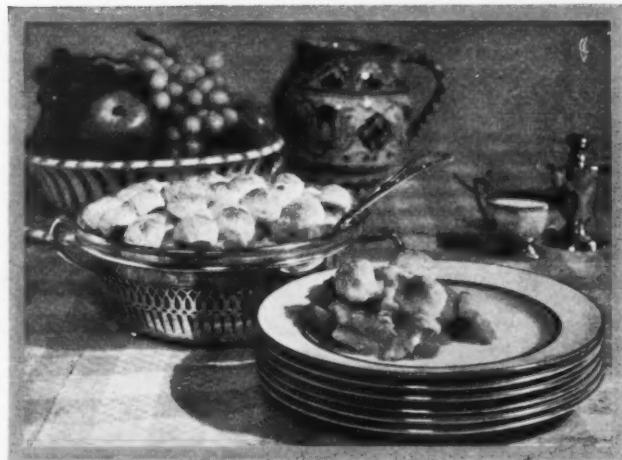
Be sure to look at the label of every can of beans you buy. Beans are not *baked* unless they are *labeled* baked.

While some prefer to boil their beans, we believe that *oven baking in dry heat*—which is the Heinz way—improves the flavor and retains the full bean nourishment.

When in Pittsburgh be sure to visit the Heinz kitchens.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

with Tomato Sauce



Baked Sweet Potato and Pineapple topped with marshmallows

You Won't Miss The Meat If You Use These Lenten Dishes

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

DO GIVE me a recipe for an appetizing dish I can make without meat!" This request comes to me so often I know it expresses a real need of most homemakers.

The two chief demands that are made of meatless dishes are that they be hearty enough to satisfy and that they supply the protein which meat usually adds to the diet.

At once, fish comes to mind and if we are used to well-prepared fish we welcome it. But if we have always been served dry, tasteless fish, we dismiss the idea. Remember, in preparing fish that most of them lack fat or a decided flavor, and these must be supplied in the cooking or by serving with such sauces as Tomato, Cheese, Hollandaise or Tartare, or with a highly seasoned vegetable as cole slaw, pickled beets or marinated cucumbers. Almost every baked fish requires a hot cooking for a short time and should be served as soon as cooked. Sea-fish are valuable not only for their protein; they supply iodine also and several vitamins. Eggs are always an adequate meat substitute and offer a welcome change at this season when they are fresh and more reasonable in price.

Nuts, instead of just being a delicacy as we so often think of them, are really a nutritious and inexpensive food in themselves and when used in combination with plainer foods, make them richer and more appetizing.

Vegetables are one of the best sources of our nutrition supply and are relatively inexpensive but we are prone to think of them as uninteresting and monotonous. This is because they are so often poorly cooked or unattractively served.

The following recipes are for some interesting, nourishing meat substitute dishes which will serve the average family of six.

FINNAN HADDIE CHOPS

2 cups finnan haddie	1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon lemon juice	2 cups fish stock or milk
1/2 teaspoon pepper	Salt, if necessary
1/4 cup shortening	1 cup fine crumbs

Flake fish into small pieces and add lemon juice and pepper. Make a stiff

white sauce by melting shortening, stirring the flour into it until smooth and adding the milk slowly. Cook until very thick, stirring constantly. Add fish to sauce and salt if necessary. Chill. Shape into chops, dip in bread crumbs. Place in a well-greased dish and brush over with cooking oil or melted shortening. Bake in a hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 20 minutes or until brown.

CASSEROLE OF HALIBUT

3 pounds halibut	1 cup celery, cut fine
1/2 cup shortening	1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup diced turnip	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup diced carrots	1 1/2 cups boiling water
2 onions, sliced	

Skin halibut and brown both sides in one-half the shortening. Parboil vegetables 10 minutes, drain, and sauté in other half of fat. Place halibut in casserole, add vegetables and any shortening which may have been left in pan. Add salt, pepper and boiling water. Cover and bake in slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) 1 hour. Serve from casserole or remove fish to hot platter, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with vegetables round it.

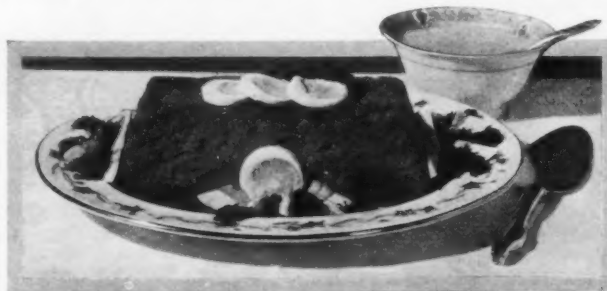
MACKEREL BAKED IN MILK

Remove head and tail from mackerel, and bone if desired. Dip each fish into slightly salted milk, then into bread-crumbs. Put into well-greased pan, sprinkle with a little cooking oil or melted shortening. Pour 1 cup milk around fish and bake in hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 minutes.

MRS. SPENCER'S BAKED MACKEREL

Cut off head and tail of fish, and remove bone. Place fish skin side down in a well-greased baking-dish or pan. Sprinkle over it 1/2 cup chopped onion, fried until tender but not brown. Cover with finely sifted bread crumbs. Mince four slices of bacon for each fish and

[Turn to page 34]



Lima-Bean Loaf attractively garnished with hard-cooked egg

It was her doctor's recommendation

WHEN she was only a few weeks old, this little girl, Cecil Woodman, had to be put on bottle feedings. Her mother tried various prepared formulas, all without success. Nothing would agree with the baby.

Then the doctor recommended condensed milk. They bought a can of Eagle Brand and gave her a feeding. It was the first meal Cecil had digested in weeks. After that they bought Eagle Brand by the case, for it became her regular mainstay.

Today, three-year-old Cecil is as healthy and vital as she is charming. Straight and graceful, with strong muscles and good bones, she is an untiring little athlete.

She is only one of thousands of children who owe their first healthy start in life to Eagle Brand. In fact Eagle Brand is the most successful baby food in the world because it is pure rich milk—a child's most perfect food—combined with refined sugar by a special process which makes it exceptionally digestible.

If you cannot nurse your baby, start him on Eagle Brand today—the food that has been tried and proved by mothers and doctors for three generations.

If you like to compare your experience with that of other mothers send for a copy of the new Borden booklet

What Other Mothers Say. You'll be keenly interested in the unsolicited letters, which have been selected from the thousands that pour into the Borden Company yearly. Another book, *Baby's Welfare*, gives information on the care of your baby. Send the coupon for both. The Borden Company, 492 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

CECIL WOODMAN

Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Staunton Woodman
Rye, New York



The coupon brings these books free

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

THE
BABY
WELFARE
DEPT.

The Borden Co.
492 Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free
copies of *What Other Mothers*
Say and *Baby's Welfare*.

Name.....

Address.....



Out of
the wheat field
cometh strength!

Try this wonderfully delicious whole wheat flavor!

Wheatena, the rich whole wheat breakfast dish that millions of children and grown-ups delight in each day.

Real whole wheat! Even the sweet golden heart of choicest winter wheat, so full of flavor and energy is retained by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting. Every spoonful of Wheatena sends perfect nourishment to each muscle, bone and tissue. Helps Nature to give that extra energy for work or play. The healthful vitamins; the tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; and bran, the natural regulator are also carefully retained. And because Wheatena is so nourishing and easy to digest, doctors recommend it for a child's first solid food.

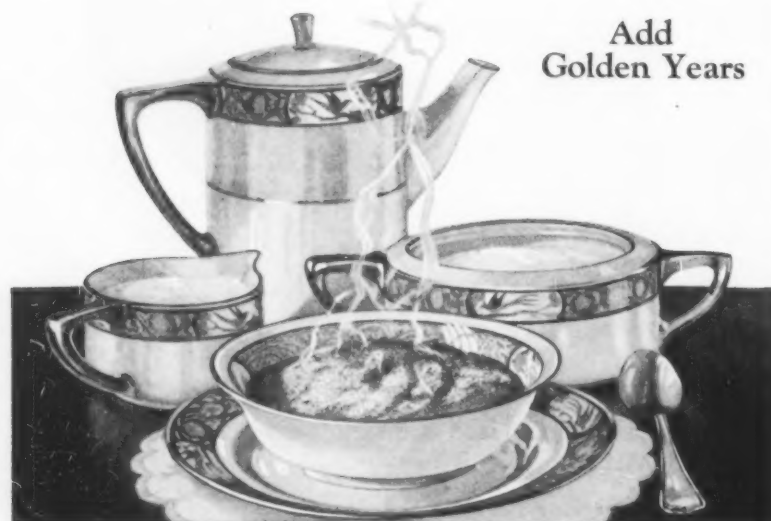
Eat Wheatena for its delicious flavor! Get its extra energy for the day's work! Add golden years to your life!

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious, healthful, whole wheat breakfast tomorrow.

Free, sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.

Wheatena



Add
Golden Years

You Won't Miss The Meat If You Use These Lenten Dishes

[Continued from page 32]

sprinkle over crumbs. Bake in hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve hot with the following:

SAUCE TARTARE

To 1 cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons chopped sour pickles, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives, 1 teaspoon capers, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and ½ teaspoon chopped onion and a few grains cayenne.

FISH FILLETS

Make fillets by removing the skin and bones from fish and cutting flesh into thick, flat slices of any preferred size. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brush over with cooking oil or melted butter to which a little lemon juice has been added. Place in well-greased baking-dish and bake in hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 minutes or until brown. Serve with the following:

CHEESE SAUCE PIQUANT

2 tablespoons shortening ¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons grated cheese ½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons catsup ½ cup rich milk or cream
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley

Melt shortening, add cheese and seasonings. Stir until smooth. Add milk or cream and parsley and bring slowly to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Pour over fillets and serve hot.

CAPER SAUCE FOR FISH

¼ cup butter 1½ cups hot water
3 tablespoons flour ½ cup capers, drained
½ teaspoon salt ½ cup capers, drained

Melt butter, stir in flour and seasonings. Add hot water slowly, stirring constantly and cook until sauce thickens. Add capers and serve hot with any kind of fish.

CORN CHOWDER WITHOUT PORK

1 medium-sized onion 1 quart canned corn
¼ cup shortening 2 cups milk
2 cups boiling water ½ teaspoon salt
1 quart diced potatoes ½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon paprika

Slice onion very thin and brown it in part of shortening. Add water and continue to cook slowly 10 minutes longer. Parboil potatoes 10 minutes, drain and add to the onion. Add corn and cook until potatoes are soft. Add milk, the remaining shortening and the seasonings. Serve very hot, garnished with popcorn or minced parsley.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES

4 medium-sized parsnips 4 tablespoons flour
1 cup chopped nuts 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cooked rice ½ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs

Wash and scrape parsnips. Cook in boiling water until soft. Drain carefully and mash or put through a sieve. Mix together nuts, rice, flour, salt and pepper and add to parsnips. Add eggs, beaten slightly.

If this mixture is too thick, add a little milk. Drop by spoonfuls into hot, deep fat and fry until brown or sauté on a greased griddle. Serve with catsup or Chili sauce.

LIMA-BEAN LOAF

½ pound dried lima beans 2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 medium-sized onion 1 teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne ½ teaspoon paprika

Soak beans 6 to 8 hours in water to cover. Cook in water in which they have soaked, until very soft, adding more water if necessary. Drain and rub through a sieve.

Then add onion, melted shortening, salt, paprika and cayenne and mix well. Pack into well-greased loaf pan and bake

in moderate oven (360 degrees Fahrenheit) 20 to 30 minutes or until loaf is firm and brown on top. Turn out onto hot platter, garnish with hard-cooked eggs, and serve with:

CHEESE SAUCE

4 tablespoons shortening 2 cups milk
4 tablespoons rye or white flour ¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper ½ cup grated cheese

Melt shortening and stir in flour. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and when mixture thickens stir in cheese and cook just long enough for cheese to melt.

BAKED EGGS A LA TOMATO

1 cup canned tomato 2 tablespoons butter
2 cups soft bread crumbs ½ teaspoon salt
6 eggs ¼ teaspoon pepper ¼ teaspoon paprika

Pour tomato into a greased quart-size baking-dish. Add 1 cup crumbs. Mix well.

Break the eggs whole into dish. Melt butter and stir in remaining crumbs. Sprinkle buttered crumbs, salt, pepper and paprika over eggs and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 to 20 minutes.

BAKED SWEET POTATO AND PINEAPPLE

2 cups boiled sweet potatoes, cut fine 2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 cup canned pineapple, cut fine 2 tablespoons butter

Put a layer of potato into a greased baking-dish, then a layer of pineapple on top.

Sprinkle it with sugar and dot with some of the butter. Add another layer of potato and one of pineapple, more sugar and butter. Continue to add layers until potato and pineapple are used. Bake until slightly brown in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit). Cover with marshmallows just before serving and bake until marshmallows are puffed and slightly brown.

GREEN PEA TIMBALES

1 can peas, or 2 cups puree made from cooked dried peas 1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 cup soft bread crumbs ½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons melted shortening ¼ teaspoon paprika
1 egg 1 tablespoon pimiento, chopped fine

Rub peas through sieve (to make about 2 cups). Add crumbs, shortening, onion, salt, paprika, pimiento and beaten egg. If mixture is too thick to pack, add a little more milk or water. Put into well-greased individual molds in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees Fahrenheit) until firm. Turn onto hot platter, garnish with parsley and serve with white sauce or the following:

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups cooked or canned tomatoes Dash cayenne
2 teaspoons sugar ½ teaspoon pepper
2 whole cloves ½ teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour

Cook tomatoes and seasonings together slowly for 20 minutes. Strain. Melt butter and stir in flour. Add tomato juice slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly.

PEANUT FONDUE

1 cup shelled peanuts 1½ teaspoons salt
2 egg yolks Dash of cayenne
1 cup soft bread crumbs ¼ teaspoon paprika
2 egg whites 1 2/3 cups milk

Grind peanuts in meat grinder. Beat egg yolks slightly and add crumbs, salt, cayenne and paprika. Add milk and peanuts, and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased baking-dish and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees Fahrenheit) about 25 minutes.

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level.



"Please do something about this!"

FOR quite a while he took the matter lightly, as men often do. But she kept at him about it. Her more fastidious feminine sense rebelled against it.

That "white coat collar," showered with dandruff—a thing that so often mars the appearance of an otherwise well-groomed man. And her repeated urgings finally led him to ask his barber.

"Have you ever tried Listerine?" the barber asked. No, he never had; and to think that there it was—right in his own bathroom at home—a product that he used every day after shaving and also as a mouth wash and gargle. That first exhilarating scalp massage

with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, taught him a new use for an old friend.

It's a fact: *Listerine and dandruff simply do not get along together.* Try this treatment if you are troubled this way. Apply it generously; full strength. Then massage vigorously.

Every time you use Listerine this way you know your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.



Physical vigor and mental driving power—in adults and children alike—are built day by day with the food they eat. And this power rests largely in the hands of the woman who plans the meals.

Food can tire him out— or keep him fresh and vigorous

Why this delicious food makes such
a difference in the way you feel

WE are beginning to realize that our choice of food on any one day determines more or less the way we feel on that particular day.

But what we do not realize is that our choice of food day in and day out makes a profound and lasting difference to our health.

Authorities now agree that the lack of vigor that leads gradually to failure, ill-health, actual disease—is due largely to:

Foods that place too great a burden on our digestive system and fail to supply our bodies with the nourishment they need.

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form.

Baked 22 hours Grape-Nuts is ready

for the body to use almost immediately. What is more, it actually hastens the digestion of various other foods.

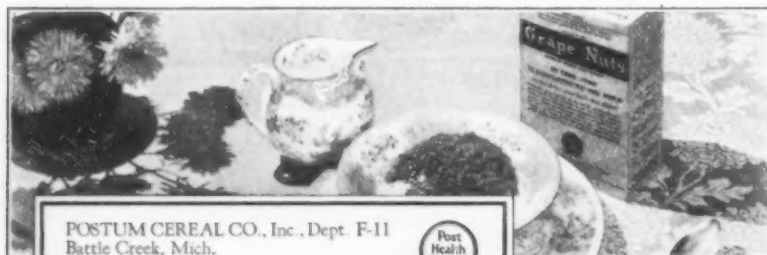
Women who plan the family meals for health and efficiency find Grape-Nuts an ideal food. It supplies perfectly the needs of grown-ups, and of children who use up so much vitality in the strenuous business of growing.

For children especially—who always will bolt soft foods—Grape-Nuts fills a real need. It teaches them to chew their food properly, helps to develop healthy teeth and gums, and aids digestion.

Grape-Nuts is deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

**Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it
into nourishment**



POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Dept. F-11
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name

Address

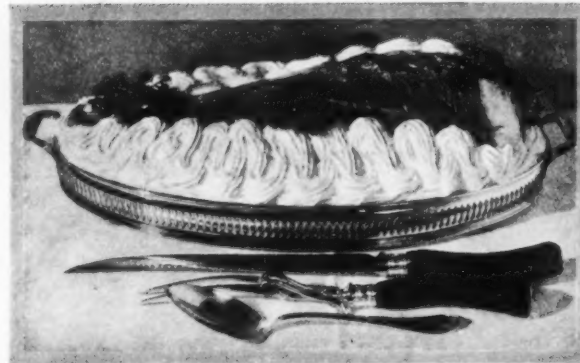
City State

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.



© P. C. Co. Inc. 1925

**FREE—send coupon for
sample packages—
enough for 4 servings**



Sea-fish is rich in iodine

Eat Sea-Food: There's A Reason

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University



THE striking discoveries which have been made about vitamins during the last few years have awakened us to the importance of the *little things* in our diet. Vitamins, themselves, for example, are essential to health and growth and are found in our common foods in sufficient amounts to meet all our bodies' needs for them, provided we select our food wisely. Yet they exist in such small amounts that chemists, so far, have not been able to separate enough of any one of them to be able to learn much about their real nature.

Then there is iron. The quantity of iron we absorb from our food every day is so small that it has never been possible to determine just how much we do need. Yet we know that the few grams of iron which a healthy body contains help to transport oxygen through our blood.

Another important substance with which perhaps we are not so familiar is *iodine*. Small as is the quantity of iron we need, the amount of iodine is far less—being only from a hundredth to a thousandth as much! About thirty years ago it was discovered that practically all this iodine is contained and utilized in the thyroid gland in the front of the throat whereas the other parts of the body are almost free of it.

Unless the supply of iodine in the thyroid gland is sufficient, the gland fails to function as it should and some physical or mental abnormality results. Or the thyroid gland may become enlarged and cause other disturbances, one of the most serious and disfiguring of which is *goitre*.

Our ordinary foods, when analyzed, appear to contain only the merest traces of iodine but under normal conditions this little which we eat suffices to meet the body's needs. The plants and animals that live in the sea contain many times more iodine than those on land. That is why large numbers of people and domestic animals in inland sections of the country suffer from *goitre*. Their local foods lack iodine. If they are to be cured or relieved and others in the same localities prevented from having *goitre*, iodine must be supplied to these sufferers in some way.

It has been known by physicians for some time that in certain types of thyroid disease a patient is greatly benefited if given the thyroid gland of sheep. In 1914 Dr. Kendall of the Mayo Foundation discovered in thyroid a pure substance which he named *thyroxin*. By administering *thyroxin* to thyroid sufferers he procured exactly the same beneficial effects as when the thyroid of sheep or other animals was given.

Later, Doctors Marine and Kimball demonstrated on the school children of Akron, Ohio, a region where *goitre* is very common, that the giving of iodine in tiny doses twice a week for a month, and repeating this treatment twice a year, relieved the condition remarkably. In only five cases out of more than two thousand was there any enlargement of the thyroid

when iodine was taken; whereas among a similar number of children of the same age, in the same place, who did not take iodine, about five hundred showed enlargement of the thyroid during the year they were under observation.

This investigation focused the attention of health authorities on the means by which they could best provide a sufficient amount of iodine for the inhabitants of places where neither the animal or vegetable foods provide enough.

The city of Rochester, New York, has been putting sodium iodide into the city water for several months. This costs the city about three thousand dollars a year but is wasteful because much of the city water supply is used for other purposes than drinking.

IT has been found that common salt as it comes from the mines contains a considerable amount of iodine but this is all removed in the refining process and remains behind in the crude salt which is a by-product. When farmers buy this crude salt for their farm animals, *goitre* which has been common among them as well as among the human population is disappearing. From the salt they get the iodine which had been lacking in their home-grown feed-stuffs. As a result of this, an attempt is now being made in some states to market table salt to which iodine has been added.

This method of supplying iodine has been approved by many but considerable watchfulness on the part of the manufacturer is necessary to make this a success. City health laboratories should be required to analyze samples of the salt frequently to see whether they contain the amount of iodine guaranteed on the label.

A suggestion has been made that we use sea salt without purification, instead of ordinary refined salt but this doesn't seem the solution of the problem. For, although the plants and animals of the sea contain much iodine, the water itself contains only traces of it when analyzed. Also, there is so much magnesium in sea water that the salt would have a bitter taste unless partially refined.

Another remedy which has been tried in several states is to supply everyone at regular intervals with chocolate tablets which contain the required amount of iodine. As long as this system is under proper medical control, doubtless it will prove satisfactory. But the great difficulty is that some people think that if a little of anything is good, a tubful is better and so if the tablets are sold without restrictions, some would take more iodine than is good for them.

Iodine, although indispensable for life and health, is not to be taken in any considerable amounts. It is just as unwise to take an excessive amount as to get along with too little. When the health authorities of a city or state undertake to provide the proper [Turn to page 39]

It was a great day for Bobbie

*-the day ALL his school sandwiches
were made of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter*



Of course you understand Bobbie's feelings. Of course! Weren't you once a child yourself? Of course! And didn't your mother ever surprise you with unexpected treats in your lunch-box? Of course she did.



And when Bobbie finds a whole boxful of Beech-Nut sandwiches, he's just about the proudest boy in the class and quite the most popular. You really can't blame the other children for their eager offers of immediate wealth in the form of apples and pencils and Japanese postage stamps and perfectly good jack-knives with half a blade left in!

Real nourishment in Beech-Nut

Mothers who watch their children's food just can't help telling other mothers about Beech-Nut. It saves

so much trouble when children are finicky, for they always seem to be ready for a sandwich of this glorious, golden-brown food, so pure, so savory and packed so full of nourishment.

It's so easy to balance your children's lunches with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches and a bottle of milk, with an orange or apple for dessert. Simple, appetizing, scientifically balanced.

For the younger children, too

Then there is the smaller child, the "runabout" of pre-school age. His problem is the evening meal, and here again Beech-Nut comes in very handy.

Spread one piece of toast or bread with honey or berry jam, the other slice with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. If you wish, you can spread on dairy butter too, whether you use white

bread or whole wheat. A glass of milk completes a wholesome meal. And if you will vary the jam occasionally, the child will not tire of it.

Every member of the family is likely to find Beech-Nut Peanut Butter to his taste or hers, in some combination or other. It gives a substantial and satisfying quality to sandwiches of cream cheese, tomatoes, chopped dates, and many other favorite fillings. And spread over dairy butter, Beech-Nut is particularly delicious with biscuits and crackers. Keep a jar on the table.

How Beech-Nut creates the flavor

In the quiet little village of Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley, the romance of food-flavor is being lived today. And there in Beech-Nut Town, as the blue river slips by the sun-flooded windows, the visitor can see the Beech-Nut story better than it can be told in words.

How the peanuts are roasted under a steady north light, how the color is watched, how the broken kernels are rejected and the skins removed—this is part of the story. How the exact blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts was found, how the tiny "bitter hearts" are eliminated—this is another chapter of the Beech-Nut flavor history, worked out in the town so aptly called by the Indians, Can-a-jo-ha-rie, the "kettle-that-washes-itself."

Send for household booklet

The Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and general service information is still to be had—free. Send for your copy while the supply lasts. Helpful hints on serving and other dining-room problems. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter at all groceries where good things are sold. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut

*"Foods and Confections
of Finest Flavor"*

Beech-Nut Bacon
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
Beech-Nut Macaroni,
Spaghetti, Vermicelli
Beech-Nut Macaroni Elbows
Beech-Nut Macaroni Rings
Beech-Nut Prepared Spaghetti
Beech-Nut Pork and Beans
Beech-Nut Catsup, Chili Sauce
Beech-Nut Prepared Mustard
Beech-Nut Jams and Jellies
Beech-Nut Marmalades,
Preserves

Beech-Nut Confections

Beech-Nut Mints, Caramels
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops
Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

Canajoharie received its name from this nearby pool, which the Indians called Can-a-jo-ha-rie, or "the kettle-that-washes-itself," a fitting name indeed for the immaculate Beech-Nut Town of today.



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



Dept. W-3
BEECH-NUT
PACKING CO.,
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



Fruit-health for breakfast~

On one point, at least, feeding authorities and mothers agree: Children must have plenty of fruit in their diet.

Particularly must they have it during these early-Spring months when tonic foods are so important—and the problem of serving fruit foods in Spring isn't an easy one to solve.

How fortunate that "Pineapplesauce," most healthful of fruits, should be always ready for immediate service, regardless of season!

And how fortunate that it should be a fruit that children as well as grown-ups always like!!

"Pineapplesauce," you know, is simply another name for Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple

served chilled; just as it comes from the can.

And Crushed is just one of the convenient, economical forms in which this matchless tropical fruit is packed (the other form, Sliced, has for years been America's favorite fruit).

Both Crushed and Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple are identical in quality and flavor—the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian Plantations—simply packed in two forms for different types of uses.

Keep both kinds on hand—and serve them often.

You will generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen—a half-dozen cans of each.

And Try These Proven Recipes (Using "Sliced")

SALAD A LA MINUTE (illustrated below): Stuff well-drained pimientos with cream cheese and chill thoroughly. Cut in thick slices and for each serving of salad arrange a slice on top of a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple. Top with mayonnaise and garnish with lettuce.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUES: Drain 6 slices of Hawaiian Pineapple and arrange them on a sheet of unglazed paper on a flat baking sheet. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and slowly add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Heap on the slices of pineapple or squeeze through a pastry tube. Put into a slow oven and bake until puffed, delicately browned and crisp on the outside. Chill and serve.

(Using "Crushed")

PINEAPPLE NAPOLEONS (illustrated below): Bake a rich pastry crust or "puff paste" and cut immediately into squares. Spread first crust with a half-inch layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add another crust and spread this also with the Pineapple. Add whipped cream and a cherry.

PINEAPPLE WALDORF SALAD: Pare, quarter and core 3 apples and cut into tiny cubes. Add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup California walnuts broken in pieces and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery cut in thin inch-long slices. Mix with thick mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce.

PINEAPPLE CAKE GLAZE: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat, gradually adding $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Sift 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in iron spider and add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring until smooth. Spread with a layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, pour batter over this, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on a plate, cool thoroughly, spread with whipped cream, and serve.

Mail the Coupon Below!

Every woman should have our book of proven Pineapple recipes. Mail the coupon below for a free copy!

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Sliced

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.



Dept. 21 Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Cannery,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your recipe book:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Crushed

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.



PLEASE TELL US!



Dear Homemaker on McCall Street:

We need your help!

Please read the questions below. Then, if you feel that you are willing to help us, keep an accurate record for a week of what you serve to your family at every meal, and of the money you spend for that food. We have tried to make the questions very clear.

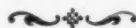
By sending us this information you will be giving a valuable contribution to the studies we are making in nutrition; these studies will in turn develop facts which will, we hope, be of lasting benefit to the homes of America. We shall appreciate your help more than we can say.

To every homemaker who answers our questionnaire we shall be glad to send a copy of our leaflet, "Menus for Two Weeks."

Please send your answers to us at McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, on or before May tenth. Your letters will be regarded as absolutely confidential and neither letters nor names will be published.

Sincerely yours,

E. V. McCOLLUM
NINA SIMMONDS



QUESTIONS:

1. How many persons are there in your household? (If there is a small baby, it should be included in the number.)
2. What are their ages and occupations?
 - (a) Father
 - (b) Mother
 - (c) School children
 - (d) Children working outside the home
 - (e) Children below school age
3. How many members carry their lunches?
4. What do the lunches usually contain?
5. Do you produce your own milk and butter at home?
6. How much of each does your family use each day?
7. Do you use raw onions in salads or sandwiches?
8. Do you use raw carrots in your vegetable salads?
9. What other vegetables do you serve?
10. Please keep a record of one week's menus which you have actually fed your family; breakfast, lunch or dinner, or breakfast, dinner and supper, for seven days, telling every article of food you included in your meals. (You will need to use separate sheets of paper for this.)
11. Please keep a record of the total amount of money you spent for all food

during this week for which the menus are made. Then, please tell us how much money you spent for the following foods, separately:

- (a) Dairy products: Milk—the number of quarts at so much a quart? Butter or butter substitutes—how many pounds at so much a pound? Cheese—how much and what kinds? At what price?
- (b) Meat: kinds of meat purchased and how much of each, as pork, lamb, steak, and so on: and at what price?
- (c) Eggs: How many? At what price?
- (d) Vegetables: Canned—what kinds and how much? At what price? Fresh—what kinds and how much? At what price?
- (e) Fruits: Canned—what kinds, how much and at what price? Fresh—what kinds, how much and at what price? Dried (as prunes and so on)—what kinds, how much and at what price?
- (f) Bread, cake or rolls—what kinds, how much, bought or home-made, and at what price?

Eat Sea-Food: There's A Reason

(Continued from page 36)

amount of iodine it is safe to take it under their guidance. But iodine preparations in any form should never be taken except under the supervision and on the advice of a doctor.

How then can we get sufficient iodine to be safe from goitre and other thyroid affections? From our sea foods. A few years ago the food value of fish would have been estimated entirely on the protein and fat it contained, as compared with meats, fowl or game. Today we know that in addition to these long-recognized values, fish, especially sea-fish, are a far better source of iodine than are the meats of land animals.

Shell-fish, also, have risen in value since we knew more about their properties. Oysters, which were regarded as a very expensive food a few years ago, are now known to be richer in vitamins than meat or fowl, and to contain iodine.

The same can be said of shrimps, lobsters and crabs. These shell-fish are from fifty to one hundred times richer in iodine than beef or milk is.

If sea-fish or shell-fish are included in the diet two or three times a week, probably there would be no case of goitre caused by a deficiency of iodine and there would be no need to take extra iodine in any other form.



Thousands of Mothers tell me this solves the problem of their children's mealtime drink

By Carrie Blanchard

"NO, you can't have that. Wait until you grow up."

What an unsatisfactory answer to a child's request! And yet it is the answer so often given—naturally—when the youngsters want a drink which you know they shouldn't have.

This is only one distressing phase of the children's beverage problem. There are so many, many children who don't like the taste of milk, quite honestly, and it is at least difficult, if not impossible, to get them to drink the milk they need. And you are quite right in thinking the children should have a warm drink, too.

For a long time I was just as much at loss as you may be for a drink combining all the ideal qualities for children. Postum was good for them, I knew, but they need milk, too; and all of the other warm drinks, it seemed, contained caffeine or some other objectionable element.

And then one day a little woman who called on me told me how much her children loved Instant Postum made with hot milk instead of boiling water. We made some on the spot, I can tell you, because I was tremendously excited about it. If Instant Postum could be prepared this way, it, of course, was the ideal drink for children.

We heated the milk just to the boiling point, put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in each cup, and filled the cups up with the hot milk.

Just a little stirring with a spoon, and the powder was completely dissolved. Then we added a little sugar.

The drink was wonderful! Smooth and rich, with the real Postum flavor—the delicious flavor of roasted whole wheat and bran! Here I had been demonstrating Postum all over the country for years, telling hundreds of thousands of people the story of its wholesomeness, without discovering this easy way of adding to its nourishing qualities—of making it a complete and perfect food for children!

From that moment I began telling mothers about it. Now I wish you could see the letters I get—scores of them every day, overflowing with gratitude, from mothers whose children are growing up sturdy and full of life, always happy to get this wonderful drink!

I want you to try this drink for your children. You can get Instant Postum at your grocer's—or accept my offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to send you, free, your first week's supply and my directions for preparing it.

For Postum made with milk you will want Instant Postum, the powder form, which is made instantly in the cup. If you want Postum prepared in the usual way, with water, you can use either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). You will be glad to know that Postum made this way costs much less, per cup, than most other hot drinks.

Incidentally, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to try Postum, too? At any rate, for your children, let me send you the Instant Postum right away!

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. McL. 4-35

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which you prefer
POSTUM CEREAL ☐

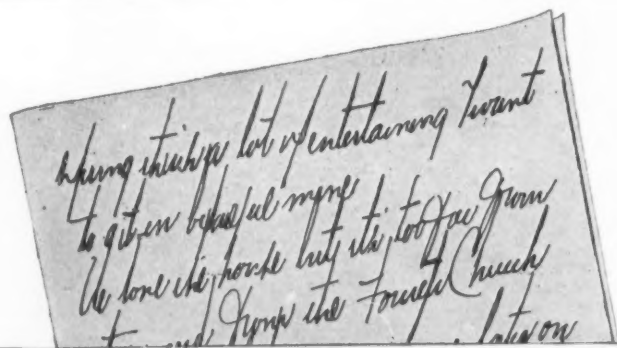
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.





This Handwriting Revealed Literary Talent

Have you ever seen a specimen of handwriting like this? Notice the queer capital "T's" and the extremely long upper strokes. A difficult letter to read but a fascinating one for a graphologist.

Those extremely long upper strokes, for instance, indicated success in a phase of art towards which the writer had made almost no move until graphology gave her assurance. Now a number of magazines have discovered in her a promising young poet, new to their pages.

Is your handwriting unusual? If so, it denotes individuality. Is it difficult to read? This may mean that you have a fascinating personality and a brilliant mentality.

Everybody's handwriting plainly reveals unknown traits of character and frequently indicates unsuspected talents.

You ought to know your other self—what you are, rather than what you appear to be. I have been reading character from handwriting for twenty years and would welcome an opportunity to write you a long, complete letter about your true self.

Louise Reis

How you can get this Character Reading

Purchase a special graphology box of either Crane's Linen Lawn D302 or Eaton's Highland Linen F500. Write a letter on either paper requesting a reading. Send the letter to us at 225 Fifth Ave., New York City, enclosing with it the box-end graphology coupon, and \$1.00 service fee. If you cannot conveniently buy these papers, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN



Eaton's Writing Papers offer a wide variety of finish in all the newest styles and colors.

Smart, correct, distinctive—
a wonderful writing paper
at an unusually low price.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York

© E.C.P. CO. '25

Have You A Tea Room Complex?

BY EDNA M. FULLER

PART II



ALTHOUGH experience is not essential to the success of your tea-room—provided its location is right and you can give to its up-building time and hard work—you should be a practical cook, able in an emergency to prepare one meal, or several. Then, until managing becomes a job in itself, you can prepare the salads and sandwiches, and perhaps the desserts.

If you can pick and choose, try not to have professional waitresses but young women who have dignity and can understudy you rather than be servants. Once you have conscientious girls, do not expect them to work as hard in your interest as you do nor to take care of things that you neglect. The "side-work" that is frequently demanded of waitresses is appalling and doubtless accounts for the fact that they seldom stay long in a place.

White uniforms and aprons are professional but it is better to have simple, one-piece dresses, smartly made of material that is easily laundered, such as lightweight cotton crepe, which comes in pleasing colors. Don't provide just one uniform apiece and expect the wearer to take it home and launder it three times a week!

Menus should be on the tables, even for a regular lunch or dinner, if only to avoid such embarrassing explanations as that the difference between the ninety-cent and seventy-five-cent lunches is "With or without soup" or that "There is an additional charge for milk if served in place of tea or coffee." Menus must always look fresh and should be of a color and texture that does not soil easily. Provide means for your patrons to write out their orders—it will save the time of the waitress and avoid many misunderstandings. Have cards printed, with the name of your tea-room and simple directions for reaching it, as customers who are pleased will ask for them so they may recommend the tea-room to their friends.

People who patronize tea-rooms demand quality, so make up your mind to serve only the best food and stick to it. If your prices seem a little high, business may come more slowly but it will come to stay. It is very much worth while to serve specialties, choosing dishes native to the locality. And by all means serve generous portions and an excellent quality of food if you want to be recommended.

Emphasize daintiness! Insist on the same appetite-appeal you would demand if your most critical woman acquaintance were your guest. Make the most of garnishes—a dash of paprika, sprig of parsley or slice of lemon, bit of currant jelly or cranberry sauce, home-made pickle, or stiff mayonnaise in a leaf of fresh curly lettuce.

Unless you find the demand too great to be ignored, don't consider serving breakfasts; the return is insufficient and the time otherwise needed. If you must—serve club breakfasts with a low price limit and close the dining-room promptly by ten o'clock at the latest. In general, tea-rooms find it most profitable to serve regular meals, one at each of two or three prices or at one price with a choice of meats, which is simpler, with à la carte salads and sandwiches. You may find it practicable

to serve the same things at lunch as at dinner if your source of supply is near,

buying for dinner only such additional things as you have been "eaten out of" at noon. The roadside tea-room, of course, will need to be ready for meals at all hours.

You will, perhaps, want to know what dishes I have found generally acceptable—tasty chicken soup, not-too-thick tomato soup and clear, well-flavored vegetable soup go well, and in summer a chilled fruit cocktail. Chicken is well liked but make it a specialty only if you are lucky enough to be near a poultry farm. A satisfactory thing about chicken is the numberless ways in which it can be utilized. Did you ever, for instance, make a "fritter" of thickly creamed chicken? Good steak never goes amiss but in some sections is almost unobtainable. It is too expensive for a regular dinner but you can make good on a "Steak Dinner" including potatoes, bread and butter, salad and tea or coffee. Chops are extravagant for tea-room consideration. Meat loaf sells well; utilize left-over meat with the new, varying with a little sausage meat and seasonings like thyme and sage, a can of tomato soup, or onions and green peppers.

ROAST beef is a problem in the small tea-room. Some like it well-done and some like it rare—and you can't please them all. Once established, though, you can, perhaps, cook two or three roasts, starting them at intervals. Lamb and veal are popular occasionally; roast pork takes only fairly well in summer and must be thoroughly cooked. Don't serve pork and veal on the same menu, as many people eat neither. Ham baked superlatively well is always successful, so are good ham and eggs.

Baked stuffed green peppers are a good variation provided you offer a choice of another meat dish. Broiled or baked fish or shell-fish go well if perfectly fresh but should be omitted from the menu of an inland tea-room.

Any hot bread makes a hit; muffins, tea biscuits or corn bread. In these dieting days, whole wheat or gluten bread is almost a necessity. Nut bread and real dark-brown, raisiny New England brown-bread are specialty suggestions. Fresh vegetables are the glory of any meal. If you must use canned ones be sure they are properly seasoned and drained. Serve a variety and cook them with imagination. Carrots, for instance, when sautéed in butter have an entirely different flavor from boiled ones; cabbage is a delicacy if coarsely chopped, boiled tender, cheese-creamed, top-crumbed and browned in the oven.

Salads must be cold and the lettuce crisp, tender and exquisitely fresh. There's no one favorite salad—they all are! Keep dressing in a glass jar in the ice-box and save whirling the egg-beater just before meal-time. Don't lean too hard on mayonnaise; try sour cream dressing for cucumbers and a highly seasoned cooked dressing for raw cabbage or potatoes.

The one most popular dessert is "Pie—any kind of Pie!" Specialize on Pie and serve more than samples! Puddings don't take as well but you might offer, now and then Brown Betty, prune whip or a rich chocolate custard. Chocolate layer cake

[Turn to page 42]



The Well Groomed Woman's Manicure

It includes shaping and smoothing the nail tips,
the proper care of the cuticle and . .
for the finish . . . an exquisite lustre

THE perfectly groomed woman uses her hands naturally and dextrously with a grace that is unconscious. The correct care she gives them enables her to move with the assurance of one who does not have to apologize for their appearance.

Have you been envying her?
You don't have to!

You can have exquisitely groomed, lovely nails—no matter how crowded your day, no matter how exacting your household, social or business duties may be.

Learn the famous Cutex manicure that the most fastidious women of elegance use to keep their finger tips charming.

It is so quick and simple, so scientifically worked out that five minutes will transform the most neglected looking cuticle. Used regularly once or twice a week the finger-tips will proudly bear comparison with the most perfectly groomed hands you know.



Cutex actually removes the dead skin which clings around the base of the nails in ugly shreds, spoiling the appearance of the finger tips. It is just as necessary to get rid of this dead skin as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out. Particular



A portrait study of beautiful hands by one of the group of younger New York photographers who make a fine art of their profession. A friend of the artist's posed for her. Notice the shapely nails, the thin smooth cuticle and the lovely lustre Cutex has given her nails

women know that such care of the cuticle is the basis of correctly groomed nails.

First wash the hands. Then shape the nail tips becomingly with a file, and smooth them with a Cutex emery board. Now moisten a Cutex orange stick in Cutex. Wrap a bit of the sterile cotton about the end and dip it again in the bottle. Work this gently around each nail base and under the cuticle edges. Instantly the cuticle is loosened and softened. Rinse the

finger tips in water and wipe them. All the little edges of superfluous skin are wiped away and the rim of cuticle shrinks back, curved, thin and smooth as it ought to be.



To make the nails spotless and give transparent tips, pass the orange stick still moist beneath each nail and rub over any stains. Cutex bleaches and cleans them immediately.

Then instantly a lovely lustre

The last step of the manicure is giving the nails a polished surface, pink and gleaming. For this Cutex has four wonderful finishes—Liquid, Powder, Cake and Paste Polishes.

Cutex Liquid Polish keeps the nails polished as long as the manicure lasts. It is tinted just the rose color the smartest Parisiennes are using for their nails. The rosy liquid is so thin it spreads smooth and evenly without leaving brush marks or ridges. It dries almost instantly, giving the nails a high smooth brilliance that lasts a whole week.

This simple manicure is the choice of well groomed women everywhere. It gives the nails and cuticle the correct care they need and makes the finger-tips look bewitchingly fresh and graceful.

Cutex Cuticle Remover and Liquid Polish are 35c each, as well as all the other splendid Cutex preparations. Or you can get complete manicure sets with a choice of polishes and emery boards and nail file for 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.00. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

6 complete manicures only 10c

THIS convenient Introductory Set for your dressing table contains enough Cutex for 6 complete manicures. The famous Cutex Remover for smooth, even cuticle, Liquid and Powder Polishes for the finishing lustre, Cuticle Cream, an orange stick, and emery board to smooth the nail tips. Send this coupon with 10c for the Introductory Set and the booklet "How to have lovely nails," today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York City. Or if you live in Canada, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



Mail this coupon with 10c today

NORTHAM WARREN, DEPT. F-4,
114 West 17th St., New York.

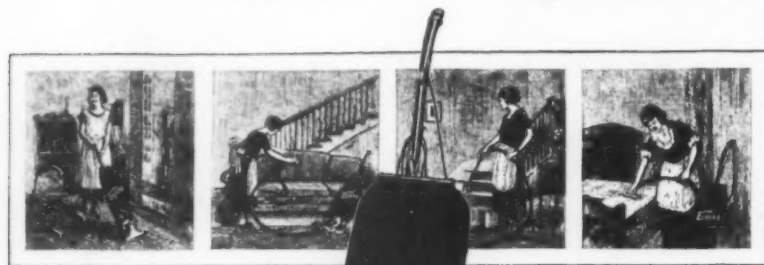
I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set that includes a trial size of the Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name.....

Street.....
(or P. O. Box)

City..... State.....

FREE HOUSE- CLEANING HELP



...Is Yours
for the
Asking

Eureka's Great National Educational Offer— Made to End Spring Housecleaning Drudgery

Resolve right now that this year's housecleaning will be different.

Let the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner show you the new, the easy and speedy way to clean house this spring.

Eureka's cleaning help is freely offered to you. Accept it as freely—without a penny of cost or the slightest obligation.

The marvelous efficiency that has won for the Grand Prize Eureka a place of daily usefulness in more than a million American homes will work wonders during your spring housecleaning. It is this same amazing ability to clean so deeply and thoroughly that has made the Eureka the repeated first choice of world authorities for the highest honors obtainable.

You can whisk dust and dirt out of carpets and rugs, renovate mattresses right on the beds, thoroughly clean shelves, cupboards, pictures, hangings, upholstery and hidden corners—all so quickly and easily that each task is done almost before you realize it.

Should you then decide, as so many women do, that the helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka is something you can no longer afford to do without, a special low \$4.75 down payment and unusually easy terms are available to you.

To accept this generous offer of free housecleaning help, simply notify the Eureka dealer near you, or sign and mail the coupon. A Eureka will be delivered to your door, and called for after you are through using it.

But accept quickly, so there will be no delay in supplying you.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ont. Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street,
Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England

(160)

The
Grand
Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Mich.
At no cost or obligation to me, please
deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum
Cleaner for free use during my spring
housecleaning.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

◆ Have You A Tea Room Complex? ◆

[Continued from page 40]



is a favorite; if it is really scrumptious you will be kept busy making it. An alternate is sponge cake with a hot, thick chocolate sauce. All filled cakes are liked if the filling and icing are not skimmed. Of course, you are aware of the national craving for fruit short-cakes made of biscuit dough, served hot, with butter betwixt the layers, mashed berries and thick, unwhipped cream! Old-fashioned hot molasses gingerbread with plenty of whipped cream wins approval; so does apple turnover with abundant hot sauce. Whatever your "sweet" make it a thoughtfully generous one. Your best advertisement will be a "come-back" dessert and the finest tea and coffee that can be made.

Any good coffee will do if properly made. Alternate two or three twelve-cup percolators, so that the coffee never gets stale. Make it strong enough and don't use the grounds a second time. Orange Pekoe is the preferred tea in individual bags which really contain tea for two cups each. The water must not only be boiling, but it must be freshly boiled so empty your tea-kettle frequently. Scald tea-pots and percolators after each meal. Iced tea is tremendously popular in summer, and to a less extent, iced coffee. Prepare a quantity of each, extra strong, long before mealtime, so that they may be chilled and require just enough chipped ice for a tinkle in the glass. You are unlikely to have many calls for chocolate but you might keep on hand a tin or two of one of the prepared brands, which are ready to serve with the addition of boiling water and a marshmallow or spoonful of whipped cream for trimming.

Many tea-rooms try to effect economy in the use of butter—but this is resented whether it takes the form of serving an inferior quality or of inadequate portions.

In à la carte sandwiches you have an opportunity to individualize, especially by the use of special breads. Toasted sandwiches are the thing right now but take lots of time when perhaps the kitchen is too busy to warrant the interference. Charge enough to make your sandwiches really "good bites." Think up some distinctive à la carte salads to serve with bread and butter, tea or coffee and maybe dessert, as a special luncheon.

IF YOUR location makes possible an afternoon-tea trade, this offers a chance for a good profit on toast sandwiches, toasted muffins and marmalade, tea biscuits and home-grown honey daintily served with tea at such-a-price. Much nerve-racking excitement will be avoided if you limit your menus to simple dishes and plan work well ahead so that you will not be frantically half-ready at meal-time.

In estimating the sum necessary to set up a tea-room, it is obvious that the amount to be spent for decoration and remodeling must be left open—but with warning that the proportion allotted for this purpose should be relatively small. If you remodel for a motor tea-room, you must consider the necessity of installing washrooms and toilets for your guests.

For equipment, careful figuring shows that, for a tea-room seating about thirty people, you will need from \$125 to \$175 for dishes and silver, \$75 to \$100 for tables and chairs, and from \$50 to \$200 for kitchen furnishings—depending on the material at hand, such as stoves and ice-box. The country tea-room, where the replacement of equipment takes time, will need to stock more heavily with dishes, in the beginning, than the city tea-room.

The following expense scale is based on figures of successful New York City tea-room serving an average of 100+ meals daily. It is offered only as a working basis, since conditions vary so widely in different sections:

Overhead	
Salaries	25%
Rent	3
Gas and Electric Light	1.5
Ice	1
Linen Supply	1
Replacement	1
Depreciation	1
Incidentals	1.5
Cost of Food45
Profit20

100%

Salaries include 10% drawn by the owner, which should be figured as a legitimate running expense, 7% to the chef and 4% each to the kitchen boy and one waiter. These would probably run lower in the small-town tea-room. Rent in any resort would doubtless be as high as 3% but in a village would be less. If the tea-room is in your home, charge a reasonable amount for rent in your expenses. Gas and electric light are figured on a year-round basis. Heat is not included. Ice is on a summer basis and will be less in a year-round tea-room.

LINEN supply (kitchen towels, coats and aprons) includes cost of a good quality of paper napkins. This item will run higher if napkins and table-cloths are to be laundered. One percent is a generous estimate for replacement of dishes, but the busier the tea-room the higher the breakage will be. If table-cloths and napkins are used, replacement of these will add slightly to this charge. Depreciation is based on ten years' use of chairs, tables and general furnishings. Incidentals cover telephone, insurance, repainting, sharpening of knives and other small items.

Of the 45% allotted to food, meat runs about 20% for dinner, and 18% for lunch. The estimated profit of 20% is conceded to be a fair average; if it runs far below this, expenses should be looked into very carefully. No allowance was made for advertising—the owner believing that the "best dollar dinner in this section" brings more customers than any other form of publicity.

Do not count upon making expenses at the start—though you might be so fortunate—but have in hand sufficient cash to provision the tea-room and take care of all bills for a few weeks. The amount, of course, will depend upon your location and your beginning salary-roll. Have small bills and silver on hand always—unless you want to keep patrons impatiently waiting for change while you are wildly scouring the neighborhood.

Last of all are two things which may seem of minor importance but which in my experience have proved fundamentals. In investigations I found only one kitchen one hundred per cent in washing dishes as you'd like to feel they are when you "eat out"—washed in clean, hot water, rinsed, and dried on clean towels. In most of the other kitchens, scruples were forgotten for the sake of keeping up with the procession. Let your customers enter through your kitchen, if necessary, to have it ready for inspection at all times for fastidious cleanliness is another best form of advertising.

Never use food over again! It doesn't pay. I'd hate to say how often, in supposedly nice tea-rooms, I've seen a half-eaten portion of ice-cream scraped back into the freezer, how many leaves of lettuce from a "used" salad placed in another! But the tea-rooms which "economized" in this way weren't the prosperous ones. Such slackness creates an atmosphere that people feel.

Finally, be sure of this, that idealism can be good business. The cheerful and efficient service of good but simple food perfectly prepared in a healthful, clean kitchen, at prices high enough but not exorbitant, can and will pay.





Live Where You Want To!

Build your home where you like. It makes no difference where the gas mains end.

For science has developed remarkable new oil stoves which give suburban and country homes the cooking convenience enjoyed in the city.

These finer stoves—the Perfection Oil Ranges—cook with the speed of gas. Their instant heat, their cleanliness and dependability are setting an entirely new standard of oil stove cooking.

They combine the best ideas in modern stove construction—durable enamel top—straight leg, substantial design—roomy shelves—beauty and convenience.

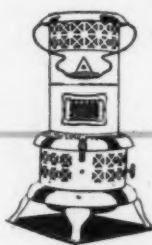
The Perfection is so completely satisfactory, the year around, that the burden of cooking with coal or wood need no longer keep your family from the enjoyment of suburban life.

Let your dealer demonstrate Perfection's gas-like cooking service.

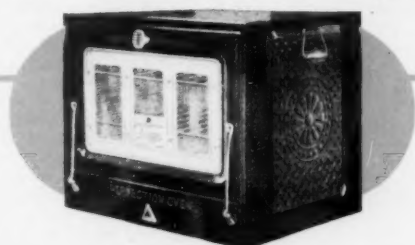
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7310 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For quick warmth, whenever and wherever needed—the Perfection Oil Heater.



For best results use Perfection Ovens on Perfection Stoves.
All styles, sizes and prices.

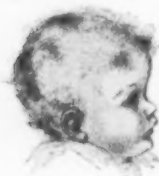


For abundant hot water in homes without gas—the Perfection Kerosene Water Heater.



No more trouble than a kitten

WHEN everything is right—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But neglect the Mennen Talcum showers for even a day and he will show



the difference—so cross and chafed and fretful. No wonder baby loves Mennen's. Each downy fleck is like a little fairy sponge. Swiftly...ever so gently... it absorbs all irritating moisture—all the perspiration, urine and bath-water which lodges in the chubby folds of baby's skin.

Soft, pure Mennen Borated also spreads a smooth, velvet-like film over tender infant flesh, saving it from the friction of damp clothes and woolly blankets, and the rubbing together of baby's own sensitive skin-folds.

In this cooling, soothing talcum are blended five mild, healing elements which help baby skin to throw off infection and keep the dimpled body always fresh and sweet.

Never omit the Mennen shower after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

P.S. For the most helpful book that ever guided a mother through the trials of baby care, mail the coupon below with only 25c.

MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM

MAIL COUPON

AUNT BELLE
c/o The Mennen Company
149 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

I enclose 25c [coin or stamp]. Please send The Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name

Address



Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

~ Ironing Without Working ~

BY ELOISE DAVISON

Department of Household Administration, Iowa State College



THERE are only three ways for the homemaker to get away from overwork. One is to wear herself out and be replaced by another—and someone has said that a wife is the easiest thing about the house to replace! The second is to hire servants to help her but the United States Department of Agriculture tells us that the "hired girl" is a thing of the past. The third is to purchase and use up-to-date equipment.

We decided last month that one piece of equipment which is perhaps the least used and certainly one of the most valuable when considered as a time- and energy-saver, is the ironing-machine. I told you then that everything in the family laundry which can be ironed with an iron can be ironed in an ironer.

I repeat this, although far fewer ironing-machines are sold than washing-machines. The reason for this is that all the pieces in the average family wash which need ironing are not adapted to ironing with an ironer as easily or quickly as with an iron. Some garments are so made that they take too much time and manipulation to put them through an ironer.

In a demonstration that I saw given recently with one of the popular makes of ironing-machines now on the market, the demonstrator ironed an elaborate shirtwaist in a manner that could not be surpassed by the most skilled hand-ironer. When she had finished she said with an air of achievement, "It took me two years to learn how to do that!"

She could have ironed that same waist in three-quarters of the time with a hand iron. What was the matter? That garment was not adapted to ironing with an ironing-machine. In the scheme of the average homemaker there is little time to spend learning how to iron elaborate garments with an ironer. So if you intend to purchase an ironing-machine, and want to justify your investment by using it to its fullest capacity, you should give some thought to the planning or buying of the kinds and styles of garments which can be ironed in it easily.

IN ANALYSING the homemaker's ironing problems we find that dresses are one of the chief sources of annoyance in using an ironing-machine and require the longest time to iron. However, attractive and interesting dresses can be made, both for children and grown-ups, which will go through an ironing-machine with ease and beautiful results in a minimum of time. You can have a pleasing variety of styles and use as much originality and individuality of design as you like, provided you keep in mind the following points when

you make them yourself or buy them:

Types of Dresses: Straight, one-piece dresses are most quickly ironed although you will find two-piece dresses thoroughly satisfactory if the gathers are correctly handled.

Fulness: Where gathers are used to give fulness over the bust or hips, as few should be used as possible. However, if additional hip fulness or a slight blouse which is so becoming to some figures, is desired, it is easily obtained by putting a casing on the wrong side of the dress, and inserting in it an elastic which can be removed when the dress is washed and buttoned in place after the dress has been ironed. (See Figure 3.)

Children's gathered bloomers can be finished the same way but if the fulness at the knee is gathered into a cuff, they will iron satisfactorily, provided there are not too many gathers.

Sleeves: Either kimono or set-in sleeves can be ironed in an ironer. The set-in ones must be without gathers, however, or with a very small amount of fulness, well-distributed, to give the best results.

Collars: Collars must be carefully and simply made. The center back of a continuous collar presents difficulties. An interesting collar which folds and goes through flat is shown in Figure 1 whereas Figure 2 shows you just how to iron it. This collar is a style which will be becoming to almost every one.

If large buttons of any kind are used for fastening the collar of a dress, they should be shank buttons which can be clipped into place, rather than buttons which sew on. These shank buttons are easily detached. If buttons are sewed on any part of a garment which is to go through an ironer, avoid thick ones. Small buttons prove more satisfactory than large ones.

A collar made in two pieces, with an opening at the center back which corresponds to the one in front, can be ironed well only on the type of ironer which has one end of the roller open.

Belts: All belts should be detached and held in place by small snaps or straps.

Pockets: It is important to keep pockets flat. Set-in pockets iron easily. Those set on the outside must be sewed on perfectly flat and smooth, allowing no fulness unless the pocket is placed so that the fulness comes exactly over the hip. If it is placed this way, the fulness extends beyond the hip line as the garment passes through the ironer.

Trimings: A dress may be trimmed as

simply or as elaborately as you like, provided all the trimmings are kept flat. Where bindings and facings are used, take care that there is not too great a difference in the weight of the materials. When bindings or facings of heavy materials are used on dresses of thinner materials, the finish produced by the ironer around the edge of these is rough and very unsatisfactory.

Avoid frills and ruffles, unless pleated so pleats can be basted to lie flat.

Rickrack braid when stitched on both edges is a very attractive and an easily ironed trimming. If it is stitched only through the center instead of along both edges, your ironing problem will be a far more difficult one.

A simple flat appliqué design combined with embroidery is another pretty trimming on a dress. The embroidery may be a chain or darning stitch made with color-fast embroidery floss, and the appliqué of material of a contrasting color.

Bias folds of material, either plain or picoté in black, skillfully arranged to avoid superfluous fulness, can be used most effectively on dresses and rompers, for the children.

ANOTHER little trick about making garments, especially children's rompers and play-suits, is to make them to open out flat whenever possible, fastening them with buttons, ties or snaps instead of sewing them up. Almost any simple pattern can be adapted to this way of finishing.

What I have said about the collars, sleeves, gathers and trimming of dresses applies equally well to the blouses which are now so much in vogue.

Aprons on bands should be made with as little fulness as possible; the all-over aprons can be made very much as the dresses are.

Whether you make your own and your children's outer clothing and under-clothing or whether you buy them, if you keep in mind these points about each garment, you will find that the ironing of difficult pieces becomes almost as simple as the ironing of the flat pieces in your ironing-machine.

Only when you have planned your family's wardrobe so that you can iron one hundred per cent of your laundry in your ironing-machine, can you perhaps feel entirely justified in purchasing one, and in guaranteeing to yourself and your family "that delightful reckless abundance of clean clothes"—and all this at a saving of several hours of your valuable time on every ironing day, which you can invest in any delightful or profitable way you wish or deposit to your own account.



STRENGTH for the
Babyhood Age

Nestlé's Milk Food

Makes correct feeding
as simple as

1 ADD WATER 2 BOIL 3 BOTTLE

All Babies face three deadly enemies



YES, the very healthiest do. And so easily detected are these enemies,—sorely banished! If mothers only understood!

First is flabby fat. You see—the fat crowds the heart, the other organs, the muscles. They do not develop. This means lessened resistance to disease. In pneumonia, doctors say, flabby babies have absolutely no chance. The cause of flabbiness? Food—food that has too high a sugar content.

Second is diarrhea. How diarrhea weakens the adult system, every mother knows. On the baby system, the damage is ten times worse. And the cause of diarrhea? Food—physicians say chiefly "dirty" cow's milk.

Third is constipation. That terrible bug-a-boo which clogs up baby's system; keeps the poison inside, keeps the good in food from doing good. And the cause of constipation? Food, again—chiefly, the coarse curds in natural cow's milk.

What to do

And so, what is a conscientious mother to do? She wouldn't ask if she knew Nestlé's Milk Food.

Only the purest, freshest milk goes into Nestlé's Milk Food. It is dried into a powder, and hygienically packaged. It can't go stale, sour or "dirty".

The milk is homogenized so that the fat particles are finer than even in mother's milk. Baby never gets fat indigestion,—never shows those hard, coarse curds in its stool.

Sugar is added,—just the right amount. Also the right proportion of wheat cereal. These are the strength builders—the energy-makers. Baby needs these extra energy units already at six months,—the turning-point.

The Proof?

Why, bless you, there is probably in your own neighborhood a Nestlé mother or grandmother to verify every word. And tests made by physicians prove that Nestlé's Milk Food agrees with 93% of babies.

If you're a busy mother with a humming household,—even feeding specialists say: Use Nestlé's. No chance to go wrong, or to slight some vital step. Correct feeding is reduced to three simple steps: Add water; Boil; Bottle.

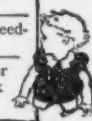
When and how shall you begin with Nestlé's Milk Food? This Babyhood Feeding Chart tells.

Babyhood Feeding Chart

If you nurse baby: At 6th month, begin two daily feedings of Nestlé's Milk Food. At 9th month, wean completely to Nestlé's Milk Food.

If you do not nurse baby: Make all feedings of Nestlé's Milk Food.

When baby gets regular meals: For its food-drink, Nestlé's Milk Food.



12 Feedings Free

You'll love the Mother and Babe Package. Contains one regular 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food. Also your copy of the famous 72-page Mother Book—one of the simplest, most sensible, most complete books on baby-care ever written. Over two million copies in use All sent absolutely free. Fill out and mail the coupon.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.
130 William Street,
New York

Please send me your free 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food and the 72-page Mother Book.

Name

Address

My baby is months old

Mo



*Are you trying
to acquire some-
one's else type
of beauty?*

IT is one of the commonest mistakes in the whole matter of skin beauty—this attempt to imitate some other woman's attractiveness—some woman of perhaps an entirely different type.

It simply cannot be done, and thousands of permanently ruined complexions are witness to the damage women can do their skin by treatments that promise too much. The skin needs not cosmetics and complicated preparations but merely a mild cleansing agent that will release and preserve its own normal health and glow.

Resinol Soap is ideally cleansing and refreshing. Its gentle action thoroughly rids the pores of dust, soot, germs, etc., which interfere with their normal activity and mean ruin for the complexion.

Its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the healthful Resinol properties it contains—those properties which are causing Resinol Soap more and more to take the place of the ordinary, highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients. Buy a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist, and begin today to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty!

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads blotches roughnesses etc. apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes slight for serious chafings or the smart of a burn cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. G. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

Name

Street

City

selected a piece of red chalk. With deft strokes, quick and sure, the Scout Master was executing on the white painted fence, the figures of four Indians.

By the time the four figures were blocked in sufficiently to be recognized, the Scout Master came back to Jamie and from a breast pocket of the shirt produced a genuine police whistle. Lifting the whistle, the little Scout blew a shrill note, and from different directions came the Scouts. Each of them was armed with a gaudily trimmed bow, a leather quiver on each back filled with arrows.

The Scout Master saluted.
"Scout One, my weapons!"

The imperative command was instantly answered by Angel Face. He saluted before the Scout Master and offered an extra bow and quiver of arrows.

"Scout Two!"

Fat Ole Bill grinned the salute he could not make as he waddled to the fence and set a big red tomato on the girder exactly where the heart of each Indian might be.

Then action began suddenly. The Scout Master fitted an arrow to the string of the bow, and selected the tomato heart of the first Redskin for a personal target. Bill and the Nice Child and Angel Face chose for themselves different bushes and trees of the garden and at the Scout Master's shrill cry: "Fire!" with various success in aiming, the arrows whanged against the fence.

When the last tomato had disappeared the Scouts appeared breathless and panting before the Scout Master who stood with sword at attention. "Scouts, our thanks to the noble stranger who has so ably assisted us in vanquishing our ancient enemies."

Three small boys, embarrassed at the unexpectedness of the situation, faced Jamie. Fat Ole Bill hung his head and with his eyes rolled obliquely, muttered: "Thank you!" The Nice Child looked at him straight and said: "Much obliged!" Angel Face brought his heels together, saluted with dignity and said: "Deeply obligated, Sir!" and the Scout Master swept the sword in a wide circle and repeated the hand on the chest bow, and then straightening, faced Jamie. "I thank you! My Scouts thank you! Your country thanks you! Everybody in this darned neighborhood thanks you! Scout One, get the hose! Scout Two, bring the broom! Scout Three, turn on the water!"

When the fence was neat and clean again, Jamie rose up and extended one hand to the Scout Master and the other to Angel Face.

"Come on, fellows," he said casually, "Let's go down to the corner stand and get a hot dog and a bottle of pop!"

The shrill cheering that greeted Jamie's ears was perfect compensation for the amount of the hole that the treat would make in the very meagre bunch of loose change that he carried in his breeches' pocket.

While the stand man filled their order the Scouts ran off to investigate the nice round hole that was soon to be the cellar of a new house. Jamie sat on the stool before the counter; his eyes watching them intently—nice kids—until the stand man called: "Come on, your hot dogs are ready!"

And while the buns were being toasted and the onions fried, and the wienies split and browned and the mustard beaten smooth and the dill pickles sliced, and the pop brought from the ice, he told the boys something about what scouting meant when you started on a night as black as a hat, on your stomach, crawling over shell holes big as a house, through broken rock, amidst shrapnel and the debris of a sodden battlefield with a rain of shells bursting over you, trying to get close to steal a secret from the enemy.

The Nice Child and Ole Bill came and pressed close to Jamie's knees. The Scout Master leaned the Dutch head against the wound on his breast and trained unblinking eyes on him and Angel Face laid violent hands on his arm.

"Tell us some more!" they shouted in unison. "Tell us some more!" And Fat Ole Bill kicked the olive shin of the Nice Child and said: "Geel! we never got a chance like this before, did we? He's been where the ground's all soggy with real blood, and swords and things cuttin'

Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 22]

into him, and shootin' goin' on above him! Geel! ain't he wonnerful?"

Half an hour later Jamie came up the grassy sidewalk past Margaret Cameron's door and grinned at her. His white face was flushed and Margaret Cameron peered at him over the load of clippings she was carrying and then stared reprovingly: "I'll wager two bits you went down to the corner stand and ate hot dogs with those youngsters," she accused.

Jamie smiled at her joyously.

"You win!" he said enthusiastically. "Holy smoke! but they were jewlicious!" The next time Jamie answered the telephone he got his call to the hospital. Almost immediately he was shown to the room of the Bee Master.

Exactly what he had expected to see, he did not know. What he did see almost broke his heart. The man whom he had supported to the davenport, whom he had helped to the ambulance such a short time before had been ill; he had been in a sweat of agony; but he had been a man alive, with a chance for life manifest by the strength of his frame, the firmness of his muscles, the light in his eyes. It seemed to Jamie that the frame stretched on the bed before him was not tenanted by life, but by a spirit, a spirit that might flicker out and make its passing at any minute. There was not much strength left in the white hand that reached out to him. The voice that greeted him was scarcely above a whisper. The eyes that searched his face and rested on him were tired almost beyond endurance.

To cover his shock, his sense of pity, Jamie drew up a chair and began to talk about the thing he knew would be of most concern to the Bee Master.

"First of all," he said, "I must tell you that I believe I'm a bee immune. I've worn your coat and used the mint and the cinnamon pinks and the Madonna-lilies prescribed by your partner, and they have been effective even above the dressings I'm carrying on my side. I can fill the water pans and get the right amount of salt and go past any of the hives with safety. I haven't had much length of time to study, but in so far as I know, your bees are flourishing. Your partner sends you word that they are all right, and the youngster really seems to know."

"Certainly," said the Bee Master, "my partner knows bees rarely and finely, yes, even to performing the delicate operation of clipping the wings of a Queen."

"All right, then," said Jamie, "you can take it that the bees are fine. Margaret Cameron sends her love and her assurance that your flowers are flourishing, and I can tell you that your house is being cared for lovingly. I lock it carefully if I leave it, and I live in it sympathetically as behooves a man when he treads on antique rugs and touches ancient furniture. You will find everything exactly as you left it when you come home again."

The Bee Master smiled. "I divined that would be the case when I hailed you from the road," he said. "I knew that I would be safe in leaving even my most cherished possessions with you. I had not any sense that you were a stranger. And the little Scout? My little partner?"

"Your little partner comes to the garden, but I doubt if the garden is much of a garden without you. There are two things that I have to tell you."

Jamie dipped in his pocket and produced the price of one hot dog and one strawberry pop and laid them in the outstretched hands of the Bee Master.

"My instructions," he said, "were to have the bun fried, the hot dogs split and cooked crisp. The onions were to be browned. The exact amount of mustard was specified. I was to superintend the construction of that hot dog personally and with care. I'll go now and see that it is made according to specifications, if you think Doctor Grayson would not care me."

The Bee Master smiled. He closed his fingers over the money, the identical pieces that his little partner had counted out for him.

"That money was carefully selected,"

said Jamie, "from a collection of buttons and buckles and dice and moonstone, and it happened to just about clean out the treasury. There wasn't much left. But your partner won a bet that was going to bring in two bits, so bankruptcy is not looming. I happened to be a witness to the winning of the bet. An accurately directed stream of saliva hit a bumble bee at about ten paces and knocked it off a red creeper."

A dry chuckle shook the frame of the Bee Master.

"Good work!" he said heartily. "My partner can be depended upon to hit most anything."

"And your partner," said Jamie, "has got a heart that's filled with love for you, love so deep and of such a nature that I truly believe that the offer to give a right hand that would be needed in riding a horse, in paddling a boat, in managing the Scouts, nevertheless, the offer freely and honestly made, of that same right hand in your behalf if it would ease the pain and bring you home safe and well."

The Bee Master shut his eyes tight and lay there fingering the dime and the two nickels. By and by he smiled stiffly.

"Don't tell my partner that I dare not have the hot dog or the strawberry pop. Say that I am mighty thankful to be remembered. Give my love, and if you feel that I would not be too much of a shock, next time bring him along."

"Good-bye," said Jamie, "and rest easy. Among us, Margaret Cameron, the little Scout, and myself, we can manage the bees. There is no difficulty whatever about the flowers and the trees. I've already got the routine."

Then Jamie went down and found the office of Doctor Grayson and half an hour later he went home with a big bundle of antiseptic dressings and without a drop of medicine. He had been advised to follow his impulses. If his body cried out for cold salt water, to indulge it. If the demand was to lie in the sand in the sun, to go ahead.

Jamie went to several stores and bought some things he needed. Then he went home and for the first time in two years he changed his occupation. He began to think about life instead of death. He put away the things that he had bought and then headed straight toward the bench under the jacqueranda at the top of the blue garden. He found on the bench, curled up like a kitten, the little Scout sound asleep. In an effort to step lightly that he might not disturb the child, his foot turned on a stone of the border that had rolled from place and the slight grinding awakened the little Scout. Instantly the youngster was up, smiling ingratiatingly, and stretching two sleep-misted eyes to the widest extent in an effort to prove that sleep had not touched them since the previous night at any rate.

In further effort to prove that a Scout Master was always awake and fit, the youngster stepped forward and inquired brusquely: "Now what shall we do?"

Jamie sat down on the bench and drew the little Scout down beside him.

"I'm tired," he said. "I've been in to visit the Bee Master and he is doing fine. He sent you his love and he was very much pleased with your gift, and some day soon he wants you to come to see him."

The little Scout nodded in acquiescence. "But if you're tired, what can we do?" Jamie smiled.

"Must you have something so vigorous to do every waking minute of your life?" he inquired. "Can't you occasionally sit down and rest, and commune with your soul? If you are so very anxious to do something, let me make a suggestion. I have everything to learn about bees that you already know. How would it work, if you have an hour to spare, to spend it on my education?"

The little Scout studied Jamie intently. "You mean that you want me to wise you up on all I know about bees, when there's all the Bee Master's books in there on the shelf to learn from?"

"But didn't the Bee Master study out a world of things for himself? Didn't he know enough to fill a book of things that he had figured out in a lifetime of experience with the bees?" [Turn to page 60]

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM


This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.

Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaid—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.

Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.

Granite and Mosaic Inlaid—popular all-over mottled effects.

The edge shows you that the inlaid patterns are permanent; the colors go through to the burlap back.

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.

Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.

Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.



Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7146/2

Belflor Inlaid— a colorful decorative floor that is not hard or slippery

COLOR has found its way into the bathroom, too. Cold, monotonous white has yielded to cheerful walls, curtains and floor—a contrasting background for sparkling porcelain and nickel.

The latest vogue in the bathroom is *Belflor Inlaid*, a new Nairn Linoleum. Made by an exclusive process, its unusual soft, mellow effects cannot be duplicated in any other floor, even at twice its cost.

Glowing with color, yet softly variegated, *Belflor Inlaid* is as beautiful as it is practical. The cork in it makes it noiseless, springy and comfortable underfoot. Unlike a tile floor, *Belflor* is not hard or slippery.

When put down, as your dealer will lay it for you, *Belflor* makes a watertight, sanitary floor that will wear for years. The colors of the inlaid tiles go through to the burlap back.

An interesting innovation in both bathroom and kitchen is a wainscoting of the same pattern as the floor.

31 Belflor Color Reproductions, Free

Ask your linoleum merchant to show you the new *Belflor* patterns as well as the rest of his Nairn Linoleum line. Or write for *Belflor* folder showing distinctive patterns that will harmonize with any decorative scheme or furnishings.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia	New York	Boston	Chicago
Kansas City	San Francisco	Atlanta	Minneapolis
Cleveland	Dallas	Pittsburgh	New Orleans





Jean, Joan, Jane and Jimmie the only CABINET BABIES — washing their Dainty little Clothes

ELIZABETH H. SHAW
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1924

"YOU'VE HEARD of many kinds of babies, but 'Lux babies' are quite a new thing, especially famous ones. Of course, they are not fed on Lux, but they have all their dainty dresses and soft flannels and cuddly woolens washed in Lux.

"Two of these famous Lux babies are Jean and Joan, the only Cabinet Babies in Washington, daughters of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James J. Davis.

"They both like the softness and fragrance of their clothes laundered in Lux and their Mother says: 'I don't know how Mothers with several babies kept everything clean before Lux was invented! It is so easy for the nurse to swish the things in the creamy suds and hang them out to dry—while the baby takes a nap!'

"Jean and Joan have a sister Jane who is a very particular young lady about her clothes, too. She refuses to put on any dress unless the sleeves are 'pasted,' which is the way she tells whether the dress is freshly laundered or not! And seven-year-old brother Jimmy has all his play suits and silk blouses washed in Lux. So you can see how such a family of four lively children increases the output of Lux.

"Their mother says: 'With two babies and a constant demand for "pasted" sleeves and Jimmy's innumerable shirts, we give thanks daily for Lux. I buy it by the case of one hundred boxes!'

ELIZABETH H. SHAW



Two winsome little girls—the precious baby and her stalwart young brother. Who wouldn't delight in four such lovely children and take pride in keeping their little clothes fresh, immaculate and exquisite.



Lux won't hurt anything that water alone won't injure



Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH THE PRECIOUS LITTLE WOOLENS

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

PROTECT YOUR BABY'S TENDER SKIN

Physicians say that when a baby cries it is often because his diapers are rough and scratchy or his little clothes irritate his sensitive skin.

That is why more and more mothers will not trust their baby's garments to anything but Lux. Lux contains no free alkali to remain on diapers and clothes in an irritating fine white powder. Lux won't irritate the most sensitive skin. Use it for all the important little clothes. Get Lux today.

Your hands and all the clothes you wash ~ ~ ~ *deserve the same consideration you give fine fabrics ~ ~*

IN the water an hour and a half every day washing the dishes—your poor faithful hands.

Spare them that coarsened red look that comes from using strong kitchen soap—it literally burns out the beautifying oils from the skin of your hands.

They deserve the kindest of all soaps—Lux. You know how gentle Lux is, you've used it for years to wash your silks and woollens, your finest things, and it has always left your hands in beautiful condition.

Use Lux in place of bar soap for washing dishes. Toss a single teaspoonful into your dishpan. The quick rich suds are every bit as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap. *A single teaspoonful is all you need!*

**Nowadays, everything you
wash is too nice to trust to
ordinary laundry soap**

Your muslin night gowns and chemises, your gay little house dresses, Mary's dainty gingham frocks, Tommy's fine little cotton blouses, the household linen—all these things cost so much nowadays that they deserve to be washed with the same consideration your finer things receive.

Washing with ordinary laundry soap is harder on your clothes than the actual wearing of them. Harsh soaps destroy the very life of the fabric.

Use Lux for the family laundry—magical Lux! See how much longer ginkhams keep their fresh, new look. Cuffs wear longer, dimities and muslins don't wear thin in places and give out so quickly. Your table cloths and napkins—the bed linen, too—you get longer service from everything you wash with Lux.

You know how wonderfully cleansing Lux is, what big brimming suds spring from a tiny bit of the magic flakes. A little Lux goes so far that it is actually more economical than kitchen soap.

The rich Lux suds clean so perfectly. Everything comes out of the gentle Lux bath looking so beautiful! Use Lux next washday and see how your clothes sparkle on the line.



One teaspoonful enough for dishwashing



**"Saves my hands!"—"Wonderful
for the laundry!" women
everywhere say ~ ~ ~**

"I always disliked dishwater unless it was foaming with suds. I used an enormous amount of soap in the shaker. Now I get the same results with one teaspoonful of Lux in the dishwater. And now can cheerfully do my wash with comforting thought that these mild luxuriant Lux suds can do my hands no harm."

"Being the mother of three growing girls and one small boy, I naturally have a great deal of washing to do. I find that Lux helps me out more than anything I have ever used. It makes the clothes whiter and sweeter than ordinary soaps and powders. Then too—I find Lux economical. It takes such a small amount of the white flakes to make such a large amount of magic suds. Lux is a wonder-worker."

**IN ADDITION to the well-known
uses—washing silks, woollens, fine
cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes,
the family laundry, shampoo, babies'
milk bottles, paint, porcelain, wood-
work, rugs and linoleum.**



A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it



"Doubles" the beauty of your hair

Try this quick and simple method of shampooing, which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure.

It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp

in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and appear much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



© THE R.L.W.CO.

Prize-Winning Letters In McCall's Time-and-Labor-Saving Contest



MY PET EQUIPMENT IS a wonderful clock, so easy to adjust that I can time the eggs with it more successfully than with a sand-glass. It alarms when they are done. I use it to remind me to turn off the gas-heater, take the bread out in an hour, cook any dish for which the recipe calls for a given time and even to remind my family of duties to be done when I am out, this by attaching a note to be read when the alarm is turned off.—Mrs. David A. Veeder, New Jersey



THERE ARE MANY THINGS I have in my house
To make my work seem light;
A vacuum-cleaner runs over the rugs
And keeps them nice and bright.

Electric irons and a washing-machine
But no, that isn't all—
I have a wonderful ironing-board
That is fastened to the wall.

But the thing I prize the most,
And beats the rest all "holier"
Is a simple wire dish-drainer.
That cost little less than a dollar.

It takes up very little room,
For it sits upon the sink.



And now I get
the dishes
done
Quicker than
you can
think.

I place the
dishes in the
drainer,
After washing
them nice and
clean,
Pour scalding

water all over them,
And the rest is like a dream.

Of course, I polish the glasses,
And dry the silver too;
Then I go "way back and sit down"
For there's nothing else to do!

For the rest of the dishes I leave
In the drainer where they are.
Oh, yes, as a labor saver,
It's the best I have by far!
—Mrs. Bertha W. Hamilton, Tennessee

I HAVE AN ELECTRICAL WASHING-MACHINE that a year ago my husband convinced me was not only a time-and-labor-saving, but also a health-and-good-disposition-saving appliance. This machine does the family washing for five. I have washed bed-quilts, blankets, suits and even small rugs with wonderful success. This machine has saved me fifty-two back-aches. While using the machine, I have been able to accomplish many other kinds of work in a morning. It is very easy to care for after use.—Mrs. B. A. Harrington, Massachusetts

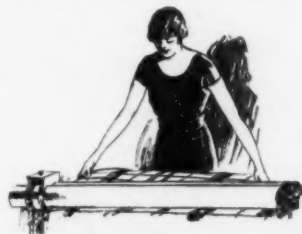
A ONE-INCH SPATULA, which I received with a set of cutlery given with my kitchen cabinet, I use for everything. There is not a meal when it is not pressed into service during the preparation. I use it to scrape the bread-board, to take particles of butter or dough that have dried on pans or dishes, to stir potatoes or other vegetables while frying, for loosening jelly or other food from a mold, for kneading fondant,



for turning and folding an omelet. What more could be asked of one little fifty-cent bit of steel and wood?—Mrs. T. Kearns, Kentucky

THERE ARE MANY THINGS that I could not keep house without. But I find the thing that gives me the most real satisfaction and saves me more time and labor is a home-made ice-box.

My husband made it for me out of flooring lumber. The outer box is 2½ feet wide, 3 feet long and 2½ feet high. A second box is 8 inches smaller and fits inside the big box. The 4-inch space on all sides and bottom is packed with sawdust. The lid is 4 inches thick and packed with sawdust. The inner box and lid is lined with galvanized tin, making it waterproof. A small hole in the bottom, in which a small pipe is fastened, allows the water from the melting ice to escape. One hundred pounds of ice placed in the bottom of this box will last almost



two weeks. Just above the ice the two removable trays are fastened. These trays will hold any amount of perishable food. Oh, the many uses these trays will serve! —Mrs. W. F. Turner, California

THE MOST HELPFUL APPLIANCE in my work is an electric ironer. With it I do the ironing for a family of ten in about two hours' time without any exertion or labor as it is manipulated by the use of one finger. I can sit down while doing the work. It irons shirts, ruffles, embroidery, rompers, dresses and all the family wash. It certainly is the best labor-saving equipment on the market for family use.—Mrs. J. V. Kranty, Ohio

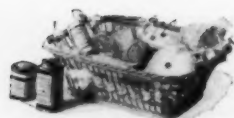


I FIND A PAN-LIFTER INDISPENSABLE in the kitchen. It matters not how hot a pan may be, you can always lift it off and not even heat your hand.

This little utensil will take hold of a pan of any shape, lift it off, and release itself; then it is ready for duty again. Only one is needed. They are made of steel and will lift any weight.—Miss Laura Elliot, Pennsylvania

I HAVE FOUND MY HOUSEHOLD PET to be my aluminum pots. They are the best to cook food in and they heat quicker and stay hot a long time after you turn out the gas. The food never sticks to the bottom of the pots and they are easy to keep clean. I have had them five years and I use them every day in the year but they look like new today.—Miss Minnie Behrend, Tennessee

MY MOST HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE is a knife-sharpener, which costs one dollar and I considered the dollar well spent that bought it. The sharpener is screwed on the wall or to a handle, and [Turn to page 56]



No baby powder can be too good, too safe for a new baby's skin



Why over a million mothers of new babies
choose this same baby powder

"THE skin of the young baby is very delicate," says the great authority on infancy, Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised."

A skin specialist in the Harvard Medical School says, "the delicate skin of a baby is very susceptible to the many irritating discharges which assail it. . . . One cannot be too careful to remove these deleterious substances at the earliest possible moment. If the baby is fat, wash out the folds of the neck, groins and buttocks, and thighs in the daily bath, and dust in an abundance of talcum powder to absorb the future moisture."

No Baby Powder too Good

For this delicate young skin, the tenderest thing in the world, no baby powder can be too good—too safe. For it is in constant use.

It is gently massaged over the entire body after the bath.

It is used repeatedly through the day, on the parts where wetting or soiling so often occur.

Its aid must be resorted to frequently even on the face—around the mouth where saliva is apt to moisten the skin and irritate it—or around the nose in cases where it runs.

All this devotion would be futile,

were not the baby powder itself safe beyond any possibility of question. For this reason more than half the mothers in America use Johnson's Baby Powder.

Indeed, it was made at physicians' request by Johnson and Johnson to whom they turned as a house long known to them as manufacturers of hundreds of surgically safe articles.

A Trained Nurse's Way of Powdering Baby

The following is a trained nurse's description of the right way to dust baby after his bath:

First make your own hand soft as velvet with a thick coating of the fine white powder.

Then gently massage the chubby limbs, smoothing the powder into all the folds and crevices—over every roughened, irritated area. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. The powder will absorb future moisture from perspiration or the dampness of diapers. And its faint delicate odor will keep baby sweet and fresh throughout the day.

Begin today to give your baby the added comfort Johnson's Baby Powder brings. Your own druggist carries it.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the blessing of this safe baby powder, Johnson and Johnson are making to the readers of this magazine the interesting free offer below.

SEND ONLY YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

for a small can, sent free, of Johnson's Baby Powder, the best baby powder, made according to physicians' prescription in their famous laboratories, also their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

C



WHEN IT'S CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME IN

WASHINGTON

SPRINGTIME in Washington is a veritable fairyland of blossoms attaining its fullest beauty at the blooming of the famous Japanese Cherry Trees along the Tidal Basin in April.

Overhanging the broad footpath, these blooming masses of pink and white and lavender stretch in endless profusion. Nowhere else, except in Japan itself, will you see their like.

And nowhere but in Washington will you see so many interesting personages—foreign representatives, Senators and public officials, distinguished Americans—whose names you read every day—visitors from all over the world.

Here also you will see the inner

workings of your Government; great museums and art galleries; and inspiring monuments of our country's history. All are open and offer welcome to every visitor.

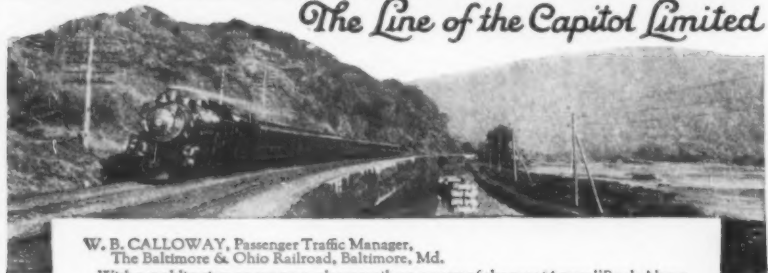
Now, at the height of its natural beauty and bustling activity, is the time to visit Washington.

You should know more about this interesting Capitol City. Many of its attractions are described and illustrated in the "Book About Washington" sent to you, free, by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Just mail the coupon below.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is the only route between New York, Chicago and St. Louis passing directly through Washington, where liberal stopover privilege is accorded.

Baltimore & Ohio

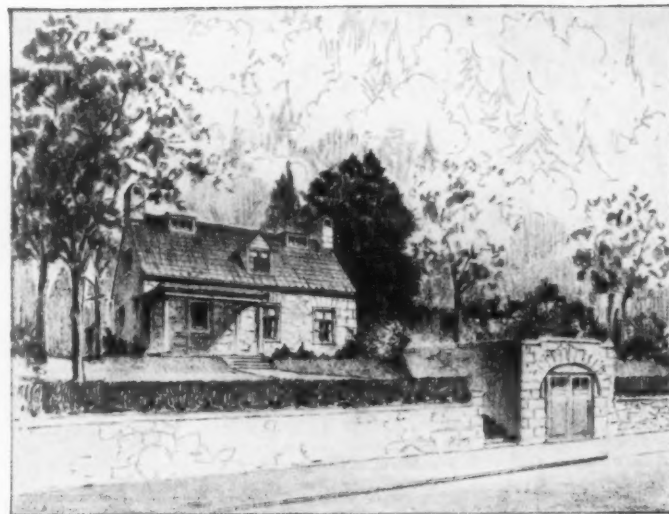
The Line of the Capitol Limited



W. B. CALLOWAY, Passenger Traffic Manager,
The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md.

Without obligation on my part, please mail me a copy of the new 64-page "Book About Washington" issued by your Company.

Name _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
City _____ State _____ M-4



McCALL DEMONSTRATION HOUSE, RICHMOND ROAD S.I.N.Y.
ERNEST FLAGG ARCHITECT.

Beware of Imitation Flagg-Houses

BY ERNEST FLAGG

Author of "Small Houses"



SINCE writing the last article of this series, the writer has had an opportunity to see a number of so-called Flagg Houses which have been built in various cities of the West. Except in outward form and sometimes not even in that, there are few points of similarity between them and the houses at Dongan Hills.

Strange to say, the builders seem much pleased with results, though the reason is not very clear. In general the houses appear to have cost about as much as the ordinary, besides which they have caused their makers a great deal of unnecessary trouble in experimentation. Not one was found which had not cost fully twenty per cent. more than need be if directions had been followed, a truth which the builders were ready to admit. Notwithstanding all this the houses are liked because, as one man said, they are different from the common and have cost less.

That they should be called "Flagg" houses is rather hard on the writer. In many of them things were done which he holds in abhorrence and has taken great pains to warn against. Much of the material and workmanship is poor, especially the woodwork and its finish. It may be of help to others to call attention to these errors and point out the right course so that pitfalls may be avoided.

There is a mistaken notion that the genuine Flagg house is cheap. That is true only as to cost, not as to materials and workmanship. The cost is reduced not by the use of inferior materials and finish but, strange as it may seem, by the use of fine materials and better workmanship in connection with simpler, more direct and easier ways of building so that less labor is required.

It is not the cost of raw materials which is the large item, but labor; and there is often less labor in the use of a fine material than otherwise. Moreover, if it is fine, the mechanic will take greater pains. The better material is easier to work and there is less waste in its use. The mechanic will make a better door of mahogany than of poorer wood, almost unconsciously, because he feels his work should correspond with the quality of the material. A simple wax finish costs so much less than paint, that the extra cost of the wood is more than offset thereby but the writer has found it is next to impossible to convince people that wax alone is all that is necessary.

The same thing is true of floors, beam ceilings and other exposed interior wood-

work. Builders first think to save money by using poor stuff, which can never be good no matter how treated; then they treat it in a way which would spoil the best material. A fine quality of wood with nothing in the world on it but bees' wax will constantly improve in color and every year become richer and more beautiful. The writer has used wax on his own floors since they were built and now, after nearly thirty years, they are so beautiful that it would repay any lover of fine floors to come to see them. Such floors are easy to care for if one knows how and the way is not hard to learn. Of course any bare wooden floor needs attention if it is to be maintained in fine order but the waxed floor will give better results for the same care than any other kind. In France it is the waxed floor which is the pride of every good housewife and the palace floor receives the same treatment. In the Palace of the Louvre, where there are thousands of visitors daily, the floors are as bright and beautiful today as they were two hundred and fifty years ago, when laid. If one cannot have a waxed wooden floor, plain linoleum waxed is a good substitute.

TO POINT out all the mistakes which the writer has found in the use of his system would require a volume. Only a few can be mentioned here.

Ridge dormers are often omitted for "aesthetic reasons" by persons who exhibit the most atrocious taste in other matters, with the result that the vital element is missing. A Flagg house without ridge dormers is not a "Flagg house." It is Hamlet without Hamlet. One builder "improved" this feature by pivoting the sashes. Now they cannot be properly operated nor even screened against flies. Another had thought to "improve" the fireplace but the "improvement" renders it useless for fire.

Many failures are due to mistaken economy, especially in the use of poor materials. The explanation for the use of stain in one case was, that the beams had a good deal of sap in them and the stain was intended to conceal it. I had a similar case myself. Through mistaken motives of economy on the part of the superintendent, some beams of inferior pine, with sap in them, were used in the kitchen ceiling of a house at Dongan Hills. Then in an effort to cover the defect, paint was used instead of wax. The upshot was that the cost was double what it would have been if instead of the poor stuff the very best [Turn to page 54]



Is a Saving of \$50⁰⁰ Interesting to you?

ARE you using this Catalogue? Do you and your family use every opportunity for saving money that this book has brought into your home?

Try This Plan for Saving

Every time you need to buy anything for your own personal use, for the family or the home, look it up in Ward's Catalogue. Take advantage of the saving.

Then keep a list of everything you buy and the amount you saved. Thousands of our customers do this, and frequently they write us, "My savings in buying at Ward's amount to at least \$50.00 cash each season."

How Ward's Low Prices Are Made for You

Sixty million dollars' worth of goods have been bought for this book—bought for cash in large quantities to get the lowest prices. Frequently we buy 100,000 pairs of shoes in one order to get a lower price.

And at Ward's the savings made by our big buying for cash, these savings are yours—always yours.

Always Compare Quality as Well as Price

In gathering our vast assortments of merchandise, our buyers search the markets of the world for low prices. But only for low prices on goods of standard quality. We never buy goods to offer you unless they are the kind of goods that will stand inspection and use—the kind that will hold your good will. At Ward's "we never sacrifice quality to make a low price." We offer no "price baits."

Use Your Catalogue—Save Money Every Month

You have a copy of this Catalogue. Use it for everything you need to buy. Ordering each month from Ward's means a monthly saving. \$50.00 in cash will soon be saved if you use your catalogue for everything you buy.

Everything for the Home, The Family and the Farm

Every Woman, young and old, will find this catalogue of interest. Have you studied carefully the big department of shoes for every member of the family? Have you studied its New York Fashions? Do you realize that this book offers nearly everything you buy to use or wear at a big saving?

The Man and Boy will find this book of value. Whether interested in tires or accessories for the automobile, or in radio, in stylish, serviceable clothes, or work clothes, or hardware, or tools, always Ward's Catalogue offers you a saving.

The Home has many needs. It needs most of all to be made comfortable and beautiful. Ward's catalogue is a real Home-maker. It offers everything new and pleasing, the newest in curtains and rugs and furniture, everything that goes to make a house a home.

Your Orders Are Shipped Within 24 Hours

Your order will be shipped within 24 hours. We appreciate your orders at Ward's and we give your orders immediate attention.

But more than this—one of our six big houses is near you. Just consider how much less time it takes for your letter to reach us—how much less time for your goods to get to you and how much less the cost of transportation. It is quicker and cheaper to order from Ward's.

ESTABLISHED 1872
Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago

Kansas City

St. Paul

Portland, Ore.

Oakland, Calif.

Fort Worth

SEND for Our
50th
ANNIVERSARY
CATALOG
Today



"a Larkin Club just Like Mother's"

The Larkin Golden Anniversary finds thousands upon thousands of daughters conducting "a Larkin Club just like mother's." To-day their home folks are just as eager to see the lovely new lamp, the comfy rocker or handsome table, as were these daughters to see the Larkin Premiums which brought happiness to mother's home.

Let the Larkin Plan Make Your Home Beautiful

New attractive designs in home furnishings, big overstuffed chairs, choice bridge and junior lamps, living-room, bedroom and dining-room suites, rugs, curtains, silverware, etc. are given Larkin Secretaries as Rewards for spare moments happily spent in running Larkin Clubs.

These Premiums also may be obtained with purchases of Larkin Products, pure foods, soaps, toilet articles, laundry and cleaning supplies, etc. in a Larkin Club. Let the Larkin Plan make your home beautiful.

Send for our 50th Anniversary Catalog. Mail Coupon to-day!



Larkin Co. Inc.
BUFFALO
PEORIA CHICAGO

Send this Coupon to nearest address G. P. 24
Larkin Co. Inc. Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill.,
Peoria, Ill.

Send me your 50th Anniversary Catalog No. 26
showing attractive Larkin Premiums which I
may obtain with Larkin Products.

Name _____
St. and No. _____
P. O. _____ State _____

Beware of Imitation Flagg-Houses

(Continued from page 52)



all heart, Georgia pine had been used as in the rest of the house. The cost of increased labor, plus the paint, offset the difference in the price of the wood twice over.

It is interesting to see how almost everyone who tries to use this system starts off with the idea that he has better taste and more skill in building than the writer. At least he has no hesitation in making "improvements" and generally gets punished for his pains with higher cost and poorer results.

Mistakes are often due to a failure to understand how simple many of the processes are. They are, indeed, too simple for belief. For instance, in one case the builders had determined to make the masonry a model of its kind, therefore great care was taken to have all the stone joints as near uniform thickness as possible, the result being that the mere cost of labor for placing the face stones in the forms must have amounted to as much as the entire cost of a wall of equal extent built at Dongan Hills. The theory of the economy was not understood though great pains had been taken to explain it in the book "Small Houses," to which the builders said they had constant reference.

The theory is this: One way to save money in building is to take advantage of the properties of modern materials for reducing cost. With Portland cement, for instance, one may do many things which formerly could not be done so cheaply or well. A characteristic of this cement is that mortar, if properly made from it,

is as strong as stone. Therefore joints may be as strong as any other parts of a wall. Figure 1. is a photograph of a wall at Dongan Hills, in the building of which the stones were placed in the forms without regard to the joints, but with due regard to both beauty and economy of construction. Its cost was a mere fraction of that of the wall above mentioned and it is as much handsomer and stronger as it is less expensive.

In one house which the writer saw in process of building, the cement underfloor on the earth had not been damp-proofed, which, unless the defect is remedied, will doubtless convince any future occupant that a cellarless house is a failure.

Of many of the houses the less said the better. They were generally full of experiments by the builders, which are not improvements though intended for such. To call them Flagg houses is a compliment of doubtful value. An architect who had taken the trouble to inspect one said he

could see little improvement over common methods but even that was more than the writer could discern.

In one, the plaster was of the most extraordinary ugliness; the surface consisted of swirls and dashes enough to make one dizzy to behold. It was thought to be "artistic." Heaven help the mark! What a sight that plastering will be when the dirt collects on its protuberances, and this in a house supposed to be built on a system whose keynote [Turn to page 83]



Figure 1

ORDINARY PARTITION BASE
Contrast this with the Flagg base

FLAGG BASE
Both at same scale

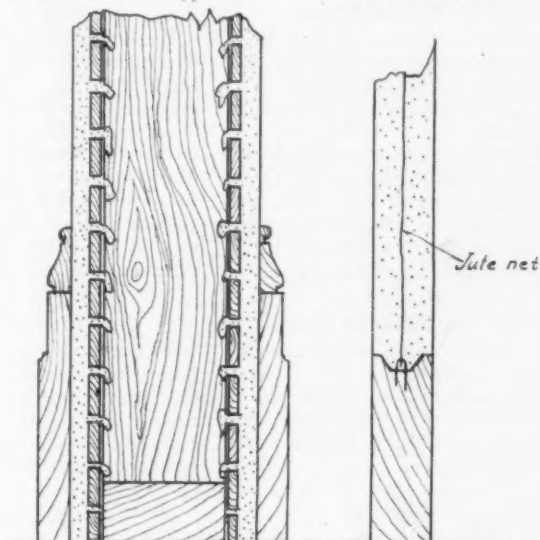


FIG. 3

FIG. 2

How New-Day Selling Methods cut \$10 to \$30 from electric cleaner costs

"Everything for *quality*—not one penny for needless selling expense."

That is the great idea back of Bee-Vac nation-wide success. That is the one and *only* reason why the Bee-Vac, standing second to none in quality or cleaning efficiency, sells to women at the amazing price of only \$39.75.

Today the electric cleaner issue is clearly drawn. Women have two choices. On the one hand are cleaners selling at prices ranging upward to \$70. On the other hand is the two-year-guaranteed Standard Bee-Vac selling at only \$39.75.

New selling economies

How do Bee-Vac selling economies reduce cleaner prices?

Fifteen years' experience has proved and today we *know* that the excessive commissions paid home demonstrators add \$10 to \$30 to cleaner prices, without adding to quality or performance.

When you *buy* a Bee-Vac you save these *selling* commissions. You do your own thinking. You base your choice on *merit*, rather than on selling talk.

No peddler, canvasser or resale man, either at your door or in a store, seeks to influence or prejudice your good judgment in order to earn a selling commission.

Make these comparisons

Dealers sell Bee-Vacs as cleaners *should* be sold. They say simply this: "Try the Bee-Vac for *yourself*—in your own home—without obligation. Test it for ease of

handling for quick, safe, thorough cleaning. Note its handsome appearance—its *visible* quality—its powerful two-year-guaranteed motor. Compare it, if you like, with *any* other cleaner *regardless* of make, name or price."

Should you not be pleased after the test, should the Bee-Vac not prove to be better than most cleaners and at least *equal to the best*, return it to the dealer. You won't be out a penny.

But if you are delighted and want to keep the Bee-Vac, the price is only \$39.75. Why pay \$10 to \$30 more?

Over 400,000 in use

Twelve thousand dealers sell Bee-Vacs in this modern money-saving way—to give their customers a wonderful value. Over 400,000 Bee-Vacs in use prove dependability and correct design.

There is a Bee-Vac dealer near you. Send the coupon for his name and interesting book of "Bedtime Jingles for Children."

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. B-3-4, Chicago, U.S.A.



STANDARD *Electric Cleaner*

\$39.75

Why pay more?

Some Bee-Vac Facts

- 1. Light, easy to handle**
Carry anywhere with ease; glides smoothly; has restful "ball and socket" handle grip.
- 2. Cleans thoroughly**
20% to 300% greater air suction, extracts deeply embedded dirt. Swing-back, double brush dislodges surface litter.
- 3. Cleans quickly, safely**
Cleans quicker than other cleaners. Will not get the nap. Rug authorities recommend it.
- 4. Convenient tools and dust bag.**
Easiest of all tools to attach and use; more flexible hose. Sanitary easy-emptying dust bag.
- 5. Positive dependability**
No belts, revolving brushes or complicated adjustments to get out of order.
- 6. Guaranteed two years**
Made and guaranteed by one of the oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturers.

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. B-3-4, Chicago, U.S.A.
Gentlemen: Please send name of a nearby dealer selling Bee-Vac Cleaners; also your interesting book of "Bedtime Jingles for Children."

Name.....
Town..... State.....



The Bee-Vac Electric Iron



Bee-Vac tilted handle permits added pressure, without wrist strain. Beautiful in proportion, perfectly balanced, holds heat much longer. A quality iron. At your dealer's, **\$5.75** complete



When 5,000,000 Women

*turn to a new way in personal hygiene, surely
you owe it to yourself, at least to try that way*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

If you believe the testimony of five million American women, you too will want to know about this new way in personal hygiene. At least will want to try it, for yourself

Today countless thousands of women are learning for the first time, what these millions know. Everywhere, they are finding new personal immaculacy, new freedom, relief from embarrassment. Today this amazing new way has been adopted by 8 in 10 women in the better walks of life.

This new way is Kotex, and doctors, nurses everywhere advise its use. It is Science's solution of woman's oldest problem, supplanting the old-fashioned sanitary napkin and other dangerous makeshift methods

These scientific features

Many discomforts common to women are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Much of the loss of charm, of the feminine immaculacy expected at all times, is chiefly due to the same reason. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

Another important advantage of Kotex is that it can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Kotex is germ-proof, packed in sanitary

sealed packages of 12. In two sizes the regular and Kotex-Super

All drug and department stores have Kotex—ready-wrapped in plain paper. There are no questions to ask or answer, no needless conversation. Simply pay the clerk and walk out, that it all

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized. Learn what it has come to mean to the millions of women who have adopted it. Or if you will write to me, I will send you free a sample of the new deodorized Kotex, and an interesting booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories
166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX

Kotex-Regular, now 60c
Kotex-Super, now 90c



DEODORIZED

The Light of the World

[Continued from page 15]

followers in which God only has the right to stand; He shows us in Himself, in His own perfect life and character, that which the life and character of God is, and must be. No one can accept what St. Paul and the other New Testament writers say of Jesus Christ without believing in Him as God.

Jesus Christ is Himself the proof of His own Divine claims. The Personality of Jesus Christ is the supreme miracle.

This is a miracle which cannot be gainsaid or explained away. It is a fact, not a theory, and it is the central fact of human history. It has influenced the world as no other fact has in the whole of time. It is this great miracle which leads us to believe in the lesser miracles. Standing before the wonder of His Personality, we see that it is natural that He Who lived as no other has lived, Who spoke as no other has spoken, should do works such as no other has done.

It is not the fact that He was born of the Blessed Virgin which makes us believe in Him as God and Saviour. It is our belief in Him as God which makes us believe that He entered our life as the Scriptures tell us that He did, by act of His own Divine power.

As Dean Inge says, those "who believe that Christ was a Divine and unique Being will certainly not be guilty of the presumption of denying that the circumstances of His birth into the world and of His withdrawal in bodily presence from it, may well also have been unique."

In three great respects the Life of Jesus Christ stands absolutely alone in history, separate and apart from all others.

(1) His life stands alone in its perfect purity, its acknowledged sinlessness. He was without sin. Why is it that this can be said of no other?

(2) His life stands alone in its perfect fellowship with God. In all things He does the Father's will. In mind, heart and will He is in perfect oneness with God. Of what other in human history can this be said?

(3) He stands alone in His claim to complete spiritual sovereignty in this world and the next. He says "All power is given unto Me, in heaven and in earth—and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Who in all history has dared to make such a claim except the One who says to us: "I am the Light of the World."

Let us think of some of the ways in which Jesus Christ has brought the light into this world, and into our lives.

1. Jesus Christ has brought into our lives the light of a true knowledge of God, and a living trust in Him as our Father in Heaven. Men were not without the knowledge of God before Christ came. God made man in His own likeness, partaker of His own life, capable of fellowship with Himself. Everywhere there was in man something of this sense of kinship with God, this desire for fellowship with the Divine. At times this sense of fellowship with God rose to truly noble heights. We see it marvellously expressed in the pages of the Old Testament.

But this sense of nearness to God was uncertain and insufficient. It needed a fuller revelation to make it sure. It is this which Jesus Christ came to give us. It is Jesus Christ Who has made God clearly known to us. He has brought us all our real knowledge and certainty of God. We see "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus

Christ." In His face we see the Father's face. In His life we see the Father's life. In His love we see the Father's love.

2. Jesus Christ has brought us the light of a true knowledge of ourselves. He shows us, as no other has done, the Divine possibilities of our human nature. No man can understand fully what our manhood and womanhood ought to be until he sees this revealed in Jesus Christ. Until we see our human life as He shows it to us we have not seen it at its best.

No man or woman who believes in Jesus Christ can become a pessimist or a cynic. No one with the life of Christ before him can cease to have faith in his fellow men, or in himself. It is our faith in human life, our hope for ourselves, and our fellow men, which give us power. The moment we become disheartened and discouraged as to others or ourselves, our power is gone. Jesus Christ, with His eyes open to all our weakness, gives us a faith and hope in human life that nothing can destroy.

3. Jesus Christ gives us the Light that we need for the solution of our problems, and for the progress and advancement of our race. . . . The world has advanced and made true progress just in so far as the light that we have in Christ has been followed. The nations of the world today are enlightened, developed, fit for freedom, and for further progress, just to the degree in which they are following the Light He shows us.

The poet, Tennyson, was once asked by a friend, walking with him in his garden, what Jesus Christ meant to him. Tennyson stopped and picked a flower, and, holding it in his hand, said, "What the sunlight is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul." It is a literal fact that Jesus Christ is the Light of God to our souls. It is a literal fact that He alone is the Light of the World. There is no other guidance, no other light, for us to follow. Men are longing today for the abolition of war and the establishment of lasting peace among the nations. We can have this only if we will live in the Light of Jesus Christ. Men are asking anxiously what the future is to be, and whether democracy is to endure. The answer is a simple one. If democracy is to endure, it must live and develop in the Light of Jesus Christ. We all know that in Jesus Christ we have the True Light. We all know that if we will follow that Light it will lead us in the right way, the way that is best for ourselves and for others, the way that leads straight to God. We all know that if we will follow the teachings of Jesus Christ it will make this world a place of light and truth, a place of justice and brotherliness and peace as God intends it to be.

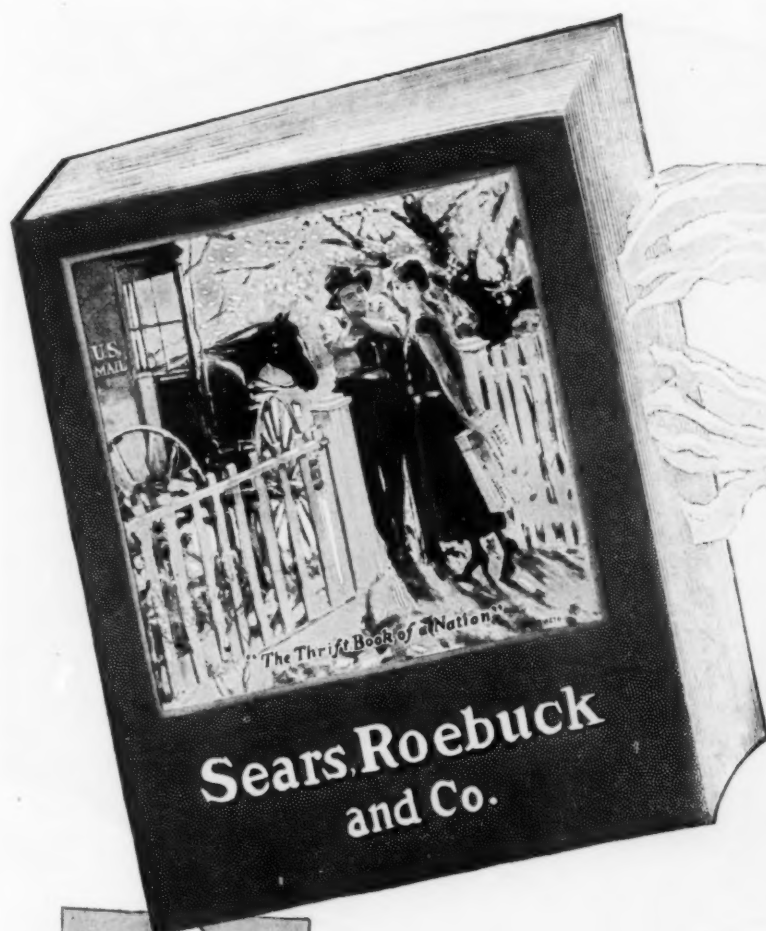
Are we letting the Light of Christ shine in our own lives? Are we doing what we can to make His Light shine in the lives of others, and to bring it into the dark places of this world? If we will bring the Light of Christ to bear on our problems we shall be able to meet and solve them. And there is no other way in which they can be solved. The Light of Jesus Christ in this world is not a theory. It is a reality. It is the supreme fact of human life. It is a simple fact that you and I are making the true use of our lives, living at our highest, and our best, just in so far as we are walking in the Light of Him who says: "I am the Light of the World, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the Light of Life."

[Continued from page 51]

by drawing the knife through the disks three or four times the blade is keen. It is a saver of time and steps as it is always ready for instant use and does away with all the bother of steels, whetstones and so on. It will sharpen any knife with a double edge. Pleasure and economy are always experienced when using a sharp knife.—Mrs. Stuart A. Berger, Nebraska

I HAVE FOUND MY STEAM PRESSURE COOKER which cost \$15.00 my greatest

time-and-labor saver. I have used it for more than five years and in that time have canned hundreds of quarts of vegetables and meats each year for our family use. As we live on a farm we save all our surplus green corn, peas and beans for winter, and in winter we can beef and pork for summer use. Besides the canning, I use the cooker for tough meats, beans and peas; and it is a great help in a hurry call for extra dinners such as farm women often have.—Mrs. Celia Wilcox, Missouri



Greater than Aladdin's Lamp

Aladdin never knew all the things there were to wish for, because he had never seen our Big General Catalog! And more magical even than Aladdin's lamp is this Wonder Book and the service it renders. You have but to go over the pages and you are traveling through the WORLD'S LARGEST STORE; you have but to order from it and your goods come to your own mail box. Truly this is the modern method of shopping!

Nine million families use our catalogs because they save on every purchase;

because they get dependable goods, honestly described and illustrated; because they are insured the best service. We ship 99 out of every 100 orders in less than 24 hours.

You should join this army of thrifty buyers to make your dollars do their full duty. We'll gladly send a copy of our New Big General Catalog for Spring and Summer—THE THRIFT BOOK OF A NATION—if you desire. It shows endless opportunities to save on almost everything needed for the family, the home, the farm, the shop.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • DALLAS • SEATTLE

Send for Your FREE Copy

If you haven't a copy of our New Big General Catalog, send for it today. This convenient coupon will bring you free our great Spring and Summer book, with its 35,000 bargains.

Mail the coupon today

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you
Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Chicago Philadelphia Dallas Seattle 60M71
Send Latest General Catalog.

Name

Postoffice

Rural Route Box No.

State

Street and No.

In Less Than a Day
Your Order Is On Its Way



Sliced PEACHES make so many other good dishes better

Why let the old favorites lose their appeal for want of tasty variations?

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, canned with all their fresh flavor and delicacy, offer many tempting adventures among the dishes you like so well.

For instance, they're delightful on French toast these cold mornings. They make a perfect filling for shortcake. To a jelly roll they add new variety. Left-over sponge cake becomes a royal dish, when covered with the tender slices, topped with whipped cream.

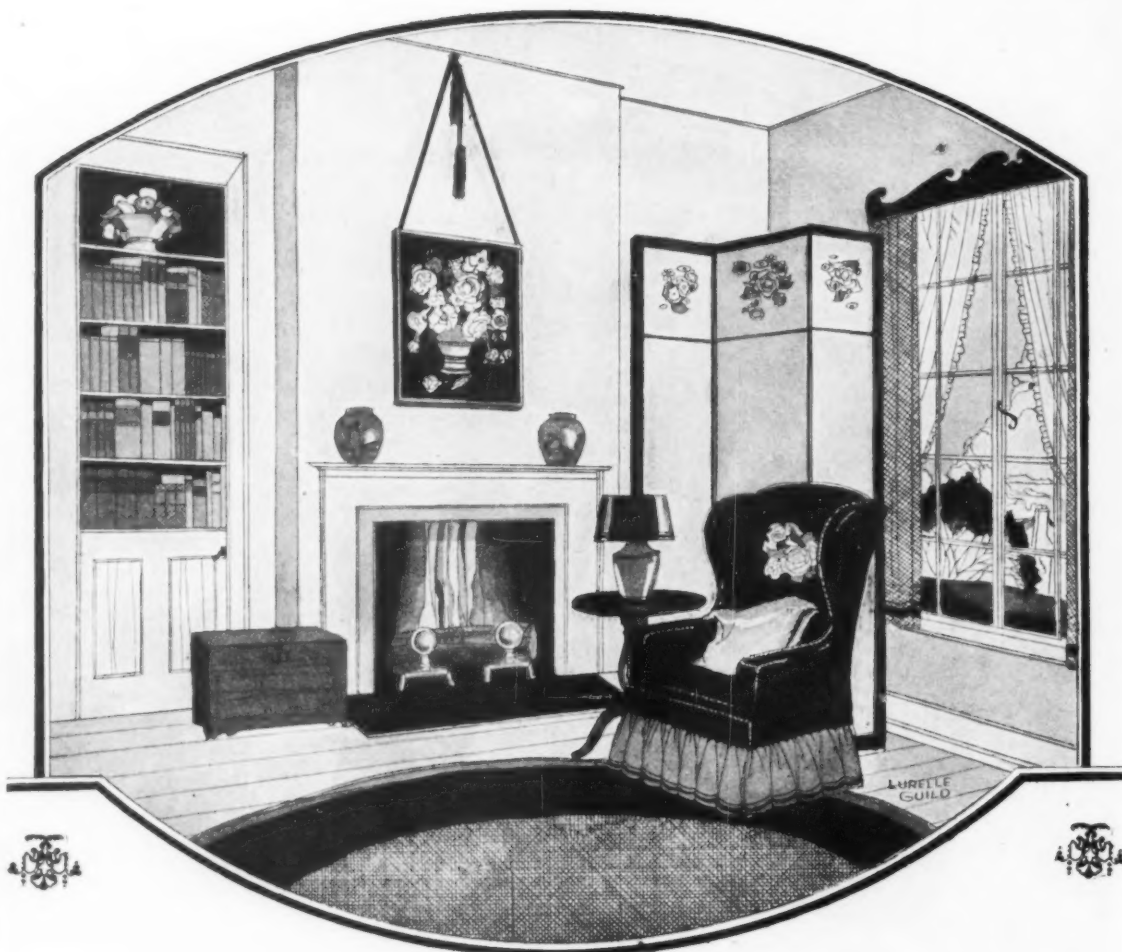
But for the best treat of all, serve them just as they come from the can, in their own rich syrup!

Only be sure of your fruit. Insist on DEL MONTE—and make certain of the uniform high quality which this label guarantees.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," in addition to suggesting many new ways to serve peaches, contains scores of fruit dishes personally selected by America's best known cooking authorities. For your free copy, address Department 32H, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Simple Things May Yet Be Charming

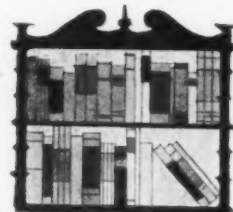
BY LURELLE GUILD



Lamps from old jars:
shades of waxed paper



A waste-paper basket
brightens with fresh
paint and a decoration



A serviceable and practicable
hanging bookcase



A low table to place
beside an armchair

OUT of the smart interior-decorators' shops has come every idea involved in furnishing the living-room shown above—a room that will bestir the imagination of every home-maker. For almost every feature of its decoration is home-made, home-achieved. Simple and inexpensive are the recessed bookshelves set in the upper part of a shallow closet; the framed cretonne over-mantel decoration; the screen: the wooden valance over the window—a recent revival of a lovely fashion of an older day; the newly slip-covered wing chair; the lamp-shade—all are decorative and charming; but, better still, they can be created for small cost.

A fuller description of each article will be sent on request. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose two-cent stamp for posting.



Japanese prints to decorate a mirror



*** you buy
750 quarts
of milk
every year**

THE family of four spends approximately \$105 for milk and cream annually. You can't afford to lose a cent of this big investment through spoilage. What's more, the fresher you can keep the milk, the better it is for your family.

Get a Gibson. It's the ideal place to keep milk and all perishable food fresher. The Gibson always has a crisp, cold current of air inside. The scientific, twelve-wall insulation positively keeps heat out. The doors lock automatically. The patented, non-clogging, cast aluminum trap stops warm air from coming up through the drain. An air-tight refrigerator everywhere. Economical in use of ice.

Always easy to clean too. The interior lining is snow-white, one-piece, seamless porcelain. Rounded corners—no place for dirt to hide. Non-rustable metal shelves. Sanitary throughout.

Get the Gibson. Prices to fit every purse. See the Gibson dealer in your town today.

Gibson cork-board insulated refrigerators are extensively used with electrical refrigeration units.

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO.
Greenville, Mich.

Distributors in all principal cities

*** keep it fresher
in a
Gibson
REFRIGERATOR**



Merry Dale

(Continued from page 17)

roulette. One, a sign above the croupier's head proclaimed, was for ladies; but Merry Dale kept as far away from that as possible.

It was still, the voices were hushed, the varnished pith roulette balls could be heard racing in their stuttering circles, dropping into their metal stalls. The precise voices of the croupiers, like their invariably pointed fingers, announced the whole result of each play. The stillness, I thought, had a strange and oppressive quality—it was such a silence as might be found at the bottom of a clear and illuminated pool. There was, too, an undercurrent of danger, a tang of death—the men behind the tables had the professional solemnity of undertakers' assistants. The air, I told myself, was rotted by greed, it was haunted by an ugliness that had a substance without tangible, visible shape.

To all this, however, my companion was totally indifferent. She paused for a moment, studying each of the tables, and then she walked directly to a seat. "I wish you'd lend me a hundred dollars," she said. I surrendered the money to her, after a slight mental hesitation and she turned it into stacks of chips. She played the number seventeen straight, on all sides, and all the corners, twenty-seven chips, at a time; the chance on a line won, and she was paid seventeen and a half times the amount of that stake. She won again, on a corner; increased the chips on the number itself, and at once gained thirty-five times five dollars. Merry Dale won the maximum again and then, suddenly, she stopped, exchanging her counters for money.

"I had a feeling I'd lose," she explained, "let's sit down." We moved to the sofa, and I watched her put all the bills she had gained into her small black brocaded bag. I felt very much at ease with her. "What about my hundred?" I asked.

"What about it?" she replied, gazing at me with an air of wonderment.

"This would be a good time to pay it back," I pointed out to her.

"So it would." She fastened her bag. "I'd like to have it."

"Of course you would. But how? I can't think to save my life. You couldn't just drag it from me. It's too bad, but I'm afraid you've lost it."

"Oh, no," I told her; "it isn't so serious. But it may be unpleasant."

"How?"

"Why, making you give it back."

"Yes?" Her face, level with mine, and close, was a mask of innocent query.

"Well, do you see the gentleman at a small desk in the far corner with blotters and pens, and do you know—but, of course, you do—what he's there for? It's to honor any cheque of any person for any amount who gets in here. And, in addition to that, he's a sort of general banker and diplomat. I'm going to him, in a minute or so, and say I met you here and that you asked for a hundred dollars you are now able to return and won't."

"And he'll give it to you?"

"Immediately. It will be all very polite . . . on the surface."

She subjected me to one fleet appraising glance. "What would Major Lanning say, no—do?" I was obliged to tell her that I couldn't go into that. The fact that she had brought it up, quite in the manner of a threat, forced me to ignore it. Merry Dale nodded. Then, slowly, she gave me two new fifty dollar bills. "It was your clothes," she acknowledged. "They fooled me—I thought you were a gentleman." She smiled, utterly without malice. "You see, I forgot you were a writer; we're rather alike, at bottom. You aren't silly enough to be cross, I hope. But then you've just had a triumph."

I was pleased by my success in getting back the money. That, in the circumstance, had been the unavoidable thing to do. A crowd had gathered about a table where a fellow with a cold, unmoved face but quick hands was successfully

plunging. The croupier swept stack on stack of chips across the board to him with an appearance of absent-minded politeness. There were little murmurs of expectancy, astonishment and approbation. Merry Dale turned away with an expression of distaste. "People like these," she said, "things like that, make me sick. I mean really." It wasn't the gambling, she specified, that she found so unpleasant; play, of course, and win, if you can; it was the cowardly and avaricious on-lookers that she hated.

She rose and moved away, and we left the players for the open space outside, leaning through an opening above the race course. Below us the track was just visible, with the dark immensity of the grandstand on the right, but beyond that now there was only indeterminate night. "It's like the world," Merry Dale said, "but empty of people. All the people gone. Everything over. Did you ever hear anything so quiet? And isn't it peaceful! Why can't it be like this more? Aren't you crazy about it? I am." She was, suddenly, so simple, she seemed so near and appealing, that I dropped my hand on hers.

"The Major wanted to bet you wouldn't," she laughed faintly; "but I knew you would. We almost had a bet. He said I couldn't be fair. Yet I was, wasn't I? I didn't urge you to hold my hand."

I acknowledged at once that I had needed no prompting. It was an ingratiating hand, at once slight and firm and delicately fine in texture—like ivory and silk and flower petals. "Ten years ago," I told her, "I couldn't have done this with any safety."

"Ten years ago," she replied, "you would have let me keep the money."

"Ten years ago I'd have kissed you." "Ten years ago . . . I shouldn't have minded."

"You would now?" The degree of her frankness was at once inviting and dangerous.

"I can't say it would be a treat. You are a great deal too fat. You breathe hard and get red in the face. Only a woman who loved you, or who wanted something, would kiss you."

I was, at last, annoyed. "Of course, you don't love me, and there's nothing you can get. You're as clear about the first as I am about the second."

"You're thoroughly selfish," she continued; "you'll only pay for what amuses or excites you. You think of no one, really, but yourself." I accused her of being a fortune teller in disguise. "I see hundreds and hundreds of men," Merry Dale answered. "Always men. Every time I go out they speak to me. If I meet a man, when I get home there is a telephone call, or a note the next morning. They send me presents; lots of them without a word or name, without wanting anything but to give me a ring with an emerald or a chain with a pearl. One, but that was seven years ago, gave me nine thousand dollars, all he had with him, just to ride with him through a park. It was Spring, one of the first warm days, and there were green leaves and grass and birds. . . . We were in a hansom cab, if you remember them; neither of us said a word; we didn't move a finger between us."

"That was cheap," I told her sincerely.

"But it wasn't that—I wanted you to remember that I know men." She was gazing at me, and I saw whatever interest she might have had in me drain from her face. I became to her less than one of the palm trees above the track hidden by night. "You probably want to dance," I said at once. She nodded. And inside she was swept at once into the whirling, rhythmic throng. The Military Attaché found me standing rather savagely alone. "Well," he demanded, "how did you get along with Merry?"

"She reminded me that I was middle-aged," I admitted. "And if you had bet you'd have lost." He laughed.

"Then you did. I thought perhaps you wouldn't." He stopped to nod to a boy with an extravagant [Turn to page 60]

**Announcement
of winners will be made
in the May issue of this
magazine! Look for it.**

**\$1,000.00 in
cash prizes
for
NEW ways of using**

**G. Washington's
Delicious-Instant
Coffee**

We had hoped to publish the names of the winners in this issue. However, owing to the number of recipes received, this was found impossible. From all parts of the country, as well as from foreign lands—recipes have come in.

The interest displayed has been really amazing as well as most gratifying. **With the co-operation of the housewives of a nation, we have definitely established G. Washington's Coffee as an ideal flavoring for fine desserts and dainty dishes.**

On the other hand, we want to remind you that G. Washington's Coffee is, first and last, a beverage. A high grade, absolutely pure coffee refined from selected coffee beans.

G. Washington's assures you a delicious cup of coffee in an instant—anywhere—anytime. No boiling, no waiting, no waste, no grounds. No coffee pot or percolator needed. It is ready to drink when you add hot water.

*Sold in three sizes—
small, medium and large.*

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
522 Fifth Avenue New York

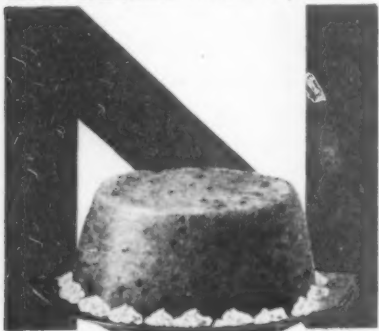


"The Highest Quality
for Health"



ONE package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads—each sufficient for a family of six.

Treat your family to the following delicious dessert. It is economical and easy to make.



Butter Scotch Rice Pudding

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold. One cup chopped nuts or Grape-Nuts may be added.



This "Perfection Salad" will tempt any appetite. It's a particular favorite with men and it's good for the children, too. This salad makes an ideal "company" dish. Write for the recipe.

Because of its health value, economy, and many delightful uses, a plain, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine like Knox Gelatine should be served to your family daily.



FREE—

Recipes for every occasion

Solve your table problems by writing for Mrs. Knox's recipe books today. They offer new ways of making meals attractive and wholesome. Free—for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

The Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 46]

Maybe some of it was original with him. Maybe you know things not in the books."

The little Scout chuckled.

"Well, there's a good many things that are not in the books that we would like to know."

"Well," said Jamie, "suppose you tell me what you think I should know."

The little Scout leaned forward, laid a pair of hands, not so clean as usual, palm to palm and dropped them between a pair of knees that gave evidence of active service in recent contact with the earth. Then suddenly an intent little face was turned to Jamie.

"Guess," said the little Scout, "guess the first question I ever asked the Bee Master about bees?"

"Why do you keep bees?" asked Jamie.

"Nope! You're all wet!" said the little Scout. "You're not even warm! First question I ever asked was: 'Why is the bee garden blue?' And I'll have to tell you the answer because you would never guess. The answer is: 'Because of God.'"

Jamie's face betrayed the astonishment he felt. His brow wrinkled in thought; his eyes narrowed. He stared at the little Scout and repeated softly: "Because of God?"

"Yes," said the little Scout. "That's what makes bees so interesting. About half the things you'll have to learn are because of God, and why the bee garden is blue is the very first thing. Now you listen, and I'll tell you the reason."

With uplifted hand to caution silence, the little Scout began:

"The bee garden is blue because blue is the 'perfect colour' and bees are the most perfect of any insect in the way they live, and the most valuable on account of the work they do, and so blue would be the colour they love best, and it is! If you don't believe it, watch them. And because why,—the nearest we come to a perfect insect loves a perfect colour best, because God made them all just as they are!"

The little Scout looked hard at Jamie. "I guess you don't get it," ventured the youngster. "Well, wait a minute and you will. The first thing you've got to learn is some figures. Because you are big and

maybe been to college, you ought to learn 'em if I can. For one thing, there's four thousand five hundred different kinds of wild bees. That's one thing for you to remember. Another thing is that one hundred thousand kinds of plants would not live any more if all these bees were blown away or burned up or something. Because, you see, a plant has to grow where the wind carries its seed or a bird or a squirrel sows it, and if one plant happens to be a male and another happens to be a female, they can't get up and walk to each other and do their courting and make their seeds come good, now can they? So they have to have something to carry the pollen back and forth.

"Now here's something to remember about a bee itself—say a worker bee, because it would be the one that would carry the pollen. First you can remember that in every one of the little tubes on its nose a worker has got five thousand small hollows, so it is no wonder it can pick you out if you've got a scent about you that isn't right. Then, a worker bee has got six thousand eyes on each side of its head so it can see the flowers that it wants to get the pollen and the nectar from. And a worker bee has got two stomachs, a little one more inside for itself, and a way bigger one more on the outside for the hive. Back on its abdomen every worker bee has got four pockets to secrete wax, and every worker has got baskets on its legs to gather pollen in, besides the nectar that they carry in their stomach for the hive. Every one of them has got a good sharp sting that it can use if it doesn't like your scent or if it thinks you are going to hurt it or do something you shouldn't around the hive. Every one of them is covered with hair that is long for a bee and so soft and fine that when the workers go down into Mr. Male Iris to get nectar for their two stomachs and to fill their pollen baskets, the hair all over them fills with the pollen, too. And it is the Law, because of God, that when any bee starts out to gather nectar and pollen it never mixes one flower with another. If it starts on iris, it keeps right on going to iris. You can see it now, can't you? When the worker bee gets [Turn to page 92]

Merry Dale

rose in his buttonhole, a boy with ruffled light hair and daring, excited blue eyes. "That," he explained, "is Senator Lake's son, and a dam' nuisance. He's down here from Palm Beach. We—the Army and Navy—have to see that he's safe and happy. Look, that's Merry dancing with him! If you'll excuse me—" He moved determinedly away. Later I saw the Attaché with Merry Dale. They came up to where I was sitting at the dinner table cleared of everything but the bottles and their accompanying glasses. "I had to do it, Merry," he insisted. "The General was here with a party, and we have to watch that priceless child. I don't know what would happen to us if he lost a fortune or anything of that sort. How much did you drop for him as it was?"

"Not more than forty thousand dollars," she replied. "I never had such rotten luck. And what if I did lose some of his money? How did his father get it? Why, from the people who went out to the farms along his railroad . . . and starved because things won't grow on stone. I wouldn't bet that he doesn't own a part of this race track and get his profit from the wheels."

"That has nothing to do with it," the Military Attaché asserted solemnly. "Sampson Lake is a part of the Government of the United States, and little Sampson, Sampson Junior, has to be guarded accordingly. For that reason I was obliged to snatch him away from you. While he's here he is to play golf, swim from the pier of the Havana Yacht Club and visit a sugar central. Nothing was said about roulette."

"I might as well go back to the Sevilla," Merry concluded. "I can sleep, anyhow."

"I'll take you," the Attaché volunteered. He turned to me, and I said that I'd be glad to go into Havana with them. It was then five o'clock in the morning and the trade wind was dropping.

The official car, painted the hideous official yellow, with the nation's coat of arms impressive on the door, came up the sweep to the Casino entrance, and Merry Dale said that she would drive. An orderly in uniform gave her the wheel, climbed into the back beside me, and we drove with a gathering speed out from the Jockey Club grounds. The low heavy car was then literally hurled into the dark. "What would you call it?" I managed to ask the orderly. Better than seventy, he was certain. We made, with ultimate safety, a long turn, slipping to the extreme outer gutter; and, on a wide straight way, the car seemed to leave the earth. I had never before been the victim of such a criminal disregard for everything that was sane and valuable in life. In a minute, I thought, we'll smash through Vedado like a cannon shell. There was the hollow roar of a bridge, a flash of water under a light, and we were among the villas outside Havana and then in the city's narrow streets.

Havana, as always at night, was at once dark and pallid, the façades of the white palaces along the Prado seemed luminous, the India laurel trees, in double row, were black. The tulle, fluttering from Merry Dale's shoulders, brushed my cheek with an elusive and perfumed charm; her cape had slipped back from her arms, leaving them bare and perfect in delicacy and grace and empty, wasted, strength.

Do you know how good ASPARAGUS can really be ?

All the world enjoys it!

As a vegetable—as a salad—for a simple lunch or the most faultless dinner—it is always sure of its welcome.

But if you have never tried asparagus under the DEL MONTE label, you have yet to learn what 60 years' experience in the canning industry has taught us about the growth and packing of this delicious vegetable.

DEL MONTE Asparagus has a uniform tenderness of stalk—a freshness of flavor—that rarely exists even in the best fresh asparagus sold in the market.

Different sizes of spears, too—Giant, Colossal or Mammoth, where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium or Small, where a greater number of portions are necessary.

Long spears in large cans; tender tips in smaller cans.

Convince yourself! Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Asparagus—and learn how good this tempting vegetable can really be.

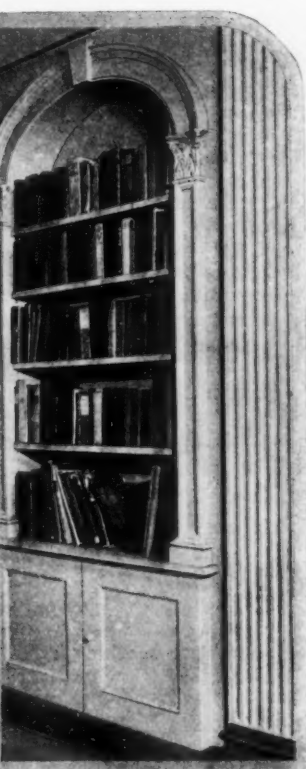
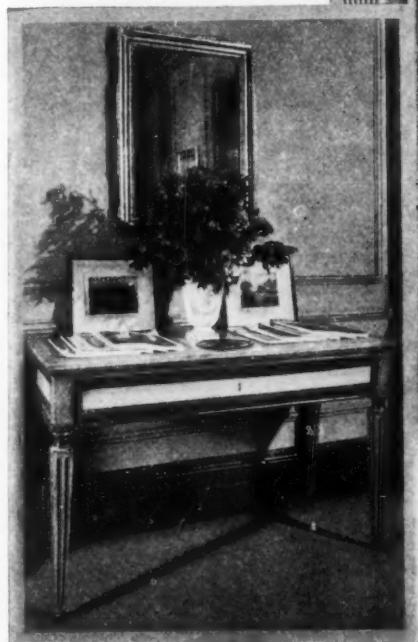
California Packing Corporation
San Francisco, California

Be sure you say DEL MONTE



Wake Up Your Rooms

By
RUBY ROSS GOODNOW



*Just a bowl of leaves or
some shelves of books, re-
cessed into an unused door-
way, will make a room
seem homelike*

IF I were asked what things, other than sunshine and wood fires and fresh air, go farthest toward making rooms homelike, I should say—always and for every sort of room—books and flowers. I can't imagine a room being too formal or too informal or too anything else for books and flowers. To enter a room where there is neither is a cheerless experience.

I do not necessarily mean cut flowers. If one loves green things, there is satisfaction and life in a pot of ivy or a jar of laurel leaves or a geranium plant whose flowering is past, or a vase of budding twigs. If you live in the city where flowers are very expensive and never very fresh, there are many ways to give your rooms the effect of being in bloom. Every flower shop in New York, for instance, sells large bunches of laurel branches, ranging in price from twenty-five to fifty cents. Florists realize, too, that geraniums, ivy and laurel are the city woman's necessities.

Some women have an instinct for growing flowers. They can keep window-boxes and jardinières green and blooming with little expense and almost no effort. Other women have such deep love and appreciation of flowers that they find ways of having them always about and of keeping them fresh. This is not intended for the woman who has all the flowers she wants. Naturally, if you have plenty of flowers you will use them everywhere.

Every pantry should have one shelf filled with vases suitable for big flowers and little ones, wild ones and cut ones, coarse ones and delicate ones. No pot or cup or jar is too humble for the flower shelf. A little brown butter pot will be filled with apple blossoms. A copper kettle will later hold an armful of oak leaves. A flower-shelf is a healthy adjunct to any house because it takes care of the bric-a-brac of vases when not in use. Many a vase that is a perfect flower-holder is entirely too unimportant to display when empty but few women stop to think of this.

Wild flowers, ferns, grasses, branches of leaves are available to everyone. Pussy

willows in season, budding branches, dried and waxed autumn leaves—all these are beautiful when properly used. A big jug of green leaves with a few artificial flowers among them will make a lovely spot in some not too light corner, and no one will pry too closely into the secret. Artificial flowers are all right, if clean!

Infinitely more valuable in the decoration of a room is a large jar of green branches—anything you can get in the woods—or a big vase of fuchsias, or of any wild flowers, than a meager vase of "bought" cut flowers of which carnations and roses are representative. Roses are very expensive, and last a very short while, and unless used in quantities make one sigh for a real armful from a real garden. Carnations, sweet and spicy things, are charming mixed with other flowers, but look more awkward and artificial than any other flowers if used alone. They need fat green leaves and more spreading flowers mixed with them.

CUT flowers are best for the dining-table if you can afford them, or for the tea-table or for an invalid's tray; but for large spaces large masses must be used. A green jar of laurel leaves on the hall console will be all the furnishing required. It will take the place of a picture, in that it breaks the wall agreeably, and it will furnish the top of the console or table or chest of drawers adequately. A mantel-shelf may have a pot of ivy at each end. A poor pair of vases or objects of art will not be nearly as good.

The department stores offer artificial flowers that are not too offensive to be used by women of real taste. There are flowers made of glass from Venice, which many women use for their dinner-tables, and others made of shells, many colored, from France. Quaint ones—pink or white lilies are the nicest—made of feathers, come from England. There are others of waxed parchment or stiff papers that give a colorful mass, and of course there are such splendid things as the Chinese gardens of glass or semi-precious stones, planted in low shallow jardinières which might possibly come your way on some magnificent occasions.

Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving

*Sent Everywhere on
THIRTY DAYS'
FREE TRIAL*



THE Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit does its work quickly, safely and comfortably wherever it goes.



IT is thrilling to see your straight hair, whether long or bobbed, transformed quickly into charming, soft waves, curls and ringlets that curl of themselves! Send for our free, interesting booklet.

An Outstanding Success

LET your straight hair be permanently wavy this Spring. Enjoy the relief and confidence which natural waves, curls and ringlets alone can give you. Sign your own Declaration of Independence from lifelong slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling-irons. In other words, in your own home, let the eminent Mr. Charles Nestle's famous invention transform your hair—no matter how straight or stubborn—into waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME, and look even prettier under the influence of perspiration, shampoos, bathing, dampness, etc.

Mr. Nestle's Wonderful LANOIL Discovery

has enthusiastic endorsement from the world's leading scientists, hair-dressers and beauty editors. In his two New York establishments several hundred women daily enjoy LANOIL waves. Professional LANOIL-wavers elsewhere give many thousands this wonderful treatment. But in private homes, even more than this is done by means of the dainty, reasonably-priced Outfit illustrated above, which works so simply, so quickly and so comfortably that mothers take pleasure in waving their children's hair, children their mother's; school girls, nurses and teachers club together to do this work, and even husbands have been known to take a hand in it!

Interesting, Simple and Safe is the Nestle LANOIL permanent waving process. You merely wet the hair with the sympathetic LANOIL lotion, wind it, strand by strand, on the Nestle mechanical curlers, slip the little heater over each curler for just seven minutes, remove, unwind and shampoo. And now the wonder grows—for the harder you rub, comb,

wash or brush your waves and curls, the prettier do they become, because the gentle LANOIL steam has made your hair naturally wavy.

Each Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit Contains Free Trial Supplies

You may have our free, interesting booklet of further particulars if you like, but a trial of the Outfit itself is also free. Send a postal, letter or the coupon below, enclosing its \$15 purchase price (or let us forward your Outfit C.O.D. and pay the postman when it arrives). Wave your hair with the free trial supplies, following the simple, clear directions. Then, if you are not delighted with your results and satisfied that the Outfit does ALL we represent, return it within thirty days—and we guarantee to refund immediately every cent of the \$15 with absolutely no deduction for postage, packing, free trial materials or use of the Outfit.

Many thousands of Outfits have been sold on this liberal trial basis since September, 1922. They bring happiness wherever they go. So do not delay. Send for yours today, that you may the sooner know the joy, pride and comfort of waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. C
Established 1915
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. C
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

[] I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.
[] I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D. OR, check HERE, if only FREE booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or very ash blond, mention it here.

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, 25¢ duty free.)

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



4 out of 5

Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—as well as thousands younger—pay Pyorrhea's toll. Do you want to elude this dread disease?

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

But there are others even worse. Pus pockets form and generate poisons that drain through the whole system, causing much of the rheumatism, neuritis, anaemia, indigestion and other diseases so prevalent in middle life.

Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent or check Pyorrhea.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

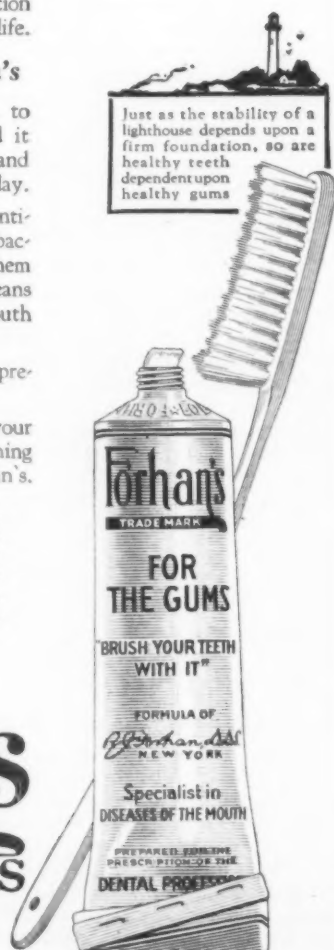
It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



HAVE you a round face and a sweet disposition? Then part your bob on one side, let it grow long enough to hold small, regular waves and you'll find it sets off your features to best advantage.



These Bobs Are New

Directions By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

DON'T bob your hair unless you're prepared to put thought and care into the upkeep. The frowsy casual bob is a last year's affair. This year the bob must conform to type, it must be incredibly neat, and it must take thought of the nape of the neck, and be cut "just so." Then, too, you must decide what type of wave goes with your type of bob—or whether you will have a wave at all



IF you are small and of the boyish type with regular features, you can part your hair in the center, you can have it cut very short in back, and you can even dare to brush a curly lock forward toward each cheek revealing just a wee edge of ear. But remember, never let a single lock get out of place

AGE has really nothing to do with bobbing your hair—if you're the right type. For instance, who could question the dignity of the bob at the right? The hair is not marcelled but waved in long, loose waves in front and molded close to the head. In back (see left, below) it is unwaved but brushed into a sort of swirl, and at the neckline cut quite short and pointed. The one touch of frivolity is in the becoming swirl over each ear



PERHAPS you have a long, thin face and wish to give it width? Then let your hair grow longer than in the other bobs shown on this page, part it on the side, and have it waved loosely both front and back. In this and every other case, keep your hair in the best condition



NEW YORK'S smartest women have their hair cut by the man who inspired these bobs. Are you still puzzled about your own hair? Then send us a description of yourself—figure, coloring, type of hair and features—and perhaps we can help you. We've also stored up a fund of good advice as to the care of bobbed hair—it has problems all its own. Nor is it too late to bring us your other difficulties, be they skin or hair or figure. If you want full advice on a number of subjects concerning beauty, send ten cents for our booklet, *A Little Book of Good Looks*. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

Good Manners Begin In The Cradle

BY EMILY POST

Author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage*

NOTHING is a greater mistake than to "wait until baby is older" to begin his training.

He should, when very little, be taught the essential manners at table. Like a little reflection in a mirror, he will imitate your chewing with your lips tight closed, and should be able, at the age of two and one-half, to sit at the big table and behave properly. Children should be taught that sitting at the big table is a ceremony that brings the punishment of banishment to one whose manners are found wanting.

It takes time, of course—not only time but tremendous patience; but remember, you cannot let a child's training "go for today." It will tumble out of sight like a ball bounding down hill.

Their training in little social affairs, too, should begin in early childhood.

Since children's parties are nearly always in celebration of a birthday, each guest usually brings a present—nothing of especial value, a trifling toy, a game, a book. And when you are planning to give a children's party, gifts of toys or favors should always be prepared as surprises for the guests, such as a Jack Horner pie, or a grab bag, or if it is a Christmas party, a gift from the tree. Children care very little what the gifts are but they love a "surprise package" of some sort. Their "supper table" is decorated with candies wrapped in motto papers, nuts gilded, crackers with snappers and caps inside, and supper invariably includes a piece of the birthday-cake and ice-cream.

It is necessary only to think of a children's party to see the picture of little ones arriving in best party clothes, each clutching a paper-wrapped package; each disposition clearly evident in the shy or reluctant or delightful gesture with which each proffers the gift he has brought and the inevitable sentence, "This is for you!"

The birthday child (usually prompted) says, "Oh, thank you!"

At the end of the party every child in taking his leave is taught to say, "Good-by, I've had a lovely time."

It is the living example of a parent's own behaviour that preaches the only real sermon to the heart and mind of a child. And the saying that "every great man had a good mother," is merely another way of putting the same axiom. We certainly hear a great deal about the troubles of parents in coping with the modern generation but children of today—little ones—are exactly the same material that they have always been; and if the parents of young girls who are "out of hand" would honestly search their memories, they would perhaps find they did not bother too much about keeping them in hand when little.

"In hand" does not mean in strict and unsympathetic control. It means treating them as reasoning beings; it means infinite love and unflinching patience to develop qualities of honor, proper pride and self-respect. When a child has been equipped with these weapons of defence, he or she is apt to be fairly safe—even today.

Many parents think that when they have provided food and shelter and clothing and sent their children to school; when they have said, "Don't Johnny!" or "Stop that, Mary!" and "I forbid you to

do this!" and "I order you to do that!" they have nothing with which to reproach themselves, when, in later years, John and Mary are uncontrollable strangers.

When this youngest set grows a little older and becomes the younger set of today, there are many disturbing questions of propriety—particularly disturbing to their more punctilious elders.

Despite the fact that the world merely revolves in cycles and that things are pretty much the same as they have always been, there is certainly a great deal of barrier-demolishing in the growing freedom and in the social relationship of young men and women.

In many ways it is a good thing. Certainly no one would want to go back to the descriptions of courtships as painted in the New England stories of Mary Wilkins, or to the sort of thing that existed in New York fashionable circles twenty-five years ago. Sunday afternoons, each gilded youth of Gotham in top hat, frock coat, boutonniere, and pearl-gray gloves, went to call on his "best girl," who received him dressed as though for a reception.

They sat at opposite ends of the "parlor" sofa, or on opposite sides of the fireplace and flirtatiously conversed. If a second admirer appeared the first one left, and the second took up the same artificial and yet lover-like conversation. A conversation was either about the parties they had been to or expected to go to, and there was much interlacing of compliments and flattering appreciations on the part of the youth and its arch acceptance on the part of the girl.

THOSE times are past. Today, young women are as frankly themselves with their men friends as with their girl friends and they all as a rule do things in groups. They play bridge or Mah-jong, and it is true they dance much—and on occasions, dangerously; but the trend is toward naturalness and a self-reliant capability on the part of Miss Modern America.

Though many older persons regret the passing of the chaperon, yet it is easily possible for a girl, both young and pretty, living entirely alone, to go out to parties, to have all the pleasures of another young girl and yet never meet with the least discourtesy or criticism. But such a girl has invulnerable self-respect.

There is the question, too, of what gifts a girl may receive. Until lately, the only gifts which a man might make to a properly brought-up girl, were flowers, candy or books. Today the list is large, and she accepts on her birthday or on Christmas, much the sort of things that are sent her by her girl friends; an ornament for her room, even a bangle or a charm if it is not of too great value—is permitted the modern girl by the strictest of modern mothers.

No gift can be much more extravagant than the frequent sending of flowers which the old-fashioned girl accepted as a matter of course. The modern girl—unless the youth has a fabulous fortune—would be sure to say, "Look here, Freddy, I don't want you to keep on sending me gardenias, it is much too extravagant!" And if she is engaged to him she will say, "You know we must save everything we can for housefurnishing!"



He should be taught, when very little, the essentials of table manners

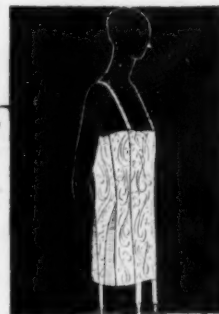


All beautiful women have one thing in common—

An intangible quality . . . some men call it smartness; others poise. All openly admire the woman who possesses it—the enviable charm of a graceful carriage. This beauty fundamental is not a matter of weight or size but depends largely upon a correctly designed figure-moulding garment.* A woman's health demands proper organic support yet her poise depends upon absolute comfort and freedom—only a perfect-fitting, garment gives both.

The H & W Corsette illustrated, G-5482, gives a youthful, unbroken symmetry to the average and full figure. Invisible boning gives flatness over abdomen. Exceptionally fine knit elastic gussets give firm restraint, yet are soft and pliable. Perfectly flat side opening. Made in a variety of materials retailing from \$5 to \$10. Other Corsettes \$1.50 up. Sold in all leading stores.

THE H & W COMPANY, INC., Newark, New Jersey



Corsettes · Girdles · Brassieres

FREE—A beautiful book you will enjoy

THE H. & W. COMPANY, INC., Newark, New Jersey
I should like to read the story of a young artist's adventures in New York Society, so please send me a free copy of "Behind Gilded Curtains"—your latest beautifully illustrated style book. M.

Name

Street and Number

Town and State

The secret of drapery beauty



The Bluebird can't fall hook-hanger makes Bluebirds so simple and easy to put up, and they stay up until you want them down.



YOU spend anxious thought and valuable time in arranging your curtains and draperies. You want them to keep the beauty you put into them—and they will when you hang them on Bluebird rods. Bluebird flat, extending curtain rods do not sag. They are made with the patented Bluebird stiffening ribs, an exclusive Bluebird feature that prevents sagging rods and wrinkled curtains. Another Bluebird feature is the can't-fall hook-hanger, which makes sure that no accidental jerk or pull will disarrange your curtains. Single, double, and triple rod styles in Bluebirds give you a choice of many beautiful curtain effects. Ask at your dealer's for Bluebird rods, either in rustless satin brass or beautiful white enamel, in sizes that extend to fit any window.

H. L. JUDD COMPANY
87 Chambers Street, New York, N. Y.

The patented stiffening ribs, found only in Bluebird curtain rods. This exclusive Bluebird feature is the greatest advance in curtain rod construction in recent years. Yet Bluebird rods cost no more than ordinary curtain rods.

"Bluebird" Curtain Rods

Flat, Extending, Rustless, Sagless



**"There's a Dinner—
to satisfy any Man!"**

The Boss Oven enables more than 2,000,000 housewives to serve deliciously baked foods every day in the year. Thorough ventilation permits the baking of different foods at the same time, quickly and without burning. The Boss keeps kitchen and disposition cool and pleasant.

Hardware, furniture and department stores have styles and sizes to meet every requirement. Insist upon getting the genuine, stamped with the name—BOSS OVEN.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY
Established 52 Years

2705 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Guaranteed"

to bake satisfactorily on all good oil, gas and gasoline stoves.

The original, glass door makes all bakings visible.

Provides advantages of an expensive range-oven at a fraction of the cost.

Asbestos lining saves fuel.

Glass door fully guaranteed.

BOSS OVEN

A Son of His Father

[Continued from page 7]

and they're tryin' to raise him on a bottle, which by the look of him is doin' no good at all. We raised my brother on a bottle—mother bein' so weakly—but Larry he took to cow's milk like a calf—he was that strong stomach and healthy. Your little one there is a beauty now isn't he? My—my—would you look at the fat little hands, and the roly-poly cheeks and legs of him, and how he's sleeping with his little self as full as he can hold! 'Tis a wonderful boy he is, ma'am, and all because you've so much to feed him."

The woman's face beamed. "My last two was twins."

"Twins! Glory be! But sure 'tis plain to see how easy it would be for you to feed two." She bowed her head over the baby in her arms. "There, there, you poor little hungry darlin'—with the mother that bore you cold in her coffin." Suddenly she looked straight into the other woman's eyes and in a low voice that was filled with pity and horror said slowly: "Tis plain starvin' to death he is, ma'am, no less." She paused an impressive moment—"And—" she added with a pleading smile which fairly glorified her countenance—"and you a mother with more than plenty for two."

Gently the woman laid her own sleeping child on the seat. Blushing with embarrassment because of the observing passengers she received the stranger's infant in her arms. The wailing cry died away in a queer little gurgling murmur.

The girl looked triumphantly around at the beaming faces of her fellow travelers—proud of this vindication of her faith in the goodness of human kind. "He'll be all right now," she said reassuringly. "Twas him that knew all the time what he wanted and had to have."

"God bless her dear heart," exclaimed a mother whose sons back home were in their college years. The man who had encouraged the rude remarks of the couple across the aisle wiped his eyes and blew his nose quite openly. The porter was one broad ebony smile of courteous attention. The swagger man, leaving his companion as if their affair had suddenly lost its flavor, paused on his way to the smoking compartment to offer the girl a stammering apology. Throughout the car there was a glow of friendliness, with low spoken words of admiration, for the young woman in the queer dress whose traveling bag was a "funny bundle."

WHEN the girl carried the now sleeping babe back to the father, she said: "If you please, sir, I'll just sit down and hold him a little. 'Tis easy to see that you're near worn out, and I do so love the feel of a baby in my arms."

The man made room for her on the seat facing him, and tried in his awkward way to thank her.

"My name is Crafts—Milton Crafts." "Thank you, sir, and mine is O'Shea—Miss Nora O'Shea."

Milton Crafts bobbed his head in polite acknowledgment of the introduction; and then for a few moments there was silence between them while they both looked out at the whirling landscape.

Presently, as if she would turn him from brooding over his bereavement, the girl said: "Tis a great country you have, sir—with your cities and farms and homes and factories back there in the East, and all this room out here for to build more of the same."

"It's big enough," he returned stolidly.

"And where might your home be, miss?"

"Where else but in Ireland?" she returned smiling. "'Twas in Kittywake, County Clare, that I was born, and there I lived, never leaving it for any place, until I started on my way to America where my home is to be, now, with my brother Larry—him that I raised as I was tellin' you."

"I live back there in Oreville," said the man simply. "I work in the mine."

"My brother Larry works on a ranch," she returned. "Our father was a teacher, and you can believe, sir, we was that poor we was often put to it to fill our stomachs with anything at all. But in everything save money, sir, we were rich. Father and

mother—God rest their souls—wedded for love, do you see, and against the wishes of mother's family—they belonging in a small way to the gentry—and so, afterwards, they would have nothing to do with us."

"Uh-huh, I don't know so much about your gentry, as you call 'em, over there, but if your mother's folks was anything like my wife's father, God help Ireland, I say."

"Amen to that, sir, and God help America if you have many such here, which I know you have not. 'Tis a wonderful land, sir, is America. My father used to tell us all about it. Many's the time we would say 'if only we could get to America, how happy we would be.'"

The man looked at her curiously—almost as if he suspected her of attempting a joke at his expense. "My wife took more after her mother—I'm going with her to Tucson now. Tucson was their home, you see, and her mother is buried there. I—"

"Tucson!—Is it Tucson you say? Why man that's where I am going myself—to be with my brother Larry—only Larry don't be in the town but on a big ranch, as you call it, somewhere near—Mr. Morgan's ranch it is. It's for him my brother works. Well, well and it's to Tucson that you are going now with—the little one!"

"Yes ma'am, Jake Zobetser,—he's my wife's father—is going to take the baby. My friends they all said it was best to let it go that way 'cause the little feller would have so much better chance with his granddad than he ever could with me. Jake, he's got all kinds of money. But I don't know—I wish I was sure I'm doin' right about it. It's kind of hard, sometimes, for a body to know just what is best, now, ain't it, miss?"

"Indeed, and indeed it is that. Many's the time I've been put to it to know which way I should turn—with the mother sick and Larry left for me to raise."

"Your father and mother ain't living now, I take it?"

"No sir, my father died of a fever when Larry was a lad, and mother went just before I left the old home to come to this country. 'Twas her that held me there so long. She was never well after Larry was born and that's how it comes I had to be mother as well as sister to the boy. Well then, after father's sickness and death, mother got to be clean helpless. Larry and I did our best—he working in the quarry and me doing what I could with my needle besides nursing mother and looking after the home—but our best wasn't much, sir. And so, you see, whenever things were going harder than usual we would just keep on dreamin' of America and wishin' we was there, where there's nothing like there is in Ireland to keep anyone down, and everybody can have enough to eat and a real home—if they're the kind that wants it."

Again the man looked at her with that curious, half suspicious expression. "I've heard that kind of talk before," he said at last, grimly.

But Nora O'Shea, in her enthusiasm, overlooked the meaning of his remark. "Tis no doubt you have, sir—and a grand thing it is to be said of any country. Well—and so, you see, when my brother Larry had a chance to come to America we said he must go. I stayed at home to take care of the mother but it was understood between us three that when the time came I was to go to Larry and make his home for him."

"Your brother got him a good job, did he?"

"Indeed, and he did that. Larry is that kind of a boy—as I raised him to be. He was a year in New York and one in Philadelphia, and all the time sending home the money to keep the mother and me. And then he met Mr. Morgan—it was in Philadelphia, that was—and Mr. Morgan took him back with him to Arizona and gave him a fine place on his big ranch—but maybe you know Mr. Morgan?"

"No, I ain't never seen him that I

A Son of His Father

know of. I've heard of the family though. It is one of the big pioneer ranches—Las Rosas, I think they call it. Jake Zobetser's got a place somewhere in that section of the country."

"That's it, sir—Las Rosas—that's it. Ah, but he's such a fine American gentleman, is Mr. Morgan! And that good to Larry and our mother and me—you could hardly believe. Larry's letters were full of him. It was from Mr. Morgan, you see, sir, that my brother got all the money we had to have when mother was nearing the end. It came just in time, too, thank God! And there was plenty to help her to go in comfort and to make a decent funeral such as she had a right to—with enough left to bring me to America. So here I am, where I've so long wished and prayed to be—and all because of Mr. Morgan being such a grand man, and that good."

"You're aiming to live at the ranch with your brother, are you?"

"As to that, I don't know. But Larry will have it all arranged. There was no time, you see, for me to get a letter from him; because the minute I was free to come I was in no mind to wait. But, however it is, we'll have a grand little home of our own somewhere—just like we've always dreamed about. Will you be stopping in Tucson, sir? I would be proud for you to meet my brother."

"No, I'll have to be on my way back to my job, by this time tomorrow. With them doctor bills waitin' and a lot of other things to pay yet, I got to be hittin' the ball. I wouldn't live in the same town with Jake Zobetser, no how. I wish I knew it was goin' to be all right for the boy."

"There now, there now, don't you be a-worryin' yourself sick about crossing bridges that are not even built yet. 'Tis natural that there should be a thistle here and there amongst the clover, but bad as some folks may be and cold hearted and all, there's good in them yet, just as there's good in everybody if only it can be got at."

"You expectin' your brother to meet you in Tucson, are you?"

"Indeed and I am. Larry will be at the station sure. I sent him a letter that I was coming."

"That's fine—you'll be mighty glad to see each other again, I reckon."

"Indeed, sir, I'm that happy I can hardly hold myself." She bent her head low over the baby in her arms so that the man might not see the tears of gladness which she could not control.

THE never-tiring shuttle flung onward through the darkness of the night, carrying the human threads for its weaving. And so, at last, under the brilliant Arizona stars, they labored up the heavy grade to the summit of Dragoon Pass, thundered down the other side, roared across the San Pedro Valley, climbed again to the higher levels between the Whetstones and the Rincons and, sliding easily down the long slopes into the mountain-rimmed valley of the Santa Cruz, stopped in Tucson.

Except for the Irish girl and the man with the baby, the tourist car passengers were long since in their berths. The porter, carrying the man's suitcase and Nora's bundle, led them down the dim, curtained aisle and out into the night. With a sincere, if awkward, expression of gratitude and a quick goodbye which the girl scarcely heard, Crafts, with the baby in his arm, hurried away toward a man and a woman who were coming slowly to meet him.

Eagerly, anxiously, Nora O'Shea scanned the faces of the few people who, at that late hour, were at the depot. Taking her bundle, she went a little way toward the waiting-room, then paused to look questioningly about.

A group of passengers from the Pullman cars made their way to waiting taxicabs and hotel busses. The conductor and train men exchanged greetings with the relieving crew and went away to their homes. Men in overalls inspected the wheels, iced the water tanks, and groomed the overland for the continuation of her

run to the coast. Presently the new conductor signalled, the porters climbed aboard, and the train started. Trainmen swung on to the steps, vestibule doors were banged shut, the rear lights twinkled a moment and vanished around the curve beyond the Sixth Avenue crossing tower. The men with the express and baggage trucks pushed them into the buildings and shut and locked the heavy doors. The scene, save for an old Indian who sat on the ground with his back to the depot wall, and the young woman in the queer dress with her funny looking bundle, was deserted.

EVERYWHERE in Arizona, the old and the new stand hand in hand—Past and Present are intimate. Side by side with all that is modern, one may see the mysterious ancient out of which the modern has come.

The builders of our concrete highways, through the greasewood and cacti of the desert, drive their giant tractors over the petrified trunks of forest monarchs that flourished here eons before the plans were drawn for the oldest pyramid in Egypt. Searchers for the materials demanded by manufacturers of our latest inventions find, embalmed by nature's processes and hidden in their mountain tombs, monstrous creatures that lived remote ages before the beginning of life as we know it. Where get-rich-quick development artists build their pasteboard and plaster bungalows one may find traces of a people who built here so many ages ago that no scientist is daring enough to name the century of their activities. No one knows when the old Pueblo, which in the time of our pioneers became Tucson, was first established. We do know, however, that when Manhattan Island was mostly swamps and marshes—when the site of Philadelphia was an unmaped wilderness and the prairies of Chicago were an unexplored region—Tucson was a walled city.

The Tucson of today, in the heart of this old, old land, is a city of fathers and sons. The fathers, with their ox teams, stage coaches and Indian wars, laid here the foundation upon which they hoped their sons would build a civilization worthy of the race. And the sons are building.

With feverish activity they are putting down pavements, putting up electric lights, putting down gas and water pipes, putting up real estate signs, putting down more city wells, and extending the city limits to include new additions of the surrounding desert. With a fine contempt for the past they have destroyed the ancient wall, demolished many of the picturesque adobe structures of history, renamed the century-old streets, converted the beautiful old Saint Augustine church into an unsightly garage and erected dance halls where, within the shadow of a heroic past, their sons and daughters may have all the modern advantages of a thorough education in jazz. On the very spot where men died to save their wives and children from the knives of the painted savages, and women fought and endured beside their men, the grandchildren of those courageous souls hold petting parties and are bold only in their indecencies.

It is not strange, when you think of it, that the fathers should sometimes speak of the old days with a note of regret. It is not to be wondered at if they sometimes view the trend of their sons' improvements with dubious eyes.

In this land of the old and new this girl from far across the sea found herself unexpectedly alone. She could scarcely grasp the truth that her brother Larry had failed to meet her. Every hour of the long voyage—every hour of the long days on the train—she had looked forward to that moment of her arrival in Tucson and to her meeting with the boy to whom she was, as she said: "both sister and mother." Save for Larry there was no one in the world to whom she could go. Her devoted heart, aching with the grief of her mother's death and burdened with the sadness of those last days in her old home, wanted the comfort of his love. When the [Turn to page 66]



The thrill of a health-cleaned home

EVERY woman knows the joy and relief of a house just cleaned and in order. But this satisfaction is twice as keen to the modern housewife whose work is not a mere surface soap-and-water removal of dust, but a health-cleaning that purifies her home of the invisible germs which daily threaten the health and safety of her family.

It protects your family from disease

THIS highly important health-cleaning entails no additional work or trouble, requires no extra energy. One very simple operation accomplishes it. Just put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water every time you clean.

Health authorities will tell you that to reduce the danger of illness, your home must be kept purified of the myriad of tiny germs that abound everywhere. These germs do not linger long in the air. They alight on all surfaces. They are to be found on your tables, chair arms, door knobs, door jams, bannisters—a hundred danger-spots where hands, big and little, may rest.

You must destroy these germs if you would protect your family from them. Soap-and-water is insufficient

to kill them, but the magic drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant destroy them instantly.

"Lysol" has three valuable properties that make it indispensable to the modern housewife. 1. It deodorizes. Your home is left sweet and fresh. 2. It purifies. 3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.

Never be without "Lysol" for your daily cleaning. Put it in your cleaning water—a tablespoonful to a quart—every time you clean. Thus your home is kept safe to guard the precious health of your family.

New facts about health in this free Health Library

THE "Lysol" Health Library is a set of three pocket booklets, containing the latest suggestions of health authorities for protecting the health and prolonging the lives of yourself and your family.

One contains important information on "Health Safe-guards in the Home." Another is for women, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty." The third is a valuable manual, "When Baby Comes." Just mail the coupon below for a free set.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 Greenwich St., New York City. Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK INC., New York. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.



THE MAGIC DROPS Just a few drops of "Lysol" in the water whenever you clean, transform mere surface cleaning to health cleaning. No extra work or trouble.

Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK INC. Sole Distributors
Dept. H 25 635 GREENWICH STREET.
NEW YORK CITY

Please mail me a free set of your Library of Health.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



Now a new way to Remove Cold Cream

FOR years stage stars have known this secret of clear, radiant complexions. It is part of their stock-in-trade. Who ever saw an actress whose skin had infections, blackheads, pimples? Yet actresses make-up several times a day. Their skin is constantly exposed to hard use—yet remains charming.

Now you, too, may know this secret of famous stage beauties. It is simply the use of Kleenex in removing cold

cream and cosmetics each night. This soft velvety absorbent is made of Cellucotton.

Towels often cause infections; they are expensive. Kleenex, at all drug and department stores, costs but 25c. A box contains about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 in.) and lasts about a month. Use it once, throw it away. It's cheaper, better, safer. Beauty experts advise its use.

Today get a box of Kleenex and find out why it's so popular.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover



SAPOLIO

CLEANS
PAINTED WOODWORK

For cleaning tile, marble, and linoleum use Sapolio.
No disagreeable dust or odor.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c for full size cake to
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., 409 West St., New York



A Son of His Father

[Continued from page 65]

careless indifference of her fellow travelers had magnified her loneliness, she had found strength in the joy of her anticipated companionship with him. When the strangeness of the new, wild land had oppressed her with a sense of fear, she had found courage in the thought that she was going to Larry, and that with him she could not be afraid.

She would not leave the depot. Certainly, she could have found a hotel; but what if Larry should come for her and find her gone? No, no, she had written Larry to meet her at the train. She must wait right there until he came. Every moment she watched for him. Every moment she expected him. She saw the stars in the East grow dim as the sky back of the dark hills was lit with the coming dawn. She watched the shadowy bulk of the mountains taking form. The gray of the sky changed to gold and crimson and blue. The sun leaped above the hill tops. Purple shadows filled the canyons. The world was flooded with light and color.

The morning brought a stir of life about the depot. Nora asked and learned that there would be another train from the East during the forenoon. Perhaps Larry had thought that would be her train. She had her breakfast at a little restaurant across the street, and ate with her eyes on the depot entrance, lest Larry should come and not find her there. A crowd of people assembled. There was the usual train-time activity. The train arrived and went on its way. The crowd dispersed. There would be still another train from the East in the afternoon. She must wait.

Many of the people—as she watched them come and go—Indians, Mexicans, Chinamen, Japanese—appeared strange, indeed, to this Irish girl who had never before been away from the place where she was born. The mountains that on every side lift blue peaks above canyons and foothills and desert—the feeling of vast space—the very quality of the atmosphere—impressed her with a sense of wonder and awe. The curious desert plants in the depot grounds filled her with amazement. And, surely nothing could be more unlike her Irish home than this quaint, old-new city in a land which to her was all so strange. For Nora O'Shea, at least, Tucson was a place of mystery—a wonder-place of queer people who must, she imagined, do dark deeds and know strange delights. Beyond a doubt, danger lurked in those crooked streets, wild adventure waited. If only Larry would come!

WHILE the Irish girl was waiting for her brother Larry through the lonely hours of that day, Max Drayton, one of the Tucson fathers, was entertaining a visitor at the Old Pueblo Club. Solid and substantial both in physique and character, Max, in his western way, is a philosopher—which is to say, he believes in men as a whole the while he watches individuals with studious care. His judgments are invariably based upon a broad human charity—his observations are pointed with a rare humor. Drayton's guest was an author. The two local papers agreed that he was famous, and implied, at least, that if the distinguished visitor were not already the dean of American letters he was in line for that honor.

The distinguished stranger looked about at the very modern and really excellent appointments of the Old Pueblo Club with a faintly concealed air of disappointment. "Really, you know, I am surprised."

There was an understanding twinkle in Drayton's shrewd eyes.

The writer continued: "This is all—well—it is not exactly what one expects to find in Arizona, you know."

"It's a pretty good little club."

"And your hotels, too?"

"Hotels? What's the matter with our hotels?"

"Matter with them? Nothing, nothing at all, I assure you. It is only that I was not looking for exactly this sort of

thing—you understand."

"Oh, I see. This is your first trip to Arizona, is it?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of the movies?"

The author, not being familiar with Drayton's mental processes, waited a blank moment before answering: "The movies? Well, I can't say that I consider the motion pictures to have reached a very high state of development from the standpoint of pure art, as yet, but they certainly are very instructive. From an educational standpoint their value is tremendous."

"I guess you're right."

Drayton's guest continued: "I confess I never miss one of those wild western things."

The man, who had lived so many wild western years, smiled, as one who finds his opinion justified.

Gazing across the table at his gray haired host with an eagerness that was both flattering and sincere the author said: "I can't tell you, Mr. Drayton, how happy I am to have this opportunity of talking with you. For a long time I have wanted to write a novel of the West—one of those stirring, red-blooded stories of real life, you know."

"Is that so? And you've come to Tucson for your material, have you?"

"Frankly, I have. I find—" he waved his hand in a comprehensive gesture.

Max Drayton chuckled.

The writer smiled ruefully. "I confess: when I stepped off the train I expected to see cowboys standing around, wearing guns and big hats and high heeled boots with spurs and those fringed legging things made of leather, you know. I've been here three days and haven't seen but two people on horse back—a man and woman—and they wore English riding breeches and rode English saddles."

Drayton laughed so at this that the University president who was sitting at a neighboring table, smiled in sympathy.

"Seriously, Mr. Drayton," said the author—evidently anxious for the red-blood he had come so far to find—"where would one go to see the real West?"

"Right here, of course," came the proud and ready answer. "We're just as far West as we ever were."

"But surely, Tucson wasn't always like this."

"Like this! Well, I should say not. But for that matter, neither was New York always like it is today. It's still New York, though. If you don't believe it, you just ask some old timer there and see how quickly he'll set you right."

Max Drayton's manner was, at times a little gruff—verging even on the aggressive. The seeker for red-blood murmured a 'beg pardon' which Max did not even hear. "The fact of the matter is," he was saying, "Arizona is just as much the real West as it was in the days you're thinking about. You haven't caught up with us, that's all—you're too slow. I am not so sure," he added thoughtfully, "that Arizona has caught up with herself—yet."

It was the Eastern man's turn to smile.

"You people in the East," Drayton continued, "are still thinking of us here in the West as we used to be in the old days when every man wore a gun just as natural as he wore his pants. But you don't think of Ohio and Kentucky and Pennsylvania that way. And yet, when the pioneers first went into those states guns were just as common to them as they ever were to us out here. Talk about being wild and woolly! Why I don't reckon there ever was a place that was wilder than Massachusetts was about the time the pilgrim fathers were packing their shooting irons to church and prayer meeting. The only real difference between the East and the West is that we, out here, are living a little closer to the pioneers. We haven't got so far from where we started as you folks have, that's all. But we're a-travelin', my friend—we're sure travelin'. The thing that's interesting a lot of us old timers is: while we're sheddin' our wild and woolly ways, and getting shut of our guns, are we throwing away a lot [Turn to page 69]

How to use

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

-and Valspar in Colors

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR VARNISH-STAIN

- CLEAR VALSPAR
- LIGHT OAK VALSPAR
- DARK OAK VALSPAR
- WALNUT VALSPAR
- MAHOGANY VALSPAR
- CHERRY VALSPAR
- GREEN VALSPAR
- GROUND COLOR VALSPAR

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR ENAMEL

- VERMILION VALSPAR
- LIGHT RED VALSPAR
- DEEP RED VALSPAR
- IVORY VALSPAR
- BRIGHT YELLOW VALSPAR
- GRAY VALSPAR
- MEDIUM GREEN VALSPAR
- DEEP GREEN VALSPAR
- BROWN VALSPAR
- LIGHT BLUE VALSPAR
- MEDIUM BLUE VALSPAR
- DEEP BLUE VALSPAR

Also White, Black, Aluminum, and Flat Black Valspar

Price 15 cents.

Valspar—which color do you want?

Perhaps you've some old furniture you want to renew. Or maybe you're planning to change the color scheme of your room. No matter what color you need, Valspar has it!

Valspar Varnish-Stains. Look at the chart at the left. There you have Valspar in beautiful transparent colors. Valspar Varnish-Stains are made of Valspar Varnish combined with permanent, non-fading colors to give natural wood effects, such as Light or Dark Oak, Cherry, etc.

You stain and Valspar with one stroke of the brush, thereby doing away with the old method of staining and varnishing separately. Valspar Varnish-Stains bring out all the beauty of the grain in the wood. Having all of Valspar's durability, they can be used for all work outdoors as well as indoors.

Valspar-Enamels—shown on the chart at the right. Valspar-Enamels combine all of Valspar's water-proof, wear-proof and weather-proof qualities with beautiful, opaque colors. They are applied like paint, covering wood or metal surfaces with a solid color just like paint—and have the added advantages of Valspar's brilliant lustre and durability. They may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish, if desired.

Send in the coupon—today—for samples of Valspar and Valspar in Colors. Be sure to send for the Valspar book which gives a hundred practical suggestions for using Valspar — indoors or out.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
Your Name.....
Address..... City.....

Clear Valspar ☐
Varnish-Stain ☐
Choose 1 Color.....
Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color.....
Valspar Book ☐

M.C. 4-25

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

The Safeguard to

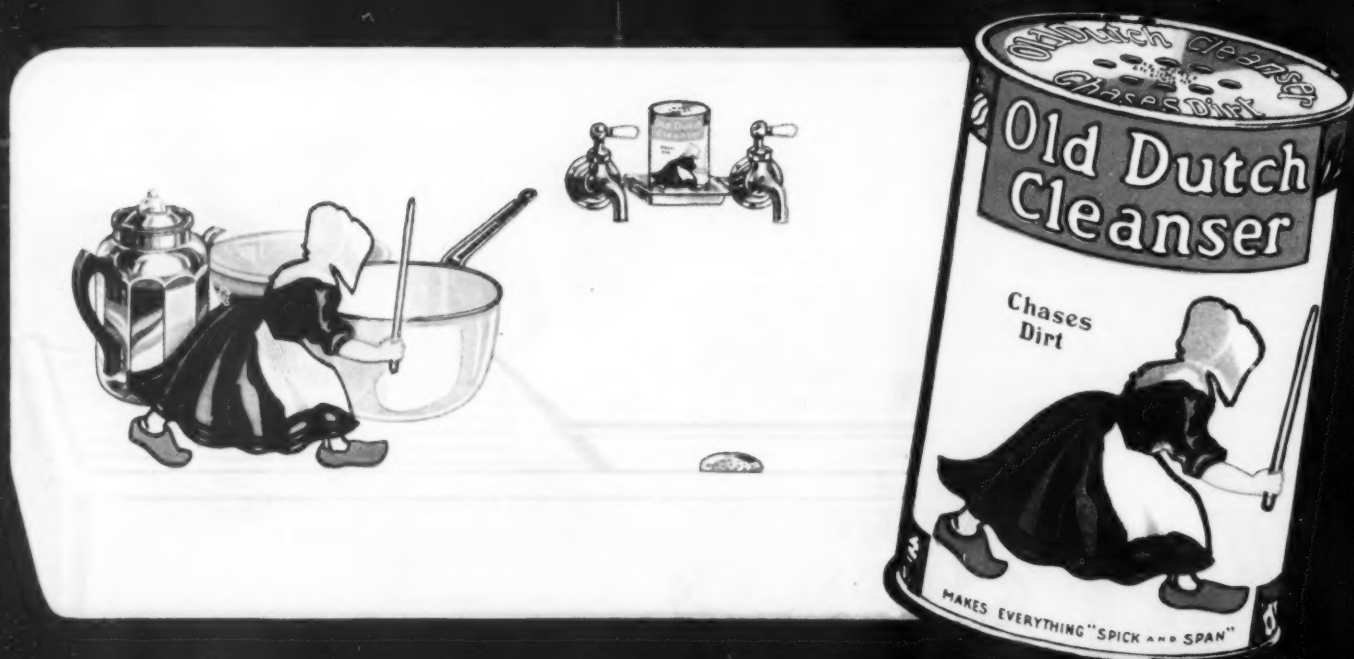
Healthful Cleanliness

You don't prepare food in the sink; but that's where you keep clean the things you do prepare food in. A clean sink is necessary to *healthful cleanliness*.

Old Dutch Cleanser removes all the dirt, grease and stains and the invisible impurities as well; laboratory tests show that surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are really hygienically clean. It doesn't make scratches which easily collect and hold impurities; it erases dirt.

Old Dutch looks like a fine powder; under a microscope you'd see fine, flat, flaky particles; they make a perfect contact with the surface to be cleaned, instead of scratching their way across it. An extraordinary natural detergent, unlike anything else; thorough, efficient; cleans easily, quickly, economically; *healthful cleanliness*.

Old Dutch goes farther, cleans quicker, lasts longer.



A Son of His Father

(Continued from page 66)

of things with 'em that we ought to hang on to?

"I mean, that in those days when we were pulling all that motion picture stuff that you call the real West, and that you're planning to make your story out of, we had a lot of ideas that would be mighty good for us to have right now."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You take even our gamblers—the old time professionals, I mean—they had mighty well set standards of honor and decency and fair play that they lived up to and sometimes died for. The old-time, wide-open, gambling days are gone—and we're all glad of it—but I'm telling you, sir, it wouldn't do us a bit of harm if a lot of our young business men of these days had some of the old style gambling standards of honor and decency and fair play, and had 'em strong enough to die for 'em—if it was necessary."

"Oh, I see."

"Sure! And you take the spirit of brotherliness and neighborliness now: Why in the old days we were just like one big family. By Ned! we had to be. Some black sheep, of course, like every family has; but if anybody was in trouble of any kind everybody was right there ready to help. Now, we're all so split up into clubs and circles and cliques and clans that you dassn't say 'good morning' to your next door neighbor, unless you've got the right pass word. I tell you, sir, a man could starve to death right here in Tucson before these young organizers could untangle enough red tape to find out what was the matter with him."

The author—he was really an understanding writer—silently nodded assent. Drayton continued: "There's another thing: Men used to be more certain—whether they were good or bad, friends or enemies, you knew where to find 'em; and you could gamble on finding 'em right there all the time. Today, nobody knows where anybody stands on anything; and, mostly, by the time you find out where a man is he ain't there at all. Do you see what I mean?"

"Indeed, I do." Then the author harked back on his trail for blood: "But Mr. Drayton, is there not, here and there in Arizona, a good bit of the—the old color left?"

"Sure—that's what I say; we're still so close to the pioneer days we haven't shed quite all of it yet. There's plenty right here in Tucson."

"Here?"

Max's eyes twinkled. "Sure, right here."

"Could I—would you?"

Max looked around. Through the wide arch of the club dining room entrance they could see the lounging room with the library and reading room beyond. "Do you see that man over there by the window?"

"The portly old gentleman—reading?"

"That's the one—that's Colonel Brandonwell. Brand was a scout during the Civil War—up in Colorado and Wyoming. He came to Arizona along in the seventies and was Deputy United States Marshal in Tombstone. Brand has fought Indians and outlaws all over this Southwest."

The author—gazing at the gray haired, well rounded, perfectly groomed, benevolent looking gentleman in the easy chair—murmured a polite something and Max continued: "Take a look at the pair with their heads together over in the corner."

"You mean the small man and the professor-looking gentleman?"

Max laughed. "They're the ones—the smaller is Ned Hale—the professor gentleman, as you call him, is Charlie Baylong. They are both the sort you read about and see in the movies—went all through the Indian troubles when Geronimo was staging his red-blood stunts. They were in the cast, too, when the Apache Kid was putting on his famous motion picture raids. Charlie, he's vice president of one of our banks now, and a pillar in the Presbyterian church. And look—that's Fred Herrington, just coming in. He is another of our wild and

woolly ones."

"Surely not that distinguished looking gentleman," protested the author. "Why he looks like one of our prominent Philadelphia lawyers!"

"Is that so? Well, don't make any mistakes—Fred is a lawyer all right but he's one of the old timers too. Ask our club secretary, George Crider, that kindly, even spoken gentleman you met when we came in—he's another who has lived through more red-blood stories than ever you'll write. And there's a lot more about town, too. But most of them have passed on—Bob Leatherwood—Cap Burgess—Bill Cody and—"

"Buffalo Bill?"

"Sure—he was a member of the Old Pueblo Club. They're going fast, though—these last two or three years." Drayton's voice dropped and for the moment he seemed to lose himself in the memories awakened by his guest's interest in the men of the West.

"But—but, Mr. Drayton—these men that you point out are all retired."

"Is that so? Huh! maybe we're in the process of being retired, but there's quite a bunch of us sticking around, yet—watchin' for what's likely to happen to the boys that have just climbed into their saddles. You see, all of us old timers know mighty well what Arizona was—but God Almighty only knows what Arizona is going to be when this generation gets through with it."

The author was distinctly conscious of a thrill. He was disappointed in not finding the exact shade of crimson he sought but, still—still—there seemed to be something—"I suppose—" he began, and paused. Max was gazing intently at a young man who at that moment entered the club, and the writer noticed on his host's kindly face an expression of peculiar interest. Turning his head, he also looked at the man who was greeted by nearly everyone in the room.

In years, he was somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, but with a decidedly boyish look on his smooth, deeply tanned face. Standing well over six feet, his back was straight, his shoulders broad, and he bore himself with that air of strength and confidence best described by the good and familiar "ready for either a fight or a frolic." It was not at all difficult to guess that he was a great favorite among his fellows.

The author looked again at his host's face and saw the fondness and pride which the philosopher was at no pains to hide. But back of the fondness—or, perhaps, because of it—there seemed to be a troubled question.

The old pioneer spoke slowly: "You say you want to see a real, live, honest-to-goodness cowman? Well, there he is."

"What! Where? You don't mean the big chap in the good looking gray clothes—why, he looks more like a college athlete."

Drayton chuckled. "Well, as a matter of fact, he is—but don't fool yourself, he's a cowman too. I've seen him ride broncs that had piled the best of them, and as for roping—even the Mexican vaqueros have had to hand it to him more than once."

The author caught his breath. "Broncs"—"Ropes"—"Vaqueros"—the color—the precious color! For the moment he saw that university-looking young man through a—to put it mildly—pink haze. Then he spoke in an awed whisper: "Who is he?"

Drayton, whose mind seemed, now, somewhat preoccupied and disturbed, answered mechanically: "Jack Morgan—Big Boy Morgan, we all call him."

"And do you mean it—is he a real cowboy, or are you spoofing me?"

Max returned to his guest and to his duty. "Real! I'll say he's real. He's not exactly a cowboy, though. But as for that, there's not a puncher in the Southwest that can show him anything. He is the owner of Las Rosas—one of the biggest ranches in Arizona."

At this, the author was excited, indeed. Who could say?—there might still be a chance to save his novel of Arizona life from the wreck of things. With admirable self control he [Turn to page 70]



—and really, it's no work at all, this new, easy way—

"Did you really have a good time at my little party last night? I've just finished touching up the floors after the dancing. No, it isn't any trouble at all—only took me twenty minutes."

"My floors were a sight when the children went back to school. They had danced all over the house and I was almost discouraged. Then one day I read about the new, easy Johnson method and decided to try it. Now my floor troubles are over! And it's so easy and clean. No mess—no rags or pails—no soiled hands. Why, you don't even have to stoop."

"And, best of all, it's the most economical floor treatment I know. You just get a Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit which includes the Liquid Wax—a lambs-wool mop for applying it and a Weighted Brush for polishing. That's all you need."

"First you pour a little of the Liquid Wax onto the lambs-wool mop—a few gliding strokes and the wax is on the floor. Then a few minutes of brisk polishing with the Weighted Brush—and the floor is transformed!"

"Since I started waxing my floors they require only about half the care. Ordinary dry dusting keeps them immaculate. You see, the wax finish is so hard and dry that dirt and dust can't work in—it just lays lightly on the surface and dusts off clean."

"And I've gotten rid of those ugly spots in the doorways and corridors! I just re-wax these places when they start to show wear. It isn't necessary to wax the whole floor—just touch up the traffic spots."

"The book claims this treatment will eliminate expensive refinishing. So Jack says all we save on floor finishing I can have to spend for new rugs and furniture."

"Yes, do try it! I know you'll never be sorry."

\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit, \$5.00



It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum. This Outfit Consists of:

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax..... | \$1.40 |
| 1 Johnson's Lambs-wool Wax Mop..... | 1.50 |
| 1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush..... | 3.50 |
| 1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying..... | .25 |
| Total..... | \$6.65 |

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with a Johnson \$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.00—it means a saving of \$1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit—write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON - Dept. M.C. 4 - Racine, Wis.
 "The Wood Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



Patching Plaster

that fills holes and cracks easily and permanently

RUTLAND Patching Plaster comes ready to use, in handy cartons like prepared flour. You just add water and apply. It's quick and handy.

Unlike Plaster of Paris, it will not shrink. It does not dry or "set" instantly—hence it is easy for anyone to use. The patch does not crack, crumble, or fall out. It is permanent. And you can paint or paper over it without shellacking—the patch will not "spot" through. Has many other uses—repairing stucco walls, pointing brick work, etc.

Paint, wall-paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon below. Send no money. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c. plus postage, upon delivery.

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
Dept. G-2, Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland Patching Plaster

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
Dept. G-2, Rutland, Vt.
Send by mail, collect, a 2½ lb. carton of Rutland Patching Plaster. I give my dealer's name below.

Name
Address
Dealer's Name



A varnished floor never wears out. The best way to preserve the wood and to keep your floors bright and easy to clean the year through is to varnish them with

FIXALL

Will not check, crack or turn white. Not affected by water. Easy to apply. Dries over night.

Fixall Varnish and Enamels also offer you an easy way to decorate woodwork and furniture. Send for free booklet or send 25-cents and we will include stencil for chairs, tables or dressers.

LOUISVILLE VARNISH CO.
1404 Maple St., Louisville, Ky.

A Son of His Father

(Continued from page 69)

managed to ask: "Is this ranch near Tucson?"

"About sixty miles south and west, on the other side of the Serritas, in the Arivaca country, down near the Mexican line."

The author breathed a long sigh of relief. This certainly was more like it. "You can't imagine how interesting this is, Mr. Drayton. Do you mind telling me more?"

"About Big Boy Morgan, do you mean?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

Drayton looked thoughtfully toward Morgan who was the center of a little group of men. "There is not much to tell," he said slowly—then he added as an afterthought: "yet."

"He was born here in Arizona, was he?" prompted the author.

"Oh, sure—born right there at Las Rosas, and went to school and the university here in Tucson. He's never been out of the state, so far as I know, except a few trips to California, and one visit back East last year to Philadelphia."

As he spoke the concluding words of his summary, Drayton's voice was unconsciously lowered and his speech slowed down while his eyes turned once more toward the subject of his remarks.

The author murmured suggestively: "Philadelphia?"

Max Drayton looked straight into the eyes of his guest with a directness that was, to the other, a little disconcerting.

"My home is in Philadelphia, you know," the writer said apologetically.

"Is that so?" But still the man of Arizona held him with that steady gaze. "Do you know the Grays, there?"

The eyebrows of the writer went up. "The Charles Lighton Grays?"

"Yes."

"I know of them, certainly—one of our finest, and most exclusive, old families."

"Morgan's father and old man Gray were great friends. There is a son, Charlie, about Morgan's age. Big Boy was visiting them."

Again the author's brain was in a whirl. This Arizona cowboy a guest of the Philadelphia Grays! He ventured another lead: "That must have been an interesting experience for your friend, Morgan."

Max Drayton drew a little back from the table, and the author felt as though the western man had gently but firmly closed a door, marked "private," in his face. "Big Boy's father, John Morgan, came out here the same year I did," said Max, in the manner of one relating a bit of authentic history. "We were both kids then, and we grew up together, along with two or three others who are still living here in Tucson. When John married—she was an Arizona girl, Molly Grayham, from over in the Fort Grant country—he located at Arivaca and started Las Rosas."

"Running a cow ranch in those days wasn't exactly play, as you can imagine. With the Apaches out you never knew when, raiders from south of the border, rustlers from everywhere, and all kinds of outlaws happening around between times, it took men like John Morgan to live through it. And it took women like Molly to keep up the woman's end, too. But they pulled it through somehow—she right there on the job with him every minute. Lord, I wonder what some of our jazzing, petting, painted, frizzled, and bare-legged girls, now-a-days, would think of Molly. Why, one time when the Apaches had them corralled in the ranch house, and was fixin' to wipe out the whole outfit, Molly sneaked out in the night, found a horse, and rode clean to Tucson for help. And, believe me, we made mighty good Indians out of what John and his cowboys had left of the bunch before we finished with 'em, that trip, too."

"Well, things got quieted down after a while and it wasn't so bad. And after their baby, Big Boy, was born, John and Molly settled down to developing Las Rosas in earnest. John didn't give

all of himself to his own business either. There wasn't a big constructive problem in the territory that he didn't have a hand in working out. We'd a made him governor when the territory was admitted to statehood if he'd a let us."

"Take him all 'round, John Morgan was the whitest, squarest, biggest hearted, bravest man I have ever known—and I've known a few good ones in my time, at that. Some said there was a streak of recklessness in his make-up that made him unsafe, and I guess maybe they were right about the reckless part. He'd take a chance quicker than any human being I ever saw, and you could see he loved it. But, by Ned! he just naturally had to be that way or he never could a done what he did. For that matter, we were all of us taking chances all the time in those days—all Arizona was a chance. If this country was ever to amount to anything somebody had to be reckless. As for John Morgan being unsafe—that depends—he was the unsafest man in the world—for some people."

"When John died, Molly followed him about a month later. They left everything to Big Boy."

Once more the pioneer's gaze was turned thoughtfully toward the young master of Las Rosas.

The author, watching his host's face, asked the natural question: "Is the son like his father?"

Max Drayton's eyes were still fixed upon Big Boy Morgan as he answered slowly: "Yes, sir, he is—he's like his dad in everything—looks and all." He hesitated then: "Even to that streak of recklessness. But—" he finished with sudden energy—"I'm here to tell you, sir, that these times are a lot different."

At this moment, Morgan, who had seen his father's old friend, broke away from the group of men with whom he had been laughing and talking, and, responding to Drayton's signal, came over to Max and the distinguished author. No greeting could have been more hearty than his: "Hello, Uncle Max!" while the words were accompanied by a smile as warm as his hand clasp was strong and sincere. His friends had already informed him as to Drayton's guest and when he was introduced to the stranger he was courteous but rather more reserved than was necessary.

"How is everything in town, Uncle Max?"

"Fine, son—far as I know. The organizers are now organizing an organization of the organizations, which I guess is a good thing—if it works. At any rate, it keeps everybody busy. Sit down and help me give this man some color for a wild west novel." He signaled to a waiter.

Big Boy dropped into a chair, smiled cordially at the author, and said to the man in the white jacket: "Just a sandwich and a cup of coffee, Taylor."

"You must be in a hurry," commented Drayton, regarding the young man with fatherly interest.

"I am."

"What's doing at Las Rosas, these days?"

"We're mighty busy right now, Uncle Max—have been, in fact, for the past two months." Then he added lightly but as one who feels compelled to tell something of which he is reluctant to speak: "I'm tallying cattle."

For a long moment the gray haired pioneer said nothing. The author felt something beneath the surface of his host's manner and, with uncommon good sense, did not break the silence. Then Drayton spoke gently: "What's the big idea in tallying your cattle, Jack?"

"Oh, just sort of curious to know where I really stand, that's all."

The author could not miss the opportunity: "May I ask what you mean by tallying cattle, Mr. Morgan?"

"Counting them," the ranch man answered briefly and turned back to Drayton. "I'm working short handed at that."

The author tried again: "How many cows have you to count?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," answered Morgan kindly. And again to

5-Room \$498 ALADDIN

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

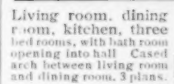


6-Room \$648 ALADDIN



Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, 4 other plans, some with pantries and dining alcoves. Get Free Aladdin Catalog.

7-Room \$799 ALADDIN



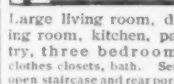
Living room, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, with bath room opening into hall. Cased arch between living room and dining room, 3 plans.

7-Room \$825 ALADDIN



Story and a half semi-detached, with second floor available for two bedrooms. Two excellent floor plan arrangements are shown in Free Catalog.

7-Room \$998 ALADDIN



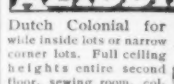
Large living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry, three bedrooms, clothes closets, bath. Semi-open staircase and rear porch. Four bedroom plan at same price.

7-Room \$1,199 ALADDIN



Dutch Colonial with full ceilings first and second floors, 14x22 living room, large dining room, large kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bath, linen and clothes closets.

12-Room \$1,775 ALADDIN



Dutch Colonial for wide inside lots or narrow corner lots. Full ceiling heights entire second floor, sewing room, coal closet, front entrance.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 767.

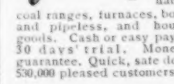
The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

Easy to Hang Pictures
You can beautify every room without injuring walls, by using
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads - Steel Points
For Heavier Pictures. Use
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
10c pkts. EVERYWHERE
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE! NEW MONEY SAVING BOOK



RANGES Buy direct from factory! Save 14 to 12 on your stove, range or furnace. Take advantage of the biggest SALE in our 25 years. Kalamazoo quality is the highest; prices are at bedrock. This is the year to buy. Send for our big, new catalog—it's full of new ideas, new features, new models. 200 bargains in heating stoves, gas ranges, combination ranges.



FURNACES coal ranges, furnaces, both pipe and pipeless, and household models. Cash or easy payments. \$50 days' trial. Money-back guarantee. Quick, safe delivery. 530,000 pleased customers.



Write today for Your FREE Book Now Ready
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.
61 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo
"Just what you need. Direct to You"

A Son of His Father

Max: "On top of everything else—right when I needed him the most—one of my cowboys, Larry O'Shea, quit me cold—disappeared without a word. That's what brought me to town—to get a line on him if I can."

Drayton did not appear to be much interested in the whereabouts of Larry O'Shea. "Everything looking pretty good to you, Jack?"

"All right, I guess. There's about an average calf crop this year—the range is in fairly good condition. I guess Las Rosas can manage to get by. That's about all anybody is doing." There was a note of discouragement, discontent, indifference, or something in Big Boy Morgan's words that was clearly not in harmony with his personality.

The author ventured again. "Mr. Drayton has been telling me some very interesting things about Arizona pioneers. I suppose even you find life on the ranch quite different from what it was in your boyhood?"

"Yes," returned Morgan dryly with a quick glance at Drayton, "the range is fenced now." He rose as the other western man laughed. "Really, I must go—I want to scout around town for Larry O'Shea and get back to the ranch."

Drayton, looking up at him, asked: "How much longer is this tallying going to take?"

Morgan hesitated, and the author saw, or fancied that he saw, a shade of annoyance in the young man's face as though for some reason he resented the question. He answered shortly: "About a month," then: "Goodbye, sir—Adios, Uncle Max."

Drayton and the author watched him as he walked away. Several men beckoned to him but with a wave of his hand and a smiling negative shake of his head he passed on out of the big room.

"Your friend is rather quiet, isn't he?" said the writer.

Drayton's answer was almost an explosion: "Quiet!" Then he added as if in apology: "Well, yes, he is at times—when he has something on his mind. His father was that way, too."

"I'm afraid I don't just understand about this tallying cattle," said the author inquiringly.

"I'm afraid I don't either," his host returned grimly.

"But don't they always know how many cattle they have on a ranch?"

"No, not exactly," Max explained. "You see, the range takes in a good many miles—the country is pretty rough in the mountain sections and the cattle are scattered. A cowman knows in a general way how many head ought to be carrying his brand, of course, but he only makes a careful count when there's some special reason for knowing as close as possible."

"Oh, I understand—and so you think young Morgan is—"

Max was looking at his watch. "I am sorry, sir, but I have an important engagement in about ten minutes. I have enjoyed our little visit. I'll introduce you to Ned Hale and Charlie Baylong—they can tell you all about the cattle business."

FROM the Old Pueblo Club, Max Drayton went straight to the Stockmen and Miners National Bank, of which he was a director. Three different men tried to stop him for a word, but with a short: "Sorry—have an appointment now—see you later," he hurried on.

Chester Solway, the president of the bank and Drayton's lifelong friend and business associate, greeted his old comrade with: "Hello Max—you seem to have something on your mind."

"I have."

When they were in the president's private office Drayton added abruptly: "Big Boy is tallying the Las Rosas cattle."

"What! The deuce he is! What do you guess it means?"

The other shook his head: "I can't get at it. I just saw him at the club. He sure seems to be worried about something. I thought maybe you would know."

Chester Solway's face, usually so cheerful, was grave. "It's all news to me, Max."

"He still banks with us, don't he?"

"Sure."

"You haven't had any hint of his being in financial trouble of any sort?"

"Not a thing—and we'd be pretty likely to catch a whisper of it—even if for any reason he didn't come to us."

"That's what makes me wonder."

"So far as his business with us goes, everything is fine and dandy, and I don't think he does anything anywhere else—unless—" Solway hesitated.

"Look here, Chet," said Drayton, "you and I stood mighty close to John Morgan, and we both knew Molly from the time she was a kid. It's up to us to stand by their boy, whatever his trouble is. Let's talk straight. We're not a couple of pinheaded he-gossips."

"I know, Max, I was just thinking—Big Boy has been staging some pretty wild parties in town the last few months."

"Sure, we all know that. But just because a young horse pitches a little of a frosty morning when the saddle is cold, we don't rate him as a rank outlaw."

Solway smiled: "Just keep your shirt on, now, and let's figure a little. I suppose you know where the youngster has been doing most of his gambling."

"I can guess."

"Yes, it's at that hole-in-the-wall run by 'One Lung Willie'—as smooth a snake as ever sold a pill to a hop head."

"Well?"

"Well, as you know, Jake Zobetser also favors us with his bank account."

"You're not saying that Zobetser is backing 'One Lung'?"

"No, but I am saying that all the signs point to the fact that Zobetser owns the hole-in-the-wall, and that our slick friend, Willie, is merely hired by Jake to run the place for him."

"Well, by Ned! Is there anything that old devil, Zobetser, won't go into? I can't figure yet, Chet, why some of us didn't shoot the crooked son-of-a-gun before he ever got himself fastened into the town and state like he has."

"There's another little thing you don't want to forget either, Max," continued Solway, "and that's the old trouble between Jake Zobetser and John Morgan."

"And so you think that maybe Big Boy has got himself tangled up with Zobetser?"

"I don't know, but I do know that Jake has never let up a minute on what he tried to do away back in John Morgan's day—add Las Rosas to his Black Canyon property. You remember how the two ranches join. And I can easily understand why, if the boy has been fool enough to fall into Zobetser's clutches, he might not like to come to us."

Drayton nodded thoughtfully. "We've got to stand by him, Chet, just the same—whether he wants us to or not."

"Of course we'll stand by him," echoed Solway heartily. "We couldn't do anything else for John and Molly's boy. But I don't see how we can help him unless he'll let us—always supposing he needs help."

"He'll likely be in here sometime this afternoon," said Max. "Suppose you watch out for him and have a little friendly talk. You know—not asking too many questions, but just to let him see that we're here if he needs us."

"I sure will, Max. By the way, did you know that young Gray is visiting at Las Rosas?"

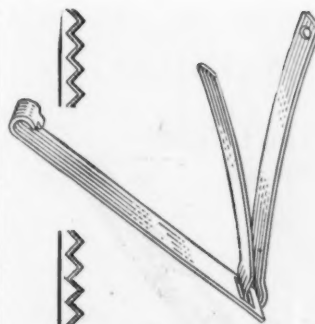
"Charlie Gray, from Philadelphia—is he here?"

"Came about two weeks ago. I have a long letter from his father. The boy, it seems, is a little under the weather—sort of run down, I gathered, and needs a rest. They're mighty fine people, Max. Gray mentioned you in his letter—sent his regards and said how much he used to enjoy his vacations with John, and recalled that famous lion hunt we four had together up in the Bear Valley—you remember?"

"Do I remember! Why didn't the old man come out himself?"

Solway laughed, "Said he didn't believe you and I could hunt like we used to."

"Huh! It's funny [Turn to page 76]



Not to be confused with the new improved West Electric Waver for longer hair. Patented and other patents pending.

The only curler you can remove from the hair without disturbing the curl

the new West Electric . . BOBBED HAIR CURLER

THE professional hairdresser knows the advantage of the curler that can be removed from the hair without disturbing the curl. It means real curls (not frizzes), exactly the kind of curls you want, and curls that stay in twice as long.

The New West Electric Bobbed Hair Curler is the only curler that does this. And it's the simplest, quickest curler in the world. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler, and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the curler, and you'll see the prettiest curl you ever had.

And this new curler is so abso-

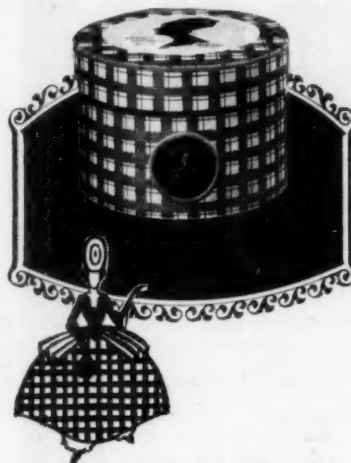
lutely safe! No heat. No sticky lotions. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Note, too, that it curls even the very short hair at the back of the neck—something no other curler can do.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25 cents for a card of 5, or 10 cents for a card of 2. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
171 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Enclosed find 25 cents for five West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

You can't imagine how wonderful this face powder is try it



Armand is the original and the perfect Cold Cream Powder, originated by Armand, priced everywhere \$1.00 a box. Should you prefer a light-weight powder that can be fluffed on quickly, Armand Peridore is ideal. Also \$1.00 a box. . . . Try both these powders at slight expense. Send ten cents (stamps or coin), using the coupon below. Be sure to mention the shade you wish. Address Armand, Des Moines.

THE first time you use Armand Cold Cream Powder, rubbing it carefully into your skin, you'll realize that it actually makes your complexion lovelier. Because it has a magic touch of cold cream in it—it is wonderfully soft and fine and clinging. It brings out the beauty of your skin, emphasizing its fresh coloring and delicate texture! The effect is that your eyes sparkle more, your teeth seem whiter, your smiles are brighter and you yourself are a more charming person.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

GUARANTEE: No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

ARMAND—Des Moines F
I enclose ten cents ☐ stamps ☐ coin. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Peridore in the shade checked below.
White Pink Creme Brunette Tint Natural
Armand Flame (double brunette)
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Be sure to get genuine Kirsch Curtain Rods

Three ways to
tell them

- 1
3-Color Box
- 2
Beautiful
Stipple-Tone
Finish
- 3
Name "Kirsch"
on rod



**Better
Curtain
Rods At No
Higher Price**

You instantly recognize Kirsch Rods by the rich and distinctive Stipple-Tone Finish. The most beautiful Curtain Rods you ever saw, providing the utmost help in window draping. A fit for every window, a fixture for every effect.

Unless you see the name "Kirsch" on the box and on the rod, you know it's an imitation.

KIRSCH MFG. COMPANY, 251 Prospect Avenue, Sturgis, Mich., U.S.A.
Kirsch Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd., 302 Buller St., Woodstock, Ont.



FREE Wonderful BOOK of Window Draping Helps

A 32-page book packed with practical aid for window draping. Ideas for every room and every kind of window—single, double, triple, casement, bay, odd shaped windows and doors, French Doors, etc. 24 color schemes for living rooms, dining rooms, bed rooms, sun rooms, etc. Instructions for measuring windows, making valances and headings; how to sew on Kirsch hooks and rings; how to put up draw curtains on Kirsch Rods. It's our 9th annual book of window draping help. A book of real service.

If the booklet doesn't give all the help needed, write the Kirsch Interior Decoration Service Bureau.

ALBRIGHT TOOTH BRUSH A PRODUCT OF RUBBERSET CO.

**It gets in between
where decay begins!**

Decay invariably begins BETWEEN the teeth and on the UNEVEN grinding surfaces—places which cannot be reached by ordinary toothbrushes having a mass of bristle. The ALBRIGHT toothbrush was designed by 4118 dentists and more than 20,000 now endorse it. The tufts of bristles are wedge-shaped and widely spaced. They penetrate into every crevice.

The ALBRIGHT is different in design and different in results.

45c 35c 25c

Handles in five distinctive colors for quick identification of your toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue.
RUBBERSET CO., NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

Buy it in the Red Box



**It gets in between
where decay begins**

Servants Who Work Without Wages

BY LOUISE THOMAS

Service Editor of McCall's Magazine



ARE you without a servant? Most American homes are—for the good old days when Bridgets and Mary Janes worked gladly for three-fifty a week have long gone by. Today the Ingas and Helgas are few, and exact exorbitantly high wages.

So, most of us homemakers carry on alone in the kitchen. But we need help none the less. Help in the form of new methods, new tools, new ideas.

McCall's offers all these. Our homemaking booklets are compact with service for homemakers, young or old, new or experienced:

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS. By E. V. McCollum of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. Menus planned to include the protective foods, milk and the leafy vegetables—the diet which supplies the body with needed foods. (No charge for this leaflet except two-cent stamp for posting it.)

TIME-SAVING COOKERY. Prepared in McCall's Kitchen-Laboratory under the direction of Sarah Field Splint, Chief of Home Conservation of the U. S. Food Administration, during the war. Quick appetizers to give style to company-meals; breakfast—with hot bread, too!—prepared in half an hour; quick refreshments, when friends "drop in" in the evening; and hosts of other aids.

MASTER-RECIPES. By F. G. O. Cooking is fun, with these sixteen magic master-recipes, each with its nine variations. A slight change in the ingredients—and muffins can be berry muffins, or nut muffins, or rice muffins, or what you will! So, too, for cream soups and for sauces and cookies and candies and ices; for cakes and frostings, doughnuts, puddings, gelatin desserts and custards.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY. By May B. Van Arsdale, Director of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Recipes, based on scientific research, so they cannot fail, if you use them as directed. Good results, always, with your cakes; fudge and fondants that won't be granular; meringues as delicious as those a caterer makes; creamy ice-creams and mousses; and perfect salad dressings.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES. Compiled by Lillian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Menus and recipes, both. Novel dishes over which your guests will exclaim—basket ice-cream, coffee biscuit, topaz ice, water-lily salad, angel parfait.

THE FAMILY BUDGET. By Isabel Ely Lord, Instructor in Household Accounting, Home Study Department, Columbia University. A plan for spending that permits saving and so helps to build the family fortune and to protect you from financial disaster. Wise allowances are shown for rent, insurance, taxes, health, clothing, food, gifts, savings, vacations.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Correct table service for parties or for the family's meals. How to set the table and what to serve and how to serve when there is no maid.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR. By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Suggestions for rhymed invitations, games, contests, stunts, costumes, prizes, refreshments. A jolly Saint Patrick's Day party, and plans for a rare good time on April Fool's Day.

MORE PARTIES. By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. More good times, like the foregoing, with an especially clever March Wind Party, and a Rainbow Party for April.

THE SMALL HOUSE. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. Fifteen plans for attractive four- to seven-room houses, by America's foremost architects, Flagg, Atterbury, Embury, Ackerman, Stein and others. Building costs from about \$4,000 to \$16,000. The architect's building plans and specifications for any house will be sold to you by McCall's for fifteen dollars, thus saving hundreds of dollars in architect's fees for you.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Ruby Ross Goodnow. The interior decoration of each room of the small house. Photographs that suggest treatment of mantels and hangings; grouping of furniture; styles in bed-coverings, slip covers, curtains.

DECORATING YOUR HOME. By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. The general principles of interior decoration simplified for the homemaker's use. How to use color and to achieve balance. What floor coverings to have. How to make draperies and curtains. Proper lighting and lamps. How to hang pictures.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. By Dorothy Giles, Member of the Garden Club of America. Directions for planning, planting and caring for the flower garden and the vegetable garden.

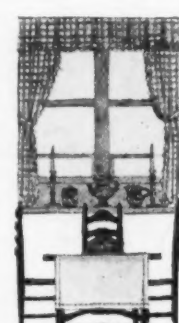
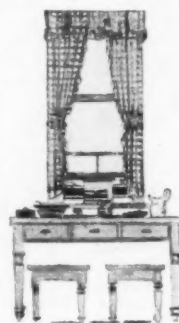
A LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS. Approved by Dr. Fred Wise, Adjunct Professor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. A common-sense guide to personal loveliness.

A BOOK OF MANNERS. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Do you worry as to whether calls are made today? How to introduce people? What "tips" to give? How long to wear

mourning? How to accept an invitation or to send regrets? There is a full section, too, on the formalities of weddings.

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules are included; and there is other good advice for the care of the child.

THE FRIENDLY MOTHER. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. Motherhood is robbed of its terrors if the prospective mother follows the directions in this booklet.



EACH of these booklets (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents, or any twelve for one dollar. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street, New York City

Harold Bell Wright

[Continued from page 18]

unscientific eye they looked just like the ones found in and near the water. Volstead lives in the patio. Every morning about eleven o'clock he plods over to the gate, pushes his scrawny neck through the bars and gazes out upon the desert. Usually he makes a few clumsy efforts to push his way through the bars. Failing he lumbers back into a shady spot under the pepper tree and goes to sleep. Last winter, Mrs. Wright said he found his way into the cellar and slept for four solid months!

The house is one-storied and U-shaped. A wall ten or twelve feet high closes in the open end of the "U" and encloses a charming Spanish patio. The lines of the house are square and flat. It fits into the desert. The stucco exterior is colored a reddish brown, a tone with an inviting warmth but which causes the house to be literally swallowed up by the desert from any point a mile distant.

Luncheon was served on an open veranda on the north side of the house. Had I forgotten my table manners I think I could have thrown a pickle out into the brush and hit a jack rabbit which seemed to be about half the size of a St. Bernard dog! Little desert lizards darted about, and in the hot summer months, they told me, a Gila monster might drag himself within view from the luncheon table. And the friendly desert birds just drop in from nowhere to feed upon the crumbs tossed from the table by the Wrights.

"I think two of the outstanding features of this house about which I should write if I were describing it," said my host, "are this outdoor dining table; and the old colonial furniture in our room. The colonial pieces are family heirlooms. I have always wanted them in a proper setting so I built a room to fit around them." A dozen steps from luncheon on the desert to an old colonial boudoir! Nothing monotonous in that.

After luncheon Wright took me to his workshop—the room where *A Son of His Father*, and the other novels that you and countless thousands of readers have loved, were written.

The room is the most restful green that ever soothed my eyes. It is heavily carpeted with a slightly darker green. The furniture, all built to Wright's specifications, matches the green of the walls and woodwork. In contrast to the blazing light of the open desert outside, it is most restful and comfortable. There are a few small shelves for his working library. Only one picture adorns the walls—a head of Christ.

Wright told me he decorated the room himself.

"You know I am a painter by trade," he said. "When the painters couldn't get the exact shades I wanted, I put on overalls and did the job myself."

There you have the frank simplicity of Wright. He said "I am a painter by trade." He didn't tell me he was a painter in his youth, before he became a famous author. He didn't tell me he knew how to paint. He said he was a painter by trade. He is proud to have a trade. He still claims his trade, along with his profession.

Evenings, while you are reading his story, you can picture him stretching his long legs in front of an enormous stone fireplace in the big living room. He will be reading, and occasionally Don, a Great Dane dog, will rise ponderously from the hearth rug and go poking his black nose under Wright's book, demanding a frolic. If Don interrupts too often, his master may, eyes twinkling, suggest that he cross the room to where Mrs. Wright is also reading, and bother her for a while. Don, being very quick to comprehend, will do so immediately. Don manages to keep them both entertained during the few idle moments they have.

Several tables stand about the room, and several varieties of chairs. On each table were half a dozen or more sharpened pencils, pads of paper, erasers—the tools of the author. For Wright does all of his work first in longhand. He doesn't know how to use a typewriter; and while

he dictates his correspondence to Mrs. Wright, who takes shorthand, he told me he had never been able to write fiction that way. He must sit down and write it out himself he told me. Every line of his books represents a line of his own handwriting, written and rewritten, often as many as a dozen times. Aspiring authors take courage! This man whose every book has sold hundreds of thousands of copies, many of them millions, frankly admitted that writing was "hard work" for him. It never comes easy. He must work work day in and day out, writing and rewriting, shaping and reshaping. When he is satisfied with the handwritten copy, Mrs. Wright types it. Then he proceeds to edit and revise and rewrite the typed copy. Some of these revised typed pages which he showed me were so jumbled up as to be intelligible only to himself and Mrs. Wright. From these pages the final copy is made.

Naturally, the physical strain of such a method is great. Consequently relief is provided for in the furniture. The tables vary, and there are chairs which permit him to write while in almost any posture. One big chair has arms extended outward and upward at an angle, so that a writing board may be laid across them, and he can write in a semi-reclining position. Shoved over in one corner there is a fixture which looks more like an ambo, or pulpit reading desk, than anything else, except that it is somewhat higher. By using the slanting surface of the top, the author can write while standing up, if he wishes to rest himself in this way. He took me into a vault at the inner end of his workshop. There on the shelves I saw the handwritten original manuscripts of all the Wright books, together with the duplicates of the typed final copies. But more interesting still, on a lower shelf I saw a series of large, heavy filing envelopes, thirteen of them. In each is material being collected for the thirteen books which Wright hopes to add to his shelf. He has definite plans for thirteen more books locked up there in his vault, each awaiting its turn to be called out into the workshop where the flesh of his story magic will be placed upon the skeleton.

And now you will probably want to know, as I did, just how he can plan thirteen books ahead. What are these plans? Are they characters, or incidents or what? The explanation, given to me by Wright, reveals his method of literary craftsmanship.

Wright creates what he calls "character-plus." It is his belief that character is the product of certain forces. These forces may be immediate, in the present, or they may be reactions which have been taking place over several generations. They may be a combination of both, such as a combination of the forces of heritage and environment. They may be forces working from within and from without. But Wright's point is that the writer must make his characters stand out sufficiently, or rather their predominating characteristics sufficiently, to clearly expose and emphasize their character-creating forces at work. "If the writer merely shows the characters, and not the forces at work creating them, he has failed," he said.

For a locale he could have selected New York state, where he was born, or any of the states of the thirteen original colonies. For there were pioneers once in all those states. He selected Arizona for the reason that, as he said himself, "we are closer to the pioneers here. The fathers of the men of the present generation here in Arizona were the trail blazers, the Indian fighters." Wright is a bit impatient with those who thoughtlessly class him as a "western writer." He is not, necessarily, as his books will prove. He told me he doubted if he would write another book with an Arizona setting for a long time. And since he has thirteen more planned, he ought to know.

Having selected the environment best suited to carrying out his argument, he proceeds to develop his characters. Here again he may dip into the big envelopes where he files

[Turn to page 91]



His Future Foot Health Is in Your Hands

WILL your little one's chubby, active feet grow to supple, graceful maturity—perfectly formed and entirely free from those foot-ills so common among grown-ups? They will if Nature has her way! It all lies in the shoes you select for him during those first formative years.

In your choice of Simplex Flexies, you are following the recommendations of many children's specialists who prescribe these dainty, good-looking shoes because they completely fulfill Nature's requirements. In Flexies the foot rests squarely on the ground, supported at the heel, the base of the great toe and the base of the little toe. No chance to rock sidewise, to curve the pliant little leg in or out.

Flexies are designed to combination measurements, giving perfect fit at ankle and instep. Their tempered soles are so pliable you can bend them backward with your fingers. They bend with the foot, allowing the instep to develop needed strength. Velvet-smooth inside—no wrinkles—no rough seams—no jagged nail-ends.

Protect your baby's right to perfect feet with Flexies. Ask your dealer about them—and write for the Flexies Twin Books.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY, Dept. A-4, Milwaukee, Wis.
Creators of Daintier Footwear for Young Feet from 1 to 21

Simplex Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG



Send for Free Booklets

"The Care of Baby's Feet", an interesting, instructive booklet for mothers, giving the five fundamental features to look for in children's shoes. "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot", a fascinating fairy story for the kiddies. Both are beautifully illustrated in colors.





"One can be sure of baby's milk when kept in the Leonard"

says Mrs. Williams.

CCARE for baby's health is the thought ever present in the mind of mother. Mrs. L. A. Williams, Lewiston, Michigan, finds that "where babies are artificially fed one is so sure of the good condition of milk, even after standing 24 hours in the Leonard."

Protecting food freshness and purity is the Leonard's function. It means better meals, easily prepared—fewer steps, less work, more rest.

10 Walls and Polar Felt Insulation

The Leonard Cleanable embodies the best refrigerator ideas of 43 years. Its ten walls, with insulation of Polar Felt, are scientific reasons why the Leonard gives most refrigeration at least cost.

After testing and rejecting many insulating materials, Polar Felt was chosen. Cork, mineral wool and charcoal "settle down." Polar Felt, odorless, clean, is most effective of all in preventing passage of heat and cold.

See, at your dealer's, the new Leonard lock, the new copper drain pipe and trap, the one-piece round-cornered food chamber—triple coated with porcelain, white or gray. Feel the round corners, with porcelain extending clear around door frame. Furnished with outside icing doors and water cooler if desired.

There's a Leonard size and style to suit every purse. If you cannot find the Leonard dealer write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for Actual Sample of Porcelain

Mr. Leonard's booklet, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators," and catalog of 77 styles and sizes will also be sent.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
704 Clyde Avenue
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids—the fine furniture center of the world.

Mrs. C. H. Leonard's Cook Book, 250 pages of tested recipes—\$1.



C. H. LEONARD, pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements.

Leonard CLEANABLE Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

Anna Martin

[Continued from page 11]

he's copped what was loose and beat it with our stenographer at the bank, Evvie Holt. They left yesterday by dog team—"

Anna heard no more. Deliberately she hung up the phone, strangling Svensrud's voice with a click. Deliberately she crossed the room and sat down. The red glow in the stove darkened, the phone rang—rang again. The alcohol flame under the coffee went out. She sat staring ahead, and one by one she held the flowers that had bloomed so late and so abundantly in her heart, against a fire of bitterness, and killed them. The door opened and a drift of snow blew in. It was Svensrud.

"Either your phone's gone blooey, or you're deaf," he began. "I've been calling all morning. Phelps has flew the coop, and I'm hit bad. I loaned him the money at the bank to buy in with Walstad. Walstad was a fool, of course, to hike out and leave a new man to run his show all winter. But that don't help now. The company's done. Where the money's gone, God knows. But it's gone—"

"You loaned Phelps that money on my recommendation. I didn't even sign the note."

"Now, look here, Anna, don't go shouldering the load. I was taken in. He looked all right and when I cabled Frisco they said his family was good and his credit was still O. K."

"You're honest—and now you're expected to pay for his dishonesty."

"I'm not squealing—not for myself. But—well, you see, Helga and me, we've saved for years. Helga's had a woman's notion about a little orange ranch down in Pasadena County some day. We've got about enough to buy that—or to meet the loss on Phelps to the bank. And if I know Helga, she'll empty the old poke—"

He sat down suddenly on the couch. "I've been up all night over his books," he said in explanation of his weakness. "And I hate to tell Helga that her little ranch—"

"I've got some money," Anna said in a dull, hard voice. "I've worked and saved. I wanted to see Rome, and Athens and Paris. Then—then I changed my mind for a while. Now I've changed it again. I'll take up that note. Helga sha'n't lose—"

"Not on your eternal tin-type!" Svensrud got up from the couch and roared until the cabin shook. "Helga's got me. I earned enough to buy a ranch once, I can do it again. But you're a woman alone. That's why I didn't get you on that note before. It looked good, but I wasn't taking chances with a lone woman's money. And by cracky, you're not going to lose it now."

"I know where he's gone," said Anna.

"That's no good," Svensrud sat down again and pulled his face through his hands. "He won't have any of the money left. Evvie's a daisy at salting down."

"They've got the white puppy for leader," Anna went on. "But if your dog team—of course it would eliminate you from the Sweepstakes—"

"Sweepstakes—I! But what's the good of lighting out after spent money. Evvie'll never give up a cent, and he won't have any to give up—not in her company."

"Are you going to let Wandell Phelps get away with what he's trying to do?"

"I'll broadcast a description—"

"And warn him he's wanted! Every prospector's dugout in Alaska and Canada has a radio set in it, and he's no fool. He'll be listening in." She rose from the floor where she had been coaxing a flame into the fire. "He is on his way to Copper Entrance. He's had the place in mind for nearly a year. And now, with the rush opening up there, he's gone."

"I'll get word to the sheriff there."

"Dog trains have been established between Copper Entrance and the Canadian side, and old timers are stampeding from every direction. No sheriff who doesn't know a man is going to be able to pick him out. If Phelps lands in Copper Entrance and finds they're after him, he'll simply take one of the returning teams and drop over the border."

Svensrud went to the window. "I'm not sending men out at this season of the year," he said doggedly. "It will start

thawing at any time. If Nome thought I was the kind of sheriff that'd deputize men wholesale to go chasing off and get buried under avalanches, or step into spring holes and die alone on the trail of frozen feet, it guessed wrong, that's all. I don't hate any man bad enough for that."

"I'm not asking you to send men. I'm asking you to send me."

He wheeled from the window. "You!"

"Then I'll go without being sent, and settle my score outside the law."

"Look here," Svensrud spoke softly. "Maybe some fools are going into Copper Entrance from the Canadian side. But you haven't heard of anybody daft enough to try to get there from here at this time of year, have you? Nobody but Phelps and Evvie—and skipping off with stenographers don't count. Even the mail route's closed between hard snow and river travel. And what good'll it do to catch him? The money's gone."

She stooped again and closed the draft of the stove. "There are other things besides money," she said. "There's such a thing as justice. Wandell Phelps is going to pay, once in his life, for what he's had. I'm going to see to that. And if I can't have your dog team, I'll find another, not so good."

He stared at her. Then suddenly his broad jaw sagged. "All right," he said. Svensrud was beaten.

He swore Ann in as a deputy that morning and gave her a warrant. Then, to prevent comment on the departure of his dog team, he drove her, himself, as far as Norton Sound. Warm air, condensing as it traveled north, filled the atmosphere with mist. Anna made ready to leave Norton Sound in a dense fog. She wore the light, semi-transparent skin parka of a musher over a suit of reindeer. Skin boots, with soles unscrapped of hair, came almost to her hips. Her sledge was light, stored only with tea, a water-tight tin of matches, dried milk, cans of food, the ubiquitous rich doughnuts of snow-travelers, and a sizable bale of frozen tom-cod for the dogs. There was also a sleeping-robe of wolverine faced with water-proof, a change of boots and a dozen pairs of heavy knitted socks. Svensrud had given her a map and fastened a compass and chronometer to the sled. When the team was hitched he said good-bye and stood back, listening as she called to her leader and swung her whip. He saw the sledge jerk from the rut into which it had settled, saw her fall into the trot of the musher beside it—saw her fade into the fog.

AT the road-house which Anna reached that night, the proprietor's wife was voluble concerning a pair who had gone on twenty-four hours before.

"Me and him"—she jerked an eloquent thumb towards the partner of her loneliness—"hadn't figured on no rush to the new strike starting before the river opened." She took a pitcher from many wrappings behind the stove and poured white, sour batter in spots upon a griddle. "Guess you're headed there, though, eh? Yesterday, two more went by. I'll bet if there's money at Copper Entrance or anywhere else, that woman is headed for it. You can tell women like that by one look. The man was quiet, though. Of course you ain't said you was going to Copper Entrance—"

"I'll make an early start tomorrow," said Anna, disregarding the invitation to confide. "I'll get my own breakfast if you'll leave things ready."

Light snow fell in the night, and the wind, sweeping over it, obliterated any tracks which might have been left on the trail. Traveling by map and compass over the old mail route Anna reached Jensen's store at the junction of the Yukon and the Koyukuk. Ole was away on his round of traps, but the door was unlocked, and spruce was piled behind his stove. Anna ate, opening tins of Jensen's salmon for her dogs; slept, rolled in the wolverine rug on the floor; and departed three hours after midnight, leaving money to cover damage done, in the till. Another gold piece was already

**And Mother said:
"You may get a package
of Wrigley's
too!"**



After buying the eggs, meat and breakfast food—"You may get a package of Wrigley's too."

Wise mother:—she rewards the little errand runner with something delicious, long-lasting and beneficial.

Happy, healthy children, with Wrigley's—and best of all—the cost is small!

A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"



THE FLAVOR
L-A-S-T-S

F25

SEALED
TIGHT
KEPT
RIGHT

Anna Martin

there. Aside from that there were no signs of previous visitors.

Out from the flats of Nome and through the light timber back of the sea-coast, traveling had been swift and easy. Now the forest thickened, and the barrier of the river threatened her. To cross the river she unloaded the sled and drove it empty over the wilderness of jammed and tumbled ice. Then, returning, she re-crossed again with her goods upon her back. Reloading again, she faced the mountains. The untracked trail lifted itself in angles, shattered itself into abysses. Running beside the sled, Anna spared the dogs on the ascents, and rested—poised on the sled runners—on the levels. In air that was iridescent with frost she found it necessary to shed the reindeer vest under her parka. And through the oiled translucence of her outer garment her skin blistered in the sun. Urging and saving her dogs, climbing by hands and feet and will, she added mile after mile to the trail behind her.

On account of the season of soft snow, the mail service had been suspended. Loneliness wrapped her, choked and clung and stifled, and was not to be shaken off. It trotted beside her on the trail. When she looked behind it was there too. And ahead it waited, white and silent. Then pity for herself would rend her.

As the days passed and the wind left its work undone, she saw the cut of sledge runners, the mingled prints of dogs, the outline of boot-soles. Fear that Phelps had eluded her on the road gave way to fear that she should overtake him before she reached the assistance necessary to enforce her will and the law's upon him. It became necessary to hold her dogs back. The days upon the trail increased. Her own food began to run low, and her eyes went to the diminishing bale of tom-cod with dread. She cut down her dogs' rations. They whined as they worked, and snarled over their shoulders. Separated by a wall of hunger, dogs and driver lost their mutual confidence. No longer, unless she happened upon a cabin, did she dare to fall into sudden, fathom-deep sleep, but forced herself to keep awake, sitting on the sledge, whip in hand.

Her nerves began to shriek. Hungry as she was, food nauseated her. Her hand shook so that she upset the melted snow for tea upon the fire she had built, and after that she took to nibbling the dry leaves of the herb, and to eating the frozen moisture around her as did the dogs. By map and chronometer she computed the time she had yet to spend upon the road. The journey was almost done. Sitting upon her sledge in the darkness she pulled at the neck-band of her parka to ease the pressure outward that throbbed in her throat. A wind was rising, but her mind, intent upon her pain, failed to notice it. Then a spruce swayed—and she saw a light ahead. Rising, she made a tube of her hands to focus her eyes. It was a camp-fire, not more than two miles distant. She had all but come upon her quarry. A wind was blowing, but it was not the clear, racing wind that carries sound. Thick and moisture-laden, it weighted the air. A Chinook wind was blowing. The thawer, the looser of avalanches, the breaker of ice and destroyer of trails had come! By dawn, travelers would sink to their knees in slush, dogs would strain against immovable weights. Roused by prescience of disaster, Anna gathered twigs for a flare and studied the map. The trail she followed had fallen into a narrow canyon for the final step to Copper Entrance in the mountains. On the margin of the paper Svensrud had drawn an elongated arrow, and at the head of the arrow he had written, "Dangerous. Snow Slides. Keep Away."

Smudging the black letters that she might not read them, Anna called the dogs. They lay still and snarled. Taking the last few fish from the end of the sledge, she threw them out. The team leaped and ate and stood. She got the harness on, and started. By sunrise Svensrud's Molly whined and begged for rest. Anna swung her long whip, and Molly laid her nose along the trail again.

Instead of paw-prints she left the blur of her whole body behind her.

Either the pain of Anna's body was gone, or it had mounted beyond the register of her nerves, like heat which a thermometer can no longer record. Her mind began to perform tricks. Wandell seemed to walk with her, laughing because the color in her cheeks was brighter than the red of the scarf she wore. There was a vast, sharp moaning in the air. It filled all space.

Loosing one hand from its mitten, she thrust it into her pocket for tea leaves, and ate them greedily out of her palm. The acrid taste was good. Brushing the herb-dust from her hand, she looked at the long, strong fingers. Someone had said that a woman with such hands must have a thousand strengths. What good was strength? There was a girl named Evvie Holt and she was weak. Her hands, her body, her heart—pale and weak. Yet she had taken Helga's little ranch and—what was it Svensrud had said—salted it down. And she had taken too the soul of a woman with a thousand strengths, and flicked it out of her path. Weakness and not strength spun the world. Weakness—

Then suddenly the mind of Anna Martin cleared. The sound in the air was the shrieking and bellowing of the whole ice rim of the pass as it tore loose from its roots of frost and started down the sharp side of the mountain. Her consciousness righted itself and began to function. Calling to the dogs, who turned and tangled themselves in their harness, she brought them flat in the snow. Then, gauging the time left her, she straightened herself, filled her lungs, and screamed. Once, twice, three times she sent out a cry for help, keyed to such a shrill pitch that it rose above the thunder that filled the air. And with a consciousness above any process of her mind, she sent it towards Wandell on the trail ahead of her.

A spume of white flattened in the air above her. Flinging herself along the lee side of the sled, she gave herself to its cover. The snow slide came on, piling a range of snow along both sides of its course, gathering spruce and rock and flinging them off again. The sled leaped against the hard pack of snow around it as the dogs struggled and fought. The weight of snow above Anna increased, but it held cohesively together as though its particles were interlocked. This, and the fact that she had not been carried down nor ground to death by the passing fury, indicated that it was the side-fling, and not the slide itself which enveloped her.

It was warm and silent under the white blanket. A temptation to cry came upon Anna. Sternly she put the temptation away, and set the accurate smooth-running machinery of her mind to work. The tugging at the sled stopped. She was going to get out. Her old pride of strength began to hammer at that purpose. Calculating positions by the sled she worked in the snow until she could turn her body, and then with her hands up beyond her head, she scooped and packed back the beginning of a tunnel. There was air to breathe, carried down from the mountain, and caught around her in the light particles of snow. When she realized this, the temptation to cry returned. It was as though some great mercy wrapped her about, even in a tomb. She let the sobs have their way with her lips, but the tunnel through which she crawled lengthened inch by inch behind her. Pulled to her shoulders, her parka hood filled with snow and dragged the whole garment away. As slender as a knife in her boy's suit of reindeer skins, she thrust herself ahead. Her mittens, torn at their gut-sewn seams, fell back upon her arms like cuffs. She tunneled with her long, bare hands. A pink stain colored the snow, and thickened to a blot of red. Her hands were failing. She brought the bleeding fingers down against her mouth and moaned upon them. The sobs which had shaken her breast now racked her whole body. Someone must come to her, bringing her succor and comfort from his greater strength. And that someone must be Wandell. [Turn to page 76]

Money Saved is Money Earned

The easiest way to save money is to repaper your home right now before the spring rush begins. Prices are lower. Your work will be done more quickly and better. Just ask your decorator to show you the saving.

If you are interested in a comprehensive resume of the great historical periods of decoration, send ten cents in currency or stamps for "Walls and their Decoration" by Major Arthur de Bles, international authority on decoration.

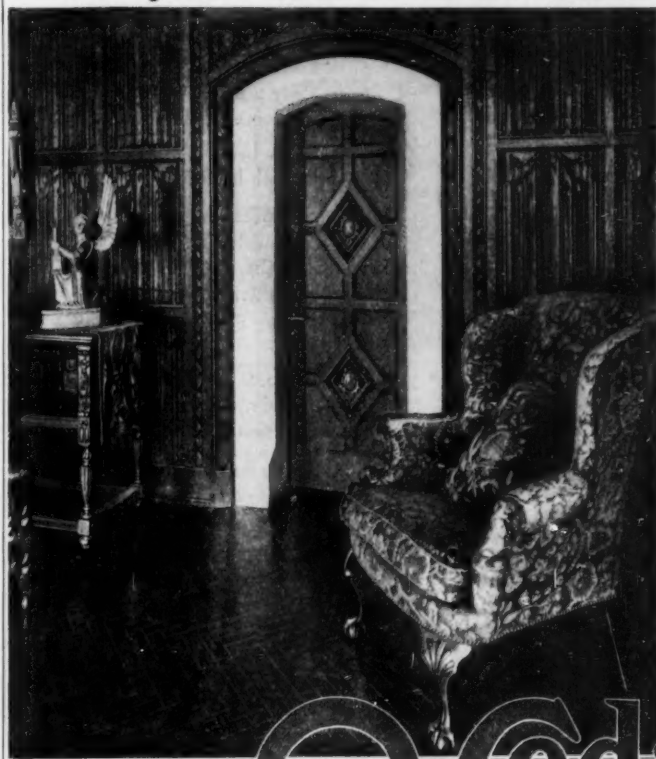
WALLPAPER MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
of the United States

461 Eighth Ave.

New York City



For your finest wood surfaces



It cleans as it polishes

O-Cedar
Polish

10-day Test FREE

Mail the Coupon

Where Pyorrhea Starts

Is frequently in that dangerous film on teeth—(run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it)

The simple new tooth care that foremost dental authorities now urge as scientific hygiene—what to do and how.

ARE you living in dread of pyorrhea, think maybe you are susceptible to it? The hygienic rule most widely urged is very simple. Follow it, say men of science, and you will have better protection.

Combating film at least three times daily: that, in a few words, is what all are urged to do.

This offers you a 10-day test free of the new way to fight it. Simply use the coupon.

Look for film—then do this

Most tooth troubles today are traced to a film that forms on teeth. A viscous film that you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

That film is the chief enemy of good teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth. If your present dentifrice doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, based on film, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now new methods fight it

For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Harsh, gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Soap and chalk were judged inadequate. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has



found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Its action is to curdle the film. Then, harmlessly, to remove it. A scientific method different in formula, action and effect from any other dentifrice.

Throughout the civilized world, leading dentists urge this new method.

To millions it has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay.

It meets better the exactments of modern tooth hygiene.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Note, too, that it results in glistening teeth quickly. Under that film is the tooth clearness you envy in others.

What you find will surprise you. You are urged to make the test. It will cost you nothing.

Canadian Office and Laboratories,
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Mail Coupon for
10-Day Tube to

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. 1696
REG. U.S.

Dept. 633, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Anna Martin

[Continued from page 75]

With the first vibration that carried through the snow to her ears, she knew that he was coming. Lying straight in the snow, her hair tangled about her, her bleeding fingers under her lips, she waited. How long she would have to wait, she did not know nor care. Her mind swung itself into a kind of voluptuous coma with the knowledge that he was coming—to her. What did Evvie Holt matter?

But Evvie Holt did matter. Fiercely her jealousy of Evvie Holt sprang into new and savage life, dissipating the half-dream which had lulled her. But now it was not jealousy of Evvie for herself, it was jealousy of Evvie for Wandell. At any moment Wandell might conclude that the cry he had heard in the air had been the scream of rending ice or spruce, might abandon the search he had begun in the snow. And to abandon that search would mean that he should not find her, and not to find her meant his return to Evvie, and his return to Evvie meant his ruin. Bit by bit, hour by hour, until she was done with him, Evvie would feed upon his weakness and destroy the beauties of his soul. Only Anna could save him from Evvie. She began to struggle in the snow again, to sob and clamor against its muffling softness, to scoop it out and beat it back with her bleeding hands.

It was her lacerated hands as they came through the snow above her head, that Wandell saw. Saw, and recognized and covered with his own, and drew her out of the white death which enveloped her. Then he knelt back until his eyes made certain of their vision.

"Anna!" he whispered. "Anna!"

Pushing herself up a little, she looked towards the trail. "Where is she?" she asked him weakly.

"She?"

"Evvie. Evvie Holt."

"Oh, she's—Anna, your hands—your lovely hands—!"

"Where is she?"

"Evvie? Why, the last I saw of her she was staring over a line of traps with the boy that was keeping Jensen's store. I've got some bandaging back on the sled. I can carry you—"

"Why—why was she staring over the line of traps?"

"Before she came north she was married to Jensen. He's behind on his alimony—and when she heard he'd got two black fox skins this winter she saw a chance to collect. If I lift you carefully—"

"But you left Nome with Evvie Holt."

"I met her the morning I started, and she asked me for a lift as far as Jensen's."

"Then it was only because of the money—the money from the bank—"

"I'd been the usual *chechako* fool, buying everything that was loose, and I got into a hole. We'll talk that over later. Now I must get you back to the sled, dig your dogs out—"

"What do you mean by getting into a hole?"

"I used what money I had, and, needed more. But I couldn't go to the bank. I felt that Svensrud backed me because you told him to. I can't be dependent on you in any way, Anna. When we marry, I have to be as strong a member of the firm as my wife. Once I asked you to marry me and you refused. You said you had to be sure."

"But I didn't mean—"

"Whatever you meant, you were right. You wouldn't come down to my level, so I had to climb up to yours—and, by George, I'm doing it! I'll clean up enough in one season at Copper Entrance to pay the bank and carry my Nome properties."

"But I had money. You could have—"

"That's why I left without saying anything to you. I was afraid of you and your money. You have terrible strength, Anna. If you'd told me to take it, and had insisted, I might have yielded to you."

"We'll send word back to Svensrud from Copper Entrance. He'll give you all the time you need." Disposing of this issue, her mind flew to the one that really counted. "Anything is all right now—now that I know you didn't leave me for Evvie Holt."

Soothing the dark, tangled hair from her brow, he cupped her face in his hands, and smiled into her eyes. "You don't mean that you, with all your strength, let yourself care when you thought that I did that?"

She smiled back, tremulously. "I've learned a lot about strength lately," she said. "I've learned that there is no weakness of which strength is not capable—and no strength to which weakness cannot rise. Why, with a little practice I think I'll make a pretty fair wielder of the rolling-pin."

Kneeling forward, he lifted her against his breast, and clinging together, they found themselves laughing, as do those who have come through great tribulation, to great and lasting joy.

A Son of His Father

[Continued from page 71]

Big Boy didn't mention Charlie being here. Do you know, Chet, I can't get over the notion that Jack has never been the same since that trip to Philadelphia last year?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe you're seeing things. How is he different?"

"Well he is. And so Charlie Gray is visiting him—that's fine. But he has had another guest at the ranch for some time, now, hasn't he?"

"Yes—man by the name of Holdbrook. He's from somewhere in the East, too. He has been with Big Boy several months, now. I don't know anything about him but it's a cinch, from his looks, that he is not in Gray's class—or in Morgan's either, for that matter."

"I never even saw him," said Drayton. "I have, once or—by Jove, Max! He and Jake Zobetser were together here in the bank, one day—as friendly as you and I. I remember wondering about it at the time."

"Well," said Drayton after a moment's thought, "as you say, I don't see that there's anything we can do if Big Boy won't let us, and it may all be nothing but smoke anyway. But you see him, just the same."

"You don't suppose—" the bank president hesitated and looked a little embarrassed.

"What?"

"I was going to say—perhaps some

woman has got him on the run. Sometimes, you know, that can play the very deuce with a young fellow like Jack."

"He never showed any unhealthy interest in the girls that I ever remember."

"I know, but—well—he might have met someone in Philadelphia—see?"

Drayton shook his head. "I don't believe it, Chet. If that was it, Big Boy would have brought her home with him, or else he'd be camping right there, yet."

FOR two hours, Big Boy Morgan went about town, seeking some trace of his missing cowboy—Larry O'Shea. At Ronstadt's, at Kitts, at the Tucson Hardware Company and several other stores he inquired with no success. At the Modern Barber Shop, the hotels, even down on Meyer Street, it was the same.

Then, as Drayton had said he would likely do, the young ranchman dropped in at the bank. Chester Solway hailed him cheerily and Big Boy went to shake hands with the man who, for so many years, had been his father's confidential friend and advisor.

They spoke generally of business conditions and ranching—of Charlie Gray and his visit to Las Rosas, but each man knew that they were only marking time. At last Solway, trying to speak casually, said: "Max Drayton tells me you are tallying cattle, Jack—how about it?"

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]



Do This With Your Foods

Have you thought that garnishing is merely a stylish custom?
Then learn why *dietitians* advocate it.

It is Attraction, Plus

GARNISHING with California lemons makes food more attractive in appearance, and pretty foods help to make a pretty table—a little touch suggesting good housekeeping.

But dietitians know that attractive looking foods entice the *appetite*, appearance in itself being an indirect *digestive* aid.

It is doubly desirable, therefore, in foods,

And dietitians know too that the juice of California lemons furnishes organic salts and acids which are *direct* natural digestants.

And California lemon juice supplies *fresh* *vitamines* which are the chief values in the green foods of summer.

So California lemon juice brings healthful *summer freshness* to your meals.

Garnish with California lemons, therefore, not merely for the sake of appearance but for the increased *food value* that results from this good practice.

Prettier foods not only look better and taste better but are actually *better foods*.

California Sunkist Lemons

Uniformly Good

California lemons are ideal for garnishing because of their clean, bright, waxy skin. They are tart and juicy and practically seedless so they slice better than ordinary lemons. Be sure, therefore, that you get Sunkist from California when you order.

Mail This

Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box. For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, post oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid. This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with proper amount (stamps or money order). Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards - 10c

☐ Complete Box and File - 75c (including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 604, Los Angeles, California

Name:

Address:

City: State:



On the floor is shown Rug No. 534 surrounded by Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border Pattern No. 150.



Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug.

Mrs. J. C. solves her floor-covering problem—

The old wooden floor was much the worse for wear; ugly, dust-collecting seams had begun to show in the fabric rug; sunlight had faded its once pretty colors. Something had to be done!

So this housewife bought a Congoleum Rug and around it she placed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border. What a transformation! No wonder her friend is delightfully surprised. For the artistic design and rich colorings of the new rug rival those usually found only in more expensive floor-coverings, while the neat Rug-Border looks for all the world like real hardwood flooring.

Save Time and Money

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are a boon to the housewife who wants to save money and time, and yet have her rooms cheerful and attractive. Easily cleaned, seamless, flat-lying—unharmful by sunlight, exceptionally durable and very low in price, they completely meet her every requirement.

Let your dealer show you the many beautiful designs today. You can choose from Oriental, conventional or floral motifs that will go with any type of furnishings and any color scheme.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

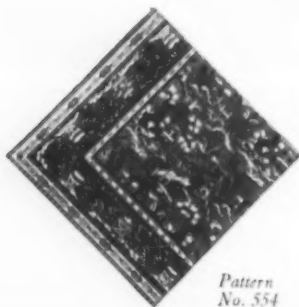
6 x 9 feet	\$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3 feet	\$.60
7½ x 9 feet	11.25		3 x 3 feet	1.40
9 x 9 feet	13.50		3 x 4½ feet	1.95
9 x 10½ feet	15.75		3 x 6 feet	2.50
9 x 12 feet	18.00			

Congoleum Rug-Border { 24 in. width—60c per linear yard.
36 in. width—75c per linear yard.
Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to look for the Gold Seal.

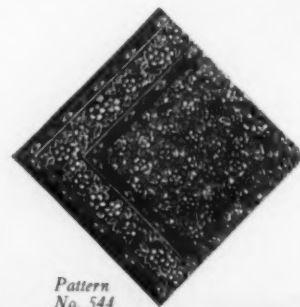
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Dallas Minneapolis Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal



Pattern No. 554

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 544

accommodating head waiter of the Palm Room, bowing and smiling beside me. I inclined my head slightly, popped the paper down the front of my dress and joined the other girls outside. I knew Joe had slipped me a note from Jack and I was furiously mad on account of Jack's presuming to send it to me, although, of course, I was a little bit curious, too; even though nothing he could say would make me ever forgive him.

We had tickets for the matinee at Keith's and usually I wouldn't dream of missing a Saturday afternoon, when all the girls always go and sit in the front rows and have loads of fun, but I simply couldn't have endured it that day, when my heart was breaking, so I pretended I had to go home and help Mother plan her first "G. P." which is what the Cabinet ladies call their at homes to the general public.

"Do you expect to see Mr. Allenbee soon?" asked Callie, the cat, as they were leaving me near the F Street entrance, where I had parked my car.

"No, why?" I replied.

"Oh, I just thought I'd ask you to tell him that I admire his taste," Callie responded, with a horrid little devil in each eye.

"Tell him yourself," I shot at her as I hopped into my car, stepped on the starter and rolled away from the curb.

Before I had gone a block I drew my car up to the curb and got out the paper which Joe had given me. I was right. It was from Jack and it was the silliest, most egotistical thing I ever heard of—"Dearest: Please trust me, John."

That was all. Trust him! Trust him! I felt as if I could never trust any man again as long as I lived. I tore the paper into tiny bits, threw them into the air, watched them scatter and flutter to the sidewalk, and then headed for home. But I couldn't go home feeling as I did. My impulse to cry had left me. I was hopping, tearing, furiously mad. I wanted something on which to vent my madness, and as there wasn't anything else I took it out on the car. I got to Sixteenth Street as soon as I could, and once clear of Scott Circle I gave her the gas and tore out that magnificent boulevard, past mansions, embassies and legations, over intersections at breakneck speed, without a thought for cops or consequences, until I reached the long hill running up through the silent woods near Walter Reed Hospital. Then I slowed down, pulled over to the edge of the road and stopped; shut off my engine and sat there and thought and thought and thought.

At last, after what seemed like eons of suffering, I got my tortured heart under control and decided what to do. First, I must see Jack and relieve my mind. I just naturally had to get my mad out of my system, so I drove on up the hill to the service station on Georgia Avenue, went into a public telephone booth there and called Jack.

Surprise number two! Mr. John Allenbee, Assistant Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, was on three days' leave. He was not expected back until Wednesday. No, they didn't know whether he was going out of the city. My mad mounted higher and I started across town to the Capitol to do the other thing which I had made up my mind about. I was flying down Sixteenth Street at forty when, just as I passed the Chipman Embassy, I saw Jack's tall, distinguished figure emerge from a taxi and, looking back, I beheld him tenderly assisting his black-haired beauty out of the car and up the broad stone steps to the portal of that most mysterious of all the homes of foreign ambassadors and ministers in Washington, the one little spot of alien soil most suspected of harboring sinister motives towards our government and most closely (but with most intense secrecy) watched by our State Department intelligence officers. I got madder and madder, so it was no wonder that I almost scared Senator Blanchard's secretary to death when I burst into the Senator's committee room at the Capitol a few minutes later.

"Where's the Senator?" I demanded.

"I must see him."

"I'm sorry, Miss Dutton," replied Mr. Ferguson, the secretary, who had always been nice to me but is lots nicer, now

The Girl In The Cabinet

[Continued from page 14]

that Dad is Secretary of Commerce instead of a Congressman from a western state, "but the Senator was called to New York unexpectedly this morning and won't be back until Wednesday."

Surprise number three. Also more disappointment, more chagrin, more grief and more anger. I knew Senator Blanchard would help me out, the minute I told him my troubles. He always does. He isn't a bit horrid, as the opposition newspapers say he is. He's kind and lovable and understanding, and he has always sympathized with me, since we first came to Washington, when I was a little girl, and has solved all my problems. Of course, he's awfully old; even older than Dad, but it's such a relief to talk with a man of serious purposes in life, instead of engaging in all the silly chatter that you have to talk and listen to with the boys and girls of my set, that I think the world of him and am no more afraid of him than I am of old Dad, even though people say he's the most powerful person in the world and tremble whenever he opens his mouth. That's just because they don't know him like I do.

"Maybe you can tell me part of what I want to know," I said to Mr. Ferguson, trying to hide my disappointment. "Is there a very beautiful brunette visiting at the Chipman Embassy?"

Mr. Ferguson smiled knowingly.

"I guess you're talking about the Countess," he replied. "Willow; fine eyebrows; long, slender fingers; creamy, satin skin, and clothes about two jumps ahead of the latest pictures we see from Paris?"

"That's she," I said. "Who is she?"

"We don't know exactly. For several years she has been known as the Countess d'Appreeze. I think she's Austrian. She was a guest at the Chipman Embassy before the war. I mean before 1914. Just before July 31, she disappeared and we understand she turned up in Paris the first year of the war and flitted about in France, London and Switzerland. Neither Scotland Yard nor the Paris Prefect ever got anything on her but every time the Germans discovered the French or English code in use at a particular moment, it was noticed that the Countess had been in Paris or London a short time previous, so she was finally given her walking papers. She disappeared for a while but the last year of the war, after we were in, she spent a lot of time at Bern, what doing, nobody on our side ever knew."

My eyes opened wide. Jack had been detailed to the relief of prisoners' service in Switzerland when he came out of the hospital after being wounded. I saw it all clearly. He had met her there, when he was ill, discouraged and disappointed at not being able to rejoin his regiment, and she had been nice to him; perhaps she had nursed him and he had fallen in love with her. She was certain to have fallen in love with Jack. I never saw him in uniform but he must have been grand, for he's just the handsomest thing in civies that ever walked the face of the earth. And now she had come to Washington, had inveigled him into seeing her, and his old attachment had returned. He had taken three days' leave to be with her. He didn't love me and my beautiful dream was over.

With a heavy heart I thanked Mr. Ferguson and walked out of the committee room, through the corridors to the plaza, and climbed sorrowfully into my car.

When I got home Janet met me with an expression on her face which even her years of training into an almost perfect maid under Mother's tutelage couldn't suppress. "Mr. Allenbee has called five times since three o'clock, Miss Jeanne," she said, "and each time left word for you to call him before six. He said he would be out after that."

I glanced at my darling little platinum and diamond wrist watch which Dad had given me the Christmas before and found it was six-ten. Well, what difference did it make? He had nothing to tell me that I didn't already know, and he had had the insolence to say he would be out after six o'clock. I knew very well where he would be: out dining with that bru-

nette. I wouldn't have called him if he had been the last man in the world. On the other hand, I did want to tell him that our engagement was at an end, so I decided to ring his apartment anyway. Maybe he'd be a few minutes getting away. But he wasn't. Probably he was so anxious to keep his rendezvous that he went out ahead of time, without any regard for the message he had left for me. Very well; now I never would telephone him as long as he lived!

Dad and Mother wanted to know why I was so quiet and distraught at dinner, but I told them "nothing," and that seemed to satisfy them, poor dears. Little did they dream of the crisis their only child was passing through. Mother was really too excited to notice much of anything because that night we were going to the first White House reception since we'd become Cabinet people. Of course, we'd been going to White House receptions ever since we came to Congress, but Mother knew that to be there as the wife of the new Secretary of Commerce would be vastly different from being there as the wife of Congressman Henry P. Dutton of the Third District of Colorado, quite, quite different, and she had her war bonnet trimmed and ready to don for the fray.

It was rather nice at the White House that night even before the big excitement started, and I became almost interested, because being Cabinet people really does make a difference.

I had never been behind the line before and it was really very enjoyable, especially as they have chairs there and one can sit down occasionally, which is simply impossible anywhere else because the chairs are cleared out to make room for the mob that surges through all the other rooms.

Of course, I'd met all the Cabinet people before but lots of them didn't remember me and it was nice to see them again on such a different footing, where they not only knew me but were especially considerate of me. It happened that I was the only girl in the Cabinet set who was, well, what you might call attractive, or at least young enough to be attractive, and at the same time old enough to understand the mental processes of such men as make up the official family and be able to talk with them without making an utter fool of herself. I suppose it's my living in Washington and meeting so many people that gives me what you might call my savoir faire, and I do admit that I know how to wear clothes, which, of course, makes a big difference with men. At any rate, I got on wonderfully well, in spite of my secret sorrow, and I really had a passably fair time, especially when Callie Ketchum stretched herself over the silk rope in one of the doorways and waved her hand and tried to be very friendly. Fortunately, I was deep in a discussion with the Attorney General just at that moment. He's the only bachelor in the Cabinet and has heaps and heaps of money and is just as handsome as can be. Callie was wild at me for not inviting her in, which, of course, I would have done if she hadn't been so catty to me at luncheon.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the big, exciting whisper ran through the surging crowd. I'd been out into the jam in the state dining room with the Attorney General to get some refreshments, and we were just about to re-enter the Blue Room, while an attendant unhooked the rope and held it back for us, when I heard it. A rather average-looking man, about forty years old, with gimlet eyes, touched the Attorney General on the arm. They put their heads together, so I turned away and pretended to be speaking to a girl I knew, but I edged closer too, and caught what they said:

"We think we know who stole the new recoil plans," the stranger whispered.

"Who?"

"The party we suspected."

"Wait for me; I'll be leaving in half an hour."

Then the Attorney General turned back to me and I guess he must have known by my expression that I'd overheard, for he squeezed my arm a little and said: "Now you're in on a state secret. You're being initiated early in your career as a Cabinet lady, aren't you?" [Turn to page 96]



Built for Baby's COMFORT

Our 99-year manufacturing experience has designed Heywood-Wakefield Baby Carriages just as you wish your baby's first important possession to be.

Graceful, roomy and easy riding—built for baby's welfare and yours.

Variety of design and finish, moderate price and A Quality Seal on Every Wheel make Heywood-Wakefield Baby Carriages, Strollers and Sulkies popular with parents who insist upon the best for their babies.

The Heywood-Wakefield red and gold hub-cap is on Baby Carriages shown by leading merchants.

Heywood-Wakefield Company

Six Factories and Eleven Warehouses in the U.S.A. Canadian Factory, Orillia, Ontario



Baby and Doll Carriages, Bassinets and Cribs, Children's Furniture, Reed and Fibre Furniture, Porch and Lawn Suits, Cane and Wood Chairs, Cocoa Brush Door Mats and Cocoa Floor Matting

Heywood-Wakefield
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Style 705

For the Home of Refinement

The attractive Colonial model shown above fits admirably. In Antique, or in Adam brown mahogany, with lustrous "satin" finish, its artistic appearance speaks its superb musical quality.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

Combine the best traditions of old time Boston piano building with the most advanced ideas of today. Built, as from the first, in but one quality—the best—by the same interests, with the same artistic ideals, they are used in over 500 institutions and 70,000 homes.

Our Catalog showing latest style tendencies in Uprights, Grands and Players, mailed on request. Write for it.

How to Buy

Where no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to
IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____

Address _____

Careful Investment will increase Your Savings—

EVERY \$10 or \$100 or \$1000 you save has the power to earn more money at the rate of 7% a year. How your money, safeguarded in sound first mortgage bonds, can be doubled in ten years by the reinvestment of interest is told in the little book "Financial Independence for Women."

7% First Mortgage Bonds offered by Caldwell & Company embody definitely superior features of safety made possible by the normally strong demand for money to finance the steady growth of prosperous Southern Cities.



JUST send your name and address for a complimentary copy of this book.

Name _____

Address _____

Caldwell & Co.

Investment Bankers - Established 1876
Southern Municipal, Corporation and Mortgage Bonds
1805 Union St. Nashville, Tenn.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

out of my head. I am giving experiences from a lifetime frequently too rich in personal experience for personal comfort: nevertheless, true experience. The thing that I am telling you today did not happen in my immediate family, but it did happen in the family of a dear friend of mine in whose house I am frequently a visitor, where I am always welcome, and where I feel quite as much at home as I do in my own family circle.

So now, to get back to my beginning: the man of the family. Picture to yourself a man of medium height, slender, neat as a new glove; a man of refined sensibilities and fastidious taste; a man who has an eye wide open for what is going on in the world and an ear to the ground for the rumblings of any portent that may come within his province to handle if a storm should break, either in his city, his state, or his country; a man who has studied all his life to make of himself a scholar and a gentleman; a man who detests coarseness and vulgarity; a man who could not be hired for any consideration to listen voluntarily to or to repeat a lewd story; a man who loves good clothes and arrays himself beautifully in the latest modes for men; who has bright, clear eyes and crisp, waving hair, and, although in the region of sixty, a skin as clear as a school girl's used to be. A man who has never tampered with strong drink, and who has no taste for tobacco; a man who is a good fellow, who likes to fish, to hunt, to row a boat, to ride a horse, to drive a good car, and who gets a bit of keen enjoyment out of letting the other fellow eat his dust; a man who has been a partner in a big business in the state of Indiana and who, during the lifetime of that partnership, loaned the best of his intellect and the best of his strength to the concern and came out of it with sufficient means to make him highly independent. A man who has always stood in his town as one of its leading business men; who always has stood among his neighbors as a man of incorruptible morality; a man who has always attended church and allowed his position to be clearly defined as to his belief in God and the immortality of the soul, and who has never shirked what he felt to be his share of responsibility for his brethren. If that is not quite a figure of a man, I would be glad to have you lead me up to and be willing to vouch for a finer!

That is half of the partnership. The other half is the woman, a woman very slight, a little taller than the average woman, standing so straight she almost leans backward; a woman with red hair and big, prominent brown eyes; a woman with a voice exceptionally sweet who all her life has taken a pride in speaking a brand of English that you will very seldom hear excelled in any land or any clime where English is spoken. She never slurs an ending; never misplaces an accent. She spends a great deal of time reading the best books. Nobody ever told me and I never could vouch for it, but I have always had a feeling that she began life as a milliner. Just from the way she picks up a hat, and twists around a bow, and sets a plume at a little different angle and stands before a glass and pulls it on her head and cocks that head on one side, I got the feeling that she had had a little more experience with hats than with any other youthful occupation. She happened to be one of a large brood, and incidentally, in passing, I might remark that two or three brothers of that brood made themselves millionaires, and a couple of sisters selected the men who were able to accumulate and to hold on to millions of their own.

In the beginning these two people were young, strong, full of health, and ambition. He went at his job of being a merchant, hammer and tongs. She went at her job of being his wife, his housekeeper, and the mother of his children, with all the energy she possessed. In the beginning they were poor, just as a great many of us were. She could not afford to keep a maid. She did her own washing and ironing. She cooked the meals and swept the floors and blacked the cook stove and made her own clothes and those of her children and most of the underwear and shirts that were worn

One Way to Rear a Boy

[Continued from page 2]

by her husband. So her days were very full, and she and this man lived their days, each day at a time, planning everything together, talking everything over, figuring out every least detail of his business or of hers.

By and by, when the boy and the girl came into their home, they decided that they would rear their children after an individual plan. They would not do what every one else was doing; they would do what they *thought* was the thing to do, and they would see what results they got.

With this picture in mind, it will not be difficult to see what kind of girl such rearing would evolve. Frequently a visitor in my home, one of the dearest of young things on earth to me, I can vouch for her being as sweet a girl, as true a girl, as fine and clean a girl as ever grew up in one of the proudest homes in our land. Some way, I had always had the feeling that girls did not need the care and the supervision that boys do. That they were somehow a little finer, a little safer, a little easier to rear than boys. Lately I am not so sure that this idea still obtains with me. I am not so sure today that the girls do not need quite as careful and as exacting training for life as the boys.

But it was about the rearing of this one boy that I want to tell you, and if I have made the picture look discouragingly serene and cheerful, I will ask you to wait a minute until I pick up my palette and smear on a little black paint. The father and mother were happy to begin with. They were prosperous from the start because they worked hard, and were generous, and saved their money, and helped their neighbors. But do not let yourself believe that their lives were all sunshine; that there was not sickness that kept their hearts standing still at times; that there were not accidents that resulted in irreparable disaster; that there were not aches and pains and business struggles and everything that you and I have to face in the daily business of living. Because those things were part and parcel of the things that this couple—just a typical American couple—had to wade through and to fight through and to face. The same things that you and I have had to wade through—times of sickness and financial stress and all kinds and conditions of rough weather that racks the soul and tries the mental fiber very frequently almost past endurance.

To begin at the beginning with the training of the boy of this family—and, of course, practically the same training with feminine touches was exercised on the girl—from the time this boy could toddle he was given a little work to do about the house, not allowed to play all day. When it was time for Mother to begin the nightly dinner and for Father to come home, the youngster picked up the papers and put away the toys and straightened up the house for Father; because Father had to work very hard to earn the money to buy the lights and the fires and the good food that they were going to have for supper. The house must be in nice shape. Father's chair must be beside the fire; his slippers and paper must be ready.

When the boy grew older and was ready to start to school, on stormy winter days he could finish his lunch early and hurry past the store on the way to afternoon school with a hot lunch for Father. He had to carry it very carefully because sometimes there were things in it that would spill, and if they spilled Father would not have so good a lunch. There were things that were hot, and if he stopped to play with other boys and allowed anything to detain him, Father's lunch would be cold. From the time he was such a little tad that without his knowledge it had to be done over after him, he could clean Father's shoes. Father had very beautiful, slender feet and he wore exquisitely fine, beautifully shaped leather shoes. He changed them frequently because he stood on his feet a great deal and they became tired. He

could clean Mother's shoes and Sister's and his own, and he could keep the kitchen wood box full of wood. He could rake the yard and climb up and saw dead limbs from the trees and work them into firewood.

From the time he was a little fellow he learned not to waste a single thing. Old papers were folded away to sell. Old books were carried to the library in case there should be some one who would like to have them. As soon as the magazines were read they were carried to school or given to some one else. Everything was kept in circulation. The minute the family finished with the clothing they were wearing, somebody else had a chance to see what could be done with it.

From the very first this boy earned, or felt that he earned, all the money he spent. Nobody gave him sums every week just because he was in existence. He was taught that he had his niche in the world to fill; that he had his work to do; that that work was worth a price and the price was forthcoming. Sometimes he worked very hard on Saturday delivering packages from the store. Sometimes he could run errands. Sometimes he could tie bundles. He could wash the carriage and curry the horse. In those days almost every prosperous family kept a cow in the stable and had their own milk. He could look after the cow.

By and by, as the family grew more prosperous, a maid came into the kitchen. The last I heard of her she had been there in the neighborhood of twenty years and her only hope was to be able to take care of her beloved family as long as she should live. There was a maid who was not serving particularly for the money she earned. She had a job she liked, and she did her level best on it because she was in spirit considerably like the people whom she served.

When the wonderful maid happened, there was time for Mother to do more work in the church, in the mothers' meetings in school, in the club work. Being Irish and having a quick wit and a little bit of an accent on her tongue, Mother could recite. She could tell killingly funny stories. She had a redheaded Irish sense of humor that made her see the most comical side of things. There was scarcely a night that her dinner table was not in an uproar over something she had seen during the day. She was such an excellent companion that her husband and children never found such good entertainment anywhere else in all the world as she always had ready for them when they came home. In the remembering of these stories, in the reciting of them, she kept widening her vision, developing her brain, investigating things, hurrying to the library for facts and facts and yet more facts. By and by, the day came when the simple little home in which she had started was no longer necessary. The little house that had been a nest so long could go to somebody else and she could afford to have a big house, with the kind of room she had always wanted for her faithful maid, the kind of room the boy designed for himself as his special province, the kind of room the girl wanted for her very own, the kind of rooms the whole family planned for their living-room, for their reception room, for their guest room, and the kind of room the man and woman wanted for their own quarters together.

In the building, two things happened to this house that were slightly unusual. From the very beginning this mother kept her children at home. There never were any restrictions placed on the number of children who came to play with them. The girl might bring her friends, and once or twice a week she might have little girls to remain with her for the night. The boy might bring his friends; but the one rule that never failed was that they must play in the open, on the boy's own premises. From the time he was big enough to go mittened and muffled, into the snow and shovel paths and build snow men, while he was out the mother sat on the side of the house on which he was playing, with her darning, or her sewing, or a book, and every single

[Turn to page 86]



If you invest your money at six per cent. and reinvest the interest you receive from it, your money will double in about twelve years. If, in the meantime, you save your money, invest that and allow it to accumulate, you can snap your fingers at the poorhouse!

How to Get a Place on Easy Street

❖ BY MARY B. MULLETT ❖

*Collaborating with MILTON W. HARRISON, Executive Vice-President,
National Association of Mutual Savings Banks*

WE AMERICANS have our faults; but there are some things of which we can be mighty proud. Let me tell you, for instance, of one thing that has happened during the past few years. When I learned of it, it almost took my breath away. We are used to being called "the richest people in the world;" but did you know that we are becoming the thriftiest?

In 1919 there were almost 18 million savings accounts in the banks of this country. That was fine—but just wait a minute! Within the next five years—only five years, mind you—the number of those accounts more than doubled! In July, 1924, there were almost 30 million savings depositors in our banks.

During those five years, the amount of money in these deposits increased from about 12 billions to almost 21 billions of dollars! If that doesn't give you a thrill of pride, there is something wrong somewhere and I think the trouble must be with you.

If you yourself are one of those millions of depositors, I congratulate you on one score. You have taken the first step along the road to comfort and independence. You have at least learned to save.

But I wonder if you have taken the next step. Have you learned to let your savings grow? Do you know how fast they will grow if you simply let them alone? Do you realize that if you save only a few dollars a week and allow these savings to accumulate at interest, you need not fear poverty in your old age? You will have a small fortune then.

If you invest your money at six per cent. and reinvest the interest you receive from it, your money will double in about twelve years. If, in the meantime, you save more money, invest that and allow it to accumulate, you can snap your fingers at the poorhouse. You won't be going there but to Easy Street instead.

However, a good many people lack the necessary courage, confidence and energy to find good ways of investing their money. They think it is easier and safer to put it into a savings bank. Since there are almost 39 million depositors in these banks, this must be a pretty general idea. Let's see whether it is a good idea.

Among the letters which have come from McCall readers, in response to these articles about saving and investing money, was one from a woman in a Northwestern state. She said that she had put her money into a savings bank

and that the bank failed. She lost all she had deposited there. The failure of a savings bank is a tragic thing. If you ever have seen a throng of men, women and even children, besieging the closed doors of a bank where they have deposited their precious savings, you know that it is a sight never to be forgotten. Fortunately it is a rare one, for bank failures are infrequent in these days.

There is one point you should understand. Not all savings banks are conducted on the same basis. In New York and a few other states, the only institutions which are permitted by law to call themselves "savings" banks are the mutual

savings banks. Let me explain this: There are more than 600 of these, most of them being in the Eastern states. They operate under very strict laws. Only the safest investments are

legal for them. Their funds must be put into such securities as United States bonds, city and State bonds, high grade first mortgages—investments in which there is practically no risk.

There are no stockholders; the depositors really own the bank. They receive the profits, in the form of interest on their deposits. The bank is managed by trustees, who receive no salary. The profits are never great because these investments must be "gilt edged," and such investments do not yield big returns. So the depositors in these banks usually get from four to four and one-half per cent. on their money.

However, this money is probably in as safe a place as they could find anywhere. There have been no failures of mutual savings banks in recent years.

Other savings banks are not subject to the same legal requirements; and the depositors are not the owners of the bank. Moreover, what you regard as a "savings bank" may be only the savings department of a regular commercial bank.

Many of these banks are as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Some of them may not be. It depends on the integrity and ability of the management.

All I can say is this: Don't take anything for granted. Before you put your savings into a bank, investigate it. Find out something about the men who control it. Read its reports and financial statements. Write to the state bank examiner. And, as long as your money is in a bank, try to keep informed as to its condition.

Now let us go back to the subject of how your money will increase if you let it accumulate at interest.

There are a good many cases on record of people who have dropped out of sight, leaving a few hundred dollars on deposit in a savings account. The interest continued to be credited, quarterly or semi-annually; and as it was added, it also drew interest. In other words, the interest would be "compounded" at these regular intervals. According to the usual custom, these accounts become "dormant" at the end of twenty years. That is, they cease then to draw interest.

To show you how money piles, merely by being left at interest, here is the true story of the happy surprise one woman received.

Years ago, this woman—we shall call her Mrs. Smith—had a few hundred dollars on deposit [Turn to page 83]

TWO startling facts are before us Americans: We are becoming the thriftiest people in the world, and our wealth is widely distributed!

Here is the evidence of our thrift: In 1919 there were almost 18 million savings accounts in the banks of this country. Within the next five years the number of those accounts more than doubled! In July, 1924, there were almost thirty-nine million savings depositors in our banks.

And here is proof that our wealth is no longer held by an exclusive and small group of capitalists: In 1914, there were, in this country, 500,000 holders of investment securities; in 1924—only ten years later—there were 5,000,000 holders of such securities!

How can you pile up wealth? You can get, from almost any savings bank a printed statement, showing how weekly or monthly deposits will mount if left at compound interest. Here is a typical one. The interest is four per cent.

❖ And it is compounded quarterly: ❖

MONTHLY DEPOSIT	5 YEARS	10 YEARS	15 YEARS	20 YEARS
\$5	\$331.29	\$735.51	\$1,228.74	\$1,829.50
10	662.68	1,471.22	2,457.87	3,661.72
15	994.06	2,206.99	3,686.97	5,492.84
20	1,325.44	2,942.75	4,916.15	7,324.07
❖ 25	1,656.82	3,768.45	6,145.20	9,155.12

Nipper in Italy — A Cut-Out by NORMAN JACOBSEN

*I*N Italy Nipper lives in a little hill town overlooking a valley. Every day the children with baskets of luncheon on their heads go down the path through olive orchards and groves of cypress to the valley where their fathers are working in the fields. Nipper is shown in his peasant costume with a sickle used to cut the grain. When a heap of grain is gathered and dried the oxen walk around and around on it to separate the wheat from the straw. The wheat is carried in ox carts to the town, and the straw, wrapped in sheets and table-cloths, is bundled on to the donkeys' backs. Behind the donkeys, the goats and pigs follow, nibbling bits of straw. The oxen are unhitched in the village square and taken to pasture; the donkeys go to their own homes and with their heads thrust into the doorways wait patiently to be unloaded. The funny thin spotted pigs run grunting in all directions. The goats slink off quietly to their owners to be milked. And later in the evening when supper is over and the lamps are lighted, the animals crowd around again and look in at the doors and windows.



The children took baskets of luncheon to their fathers



The oxen are hitched to carts

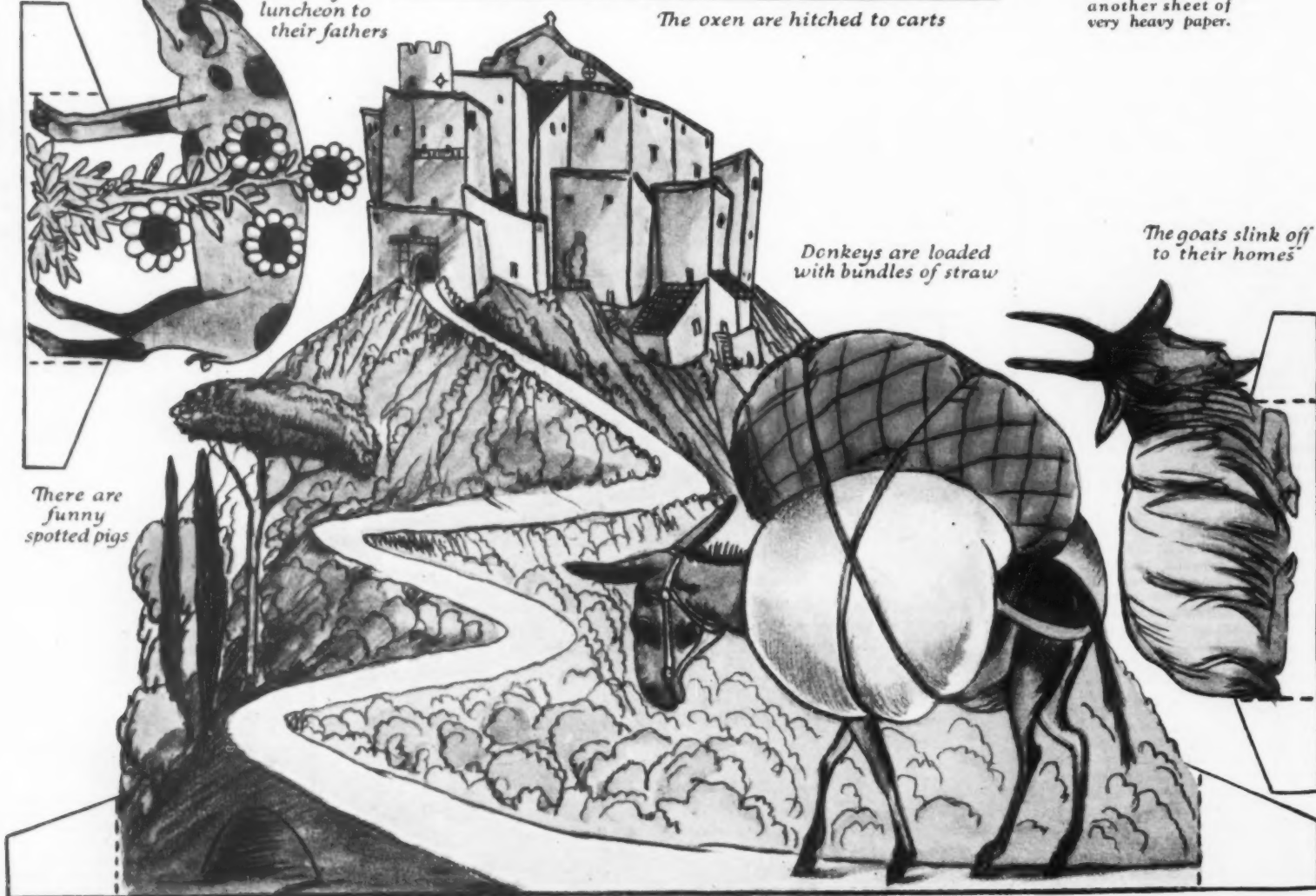


Nipper dressed as a peasant boy

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING: Before cutting out the figures, strengthen this whole page by pasting it carefully on another sheet of very heavy paper.



There are funny spotted pigs



Donkeys are loaded with bundles of straw

The goats slink off to their homes



Too many babies die of disease!

GERMS of many dangerous diseases may be carried by the old-fashioned, narrow-necked bottle. Its many curves and angles, its narrow neck, prevent thorough cleaning. Bacteria gather freely.

Use only the Hygeia, the safe nursing bottle, which has no neck, no angles, no curves. It can be thoroughly washed, easily and quickly. No brush is needed for cleaning—no funnel needed for filling.

Hygeia makes weaning easy, for the broad, flexible breast is shaped like mother's. It is designed not to collapse.

Hygeia, the safe nursing bottle, is patented. Sold at drug stores everywhere. Ask for it by name.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.



This modern, safe nursing bottle does away with dangerous germ carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck. Hygeia is shaped like a drinking glass—wash it with a cloth and suds.

Hygeia

The SAFE NURSING BOTTLE

How to Get a Place on Easy Street

[Continued from page 81]



in the Excelsior Savings Bank in New York City. She had been putting it in, a little at a time. Then the deposits ceased and nothing was seen or heard of Mrs. Smith for years. Finally the account became dormant.

The bank sent letters to her but they were returned unclaimed. At last the service department of the bank started a rigid search for her. Failing to find Mrs. Smith, they tried to find her husband. After a long investigation he was located—serving a term in the penitentiary! Finally the wife, too, was located. She was in Mexico.

These facts are interesting, for two reasons. They show how diligently a bank tries to find its "dormant depositors." But they also show that Mrs. Smith had good reason to rejoice over the way money accumulates! For her few hundred dollars, which she probably had forgotten, had grown in twenty years to be \$2,000—in fact, a little more than that.

You can get, from almost any savings bank, a printed statement, showing how weekly or monthly deposits will mount if left at compound interest. In the box on the first page of this article is a typical chart showing how your money can accumulate.

The chances are that a person who begins with very small savings, say five dollars a month, will be able to increase the amount as time goes on. The important thing is to start saving and to let the interest go on piling up.

For instance, if you saved \$15 a month for twenty years, you would have, according to the above table, almost \$5,500; but you would have supplied only \$3,600 of that amount! The rest of it, \$1,900, would be the accumulated interest.

In other words, your money, working all by itself, would earn more than half as much as you yourself had supplied. That is certainly worth thinking about.

If you want to have even better results, you can follow this plan: Let your savings accumulate, at interest, in the savings bank until you have enough to

buy a good first mortgage bond. This will pay you more than the bank will allow on your deposits.

Then go on making your regular deposits in the savings bank, adding to them the interest you receive from your bond. When you have enough money, buy another bond. Then proceed to do the same thing over again. In this way, by saving only five dollars a week, you will have about \$10,000 in twenty years.

This will be the case if you start with nothing. But if you have a few hundred dollars or a few thousand dollars, to begin, you will be even better off.

Suppose you have saved \$5,000 by the time you are thirty-five years old. That isn't putting the sum very high. Most of us could have as much as that if we tried. For instance, if you start when you are twenty to save \$20 a month and let it accumulate at compound interest of only four per cent.—as in the savings bank—you will have your \$5,000 when you are thirty-five years old.

All right! Now, if you invest that amount at six per cent. and keep reinvesting the interest, you will have \$20,000 when you are sixty! You will have this \$20,000 even though you have not added any savings after you were thirty-five! Your original \$5,000 will have doubled and re-doubled in those twenty-five years. And if, in the meantime, you have gone on saving \$20 a month and letting it accumulate at interest, you will have about \$10,000 more. So, you see, I was not exaggerating when I said you could snap your fingers at the poorhouse and, instead, settle down comfortably on Easy Street.

Just one thing more. How much of that \$30,000 will you have supplied? You can easily figure it out. It is just \$20 a month, from the time you are twenty until you are sixty. And that is exactly \$9,600—no more! Your money has earned all the rest. If you realize how wonderfully money will work for you, I believe you will begin right now to give it a good chance. You will never regret it.

Beware of Imitation Flagg-Houses

[Continued from page 54]



is simplicity and lack of affectation! In many others there was further evidence of that strange notion that, somehow, rude treatment, rough finish and poor workmanship produce "artistic" effects.

O art, what strange things are done in thy name!

Nothing frightens the writer more than to hear that his work is "artistic." Knowing what the term implies in the minds of many, he has a horror of doing anything which will deserve the appellation. From such "art," deliver us!

In the last issue we contrasted a door frame of a new type with one of the ordinary kind and showed how five hundred per cent. less material and labor could be made to produce a better result. We now show the same principle applied to a base. (Fig. 2). Figure 3 illustrates an ordinary partition base as it would appear if the partition were cut through and seen from the end. Here are the baseboards with their moldings, the studs, wooden laths and plaster. Such partitions are generally about 6" thick. It is a very dangerous form of construction and has much to do with our inordinate fire loss because the spaces between the studs quickly spread flames. These spaces are in effect so many flues

lined with tinder through which fire, once started, can fairly leap. The only part which is not inflammable is the plaster, of which there is about 1/2" on each side.

Contrast this with a partition of the other kind and note the vast difference. The base is the only inflammable part and it is solid. The partition consists simply of a jute net plastered on both sides. This is one of those things which are too simple for belief. Persons who have never seen such a partition often say they would hate to lean against one. They do not realize what strength there is in good plaster, a strength which may be increased to any desired amount by the use of a little Portland cement. This is an expedient, however, which the writer has never found it necessary to use except for bearing purposes. A partition of this sort saves several dollars a foot in space alone, besides eliminating four-fifths of the cost of bases and door frames.

With this instalment we present a perspective view of the McCall house and garage as it will appear from the road. The garage is set in the bank and covered with a concrete arch. The retaining wall is necessary on account of the hill against which the house is built and at the base of which the road runs.

The architect's building plans and specifications for the McCall Demonstration House will be sold to you by McCall's for only \$15. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City



Have you learned the new way to better styles? It is in this book!

IN this magazine last month we told you how having a copy of the new Charles William Stores Catalog was like having a fashion show right in your own home.

Since then thousands of women have learned this way to better styles. They have received their catalogs—and used them. They have found that it is possible to dress in the height of Fifth Avenue's fashions and that it is also possible to do so at less expense than they ever before thought possible.

You, too, have this same opportunity—this same chance to dress better for less.

Whatever it is you need you will find in this book. From party dresses to Spring coats; from walking shoes to dainty pumps, the line is complete. And everything is marked with the distinctive stamp of Fifth Avenue.

For men and boys, also, the styles are as attractive—the savings as great.

For your own and your family's protection get this new catalog for Spring and Summer before you buy anything anywhere. Write for it today. It's FREE.

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, INC.
New York City

Mail this coupon TODAY!

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, Inc.
324 Stores Bldg., New York City

Please send me free copy of your new catalog for Spring and Summer.

Name

Address



MERITAS

LINENETTE

TABLE COVERS

No Laundering Necessary

Everything used in the homes of today lightens the old-time burden of monotonous housework. And now mealtime is made more simple with Meritas Linenette Table Covers.

This leading linen substitute is the newest and most economical for everyday use. Meritas Linenette Table Covers have a specially prepared surface that is impervious to moisture, grease and stains. A damp cloth wipes clean. No laundering necessary.

Meritas Linenette Covers come in attractive patterns in several colors including China-blue. Two sizes, 45 in. and 54 in. to fit either square or round tables, at your dealers.

Write us for sample showing quality of this handsome and serviceable article.

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.

320 Broadway Dept. 6 New York



Maternity Apparel

With No Maternity Look

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and after baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear. Also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. Write for it today.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 91
38th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

Style Book FREE



Home Plan No. 502

A universal favorite. 5 rooms and bath. Planned for comfort. Roomy porch built-in conveniences. A splendid value. Materials \$1620

Our Book of Homes shows 200 Plans of Bungalows, Cottages, Colonial, 1 and 2 story Homes; photos, floor plans, descriptions and lowest wholesale prices.

Send For Book of 200 Home Plans!

We furnish lumber, millwork and other materials, shipped direct from our mills, with complete plans. 20-year guarantee. 200,000 customers—savings up to \$2,000. Material is furnished Ready-Cut or Not Ready-Cut.

Standardized Construction Heavy timbers and framing lumber cut and fitted at mill. Saves up to 30 per cent labor cost and 18 per cent lumber waste. Substantial, permanent construction.

Building Material In our quantity. Send us your lumber bills to figure on any type of building you have in mind. Estimate free. Get lowest freight paid prices.

Garages and Summer Cottages Economical, easy to build.

Four Mills We ship from the one nearest you.

Gordon-Van Tine Co.

ESTABLISHED 1888

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

492 Case Street DAVENPORT, IOWA




Mail This Coupon

Gordon-Van Tine Co.
492 Case St., Davenport, Iowa
I expect to
☐ Build a.....
☐ Repair a.....
Please send proper catalog.
Name.....
Address.....

The Only Woman in the World

(Continued from page 9)

no use for what he termed society. He believed that Roderick would enjoy things more if he earned them. Wherefore, the unkempt grass of the lawn. Despite his luck at matching dimes, the exchequer of Roderick was not in a very flourishing condition. The two dollars that he would receive for cutting the grass would come in very handy. With a sigh he walked to the barn in the rear of the house and pulled out the lawn-mower. And now a natural interest in mechanical things asserted itself. He took the lawn-mower apart, oiled and polished it until it was a thing of beauty and ran almost noiselessly. He pushed it out upon the lawn. He had completed perhaps a fifth of his task when his attention was attracted by an automobile that stopped almost directly in front of the Dory house. His eyes were slightly envious as he observed its beauty. He wished to goodness his father were not so darned old-fashioned in his ideas. His father had delayed installation of a telephone until almost everyone had them. His father always laughed uproariously when the comic papers printed jokes about motor cars. Although they were becoming increasingly common, Mr. Dory frequently remarked that when he started anywhere he liked to get there. The pleadings of his son had no effect upon him. A kindly gentleman, but hopelessly narrow-minded, thought Roderick.

He himself knew that the automobile was practical and here to stay. He had learned to drive one in a neighboring garage, and was conversant with the principles that underlay the mechanism of the gas engine. Suddenly he realized that the driver of the car that had paused nearby was calling to him. He walked to the fence.

"Would you mind helping me crank the car?" asked the driver.

For a moment he could not reply. For the driver was a woman—and, unless the study of scores of photographs had taught him nothing, she was that glorious woman of the God-given genius, Mildred Darrell. She was as beautiful as her pictures. The cunning design of her dress lent slimness to her figure, that perhaps was a trifle too mature in tights. She was not swathed in the veils that women wore in those days when motoring, nor was her form enveloped in a shapeless motor coat. She wore a trim suit and the breeze caressed her blond curls. There were dimples in her cheeks, and if her lips were made up Roderick did not know it. He vaulted the fence and approached her. "Delighted, Miss Darrell," he said.

The actress smiled at him. "You know me?"

"Who in the world does not?" he retorted.

Her smile was a caress. "You're flattering."

"The truth is never flattering," said Roderick.

She laughed now, and he saw that her teeth were the perfect pearls that her photographs had indicated. And he, Roderick Dory, was exchanging sprightly badinage with this glorious creature! Suddenly he blushed at his own presumption and daring in speaking familiarly to her. He walked to the car and began to examine it. The difficulty was slight; a broken wire of the battery. "If you have tools in the car, I can fix it," he told her. "There's nothing the matter with the cranking part."

"Would you?" she asked. There was something thrilling in her tones.

He would and did. When, oil-stained and smeared with grease, he had finished, she said to him, "If you'll tell me your name I'd be glad to leave tickets for you for the opening night of my new play." He told her; he hardly believed that the incident had really happened when she drove away. He left the lawn-mower where it lay, walked into the house and up to his own bedroom. From a bureau drawer where it lay carefully hidden beneath some shirts, he drew out a photograph of his divinity. It was inscribed, "Affectionately yours, Mildred Darrell."

He had bought it at a photographer's in the city. The inscription was not done

in ink, but was photographed. It was an impersonal inscription, but his new acquaintance with her made it personal. Who knew but that, some day in the future, she might, with her own delicate hands, inscribe a picture to him? Suddenly he pressed the photograph against his lips. At last he knew what true love meant.

He was pushing the lawn-mower over the grass later that evening when Jimmy Kernan came to see him. Mr. Dory had arrived home and made matters almost unendurable through the course of the evening meal. If his son had any ambition he'd have cut that grass a week ago. There were times when Mr. Dory doubted that the money that he was expending on rearing his son and daughter was being well spent. All they thought of was clothes and good times. That grass must be cut tonight. Hence the sight of a toiling Roderick that greeted Jimmy's eyes.

"Well, how's the great American playwright?" asked Jimmy.

Roderick wiped the honest sweat from his forehead. "You and Eloise think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

Jimmy grinned. "Well, Eloise was darned funny. And you ought not to get mad at her. She's a nice girl."

"She's a skinny brat," said Roderick.

"Aw, forget it," counselled Jimmy. "That's a pretty rotten play of yours, you know."

"Wait until Miss Darrell plays in it," said Roderick. "Then you'll talk different."

Jimmy, with an eye to the Dory veranda—parents were leagued in a conspiracy of espionage—lighted a cigarette. "Fine chance there is of her ever reading it," he scoffed. The burlesque of Eloise had robbed him of all respect for his chum's literary gifts.

Roderick smiled. "She was very pleasant today," he said casually.

"Who was?" demanded Jimmy.

"Miss Darrell," replied Roderick. "She wants me to take a look at her new show next Monday night."

"Who you fooling? Not me," sneered Jimmy.

Roderick shrugged. "All right. I was going to invite you to come with me to 'The Scrub Lady,' but if that's the way you feel—"

"Roderick! On the level?"

Roderick convinced him that it was "on the level." Now Roderick was eighteen years of age, and the restraint imposed on his movements by maternal and paternal solicitude had been largely removed since his last birthday. The fiction was that inasmuch as he was entering college in the fall and would be removed from parental guardianship, it was as well to recognize his manhood now.

Therefore, it was easy for him and Jimmy to take a trolley into the city on the next Monday night without having to run the gauntlet of family questions. For Roderick knew that among his father's old-fashioned ideas, was a disapproval of the theatre. So, on Monday night, he sauntered from the house with a great assumption of carelessness, met Jimmy, who, in view of Roderick's acquaintance with the star of "The Scrub Lady," was inclined to believe that after all there probably was merit in Roderick's play and substance in his ambition, and went into town. Miss Darrell had not forgotten. At the box office were two tickets. The boys entered the theatre. For two hours and a half they were thrilled. Critics might say that Miss Darrell's figure was not the girlish thing that once it had been, but there was no denying her charm, the beauty of her voice, and her histrionic ability. As a matter of fact, had Mildred Darrell not gained her first following in musical comedy, she would have been a star in drama.

Outside in the street, after the star had responded to the final curtain call, Roderick had a sudden impulse. The mere fact that Miss Darrell had given him seats was sufficient, in the inexplicable fashion in which the mind of youth works, to restore his prestige in the eyes

The Only Woman in the World

of Jimmy. But the thought that came to him now reduced his companion to abject servility.

"I guess I'll go around to the stage door and congratulate her," announced Roderick. His awe-stricken companion made no protest. He watched Roderick enter the stage door, and then went quietly off. He had walked with genius; he had trembled on the outskirts of the sacred circle of art in the center of which Roderick indubitably belonged. His faith in Roderick was restored.

Miss Darrell's dressing room was on the ground floor just inside the stage door. A group of enthusiastic admirers swirled in and out of the room, and one of the inward currents bore Roderick on its crest. She recognized him; she accepted his congratulations, haltingly offered, with gracious friendliness. He almost staggered from the room. He rode home in a daze. He went to sleep with her photograph on the pillow beside him. He had never known the pangs of love before. He knew them now. He arose late for breakfast, and his appetite was not improved by his father's stern command that Roderick was not to leave the grounds until the yard had been "picked up." Ordinarily he could have done the work in three hours. He was still at work in the middle of the afternoon when, to his great surprise, his father came home. Mr. Dory walked into the house as though unconscious of Roderick's presence. Something was wrong; he wondered what it could be. He found out five minutes later, when his mother called him in.

"Roderick, where were you last night?" asked his father. Roderick turned white. His mother turned to her husband.

"You promised that you'd not be harsh with him, Frank," she pleaded.

"What's wrong?" demanded Roderick. His father swelled with indignation. The red veins on his cheeks had never been so prominent. "What's wrong?" he echoed. "I'll tell you what's wrong. Sam Kernan met me at lunch today and told me a tale about your goings on. He said that his Jimmy told him that you went to the theatre last night on tickets that had been given you by Mildred Darrell, and that after the play you went back to her dressing room. Where did you meet this Darrell woman?"

Roderick's shoulders squared. "Miss Darrell, father," he corrected.

"Don't you be impertinent to me, young man," stormed Mr. Dory. "I want to know where you met this woman."

"And I want you to speak respectfully of her," cried Roderick.

"Roderick! interposed his mother. "You mustn't speak so to your father."

"And he mustn't speak so about Miss Darrell," answered Roderick.

And now Mr. Dory's face was almost apoplectic. "You dare to quarrel with me about an actress, a woman of the stage, a shameless thing that wears tights!"

"How dare you call her shameless? As if the wearing of tights made any difference," said Roderick scornfully.

"You talk as though you were in love with her," said Mr. Dory, angrily.

"Suppose I am? I got a right to be, ain't I?" Angela, Roderick's fifteen-year-old sister, had been hovering on the outskirts of the little group. Now she pointed an accusing finger at her shameless brother.

"He's written a play for her, too," she said. "Eloise Dennison told me about it. It's all about an actress that wears tights in church. Eloise says it's the silliest thing she ever heard."

"I guess Eloise's judgment isn't so very important," said Roderick with dignity. "And anyway I'm not a child, and I'm not going to listen to any more of this sort of talk."

His father stared at him. "As long as you're in my house you'll listen to me, young man. Unless perhaps you think you're ready to leave home?" There was, according to Roderick's ideas, unlimited contempt in his father's last sentence.

"Just as you say, father," he said. "I guess I can earn a living."

His mother's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Roderick, you haven't really fallen

in love with this actress, have you?"

"She is the only woman in the world," he answered. The ringing of the front door-bell broke the pause that followed.

"Angela," said Mrs. Dory, "please answer the bell." His sister left the room and Roderick faced his parents. There was defiance in his eyes. There was aggressiveness in his squared shoulders.

"I don't suppose you have any idea what a young jackass you are, have you?" asked his father.

"You fell in love once, didn't you, father?" retorted Roderick.

"But not with an actress," said his father wrathfully.

"An actress is just as good as any other woman," said Roderick.

"Well, who says she isn't?" demanded a breezy voice from the doorway. Roderick wheeled. There stood Miss Mildred Darrell. Beside her stood a youth of Roderick's own age. Behind them, open-mouthed, stood Angela. The actress advanced into the room. She held out her hand to Roderick. There was something in her manner that was impressive. One had only to see her to know that here was a personage. There was authority in her very stride. "Won't you introduce me?" she asked.

Roderick mumbled her name. He saw his father grasp her hand, saw his mother offer her a chair. Then he heard her ask, laughingly, "Who said an actress isn't as good as anyone else?"

He had always thought his father, despite his material success, somewhat crude of manner. But now he was proud as Mr. Dory answered, "No one, Miss Darrell. We were simply discussing your play. I hadn't seen it, but I read the reviews this morning, and I understand it's about a scrub-woman who goes on the stage."

"I'm glad of that," said the actress. "You know, in some places we of the theatre meet with prejudice. I've just bought a house in the next street and intend to live here. And I'd hate to settle in a community where the stage is not appreciated. I met your young son last week and am calling at the first opportunity. I wanted to meet his parents. I knew that the mother and father of such a boy must be delightful persons." Mildred Darrell was sometimes accused of lacking *savoir faire*, in that she was so extremely blunt of speech. But most people adored her for it. She had charm off the stage as well as on. Before the magnetism of her smile Mr. Dory's prejudices gave way. He fluttered about her, flattered by her presence. But Mrs. Dory looked upon the woman jealously. She was beloved by Mrs. Dory's son. And then Miss Darrell completed her conquest of the seniors of the Dory family. For she beckoned to the youth who still stood in the doorway.

"One of the reasons I called without waiting on formality," she said, "was because I thought that your son would be such a jolly companion for my son Thomas, come here." If Mr. Dory or Mrs. Dory had laughed, Roderick would have hated them forever. But they didn't. Even though the mouths of both of them twitched, they kept back their mirth. But the minute that the guests had gone, mother and father turned to each other. Gross, vulgar, gargantuan laughter shook the household. From it, Roderick, illusions shattered, and love driven from his heart, fled to his own room and locked the door. But in the hall outside was the telephone, and through the panels of his door he could hear the shrill tones of his sister Angela talking.

"And Eloise, you ought to have seen Roddy's face when he found she had a son as big as he is. Eloise, I almost died!"

At the other end of the wire was a freckled-faced, skinny tom-boy, with the keenest sense of humor in the world. Also she had a sharp and biting tongue. Roderick, lying on his bed, visualized Eloise. He buried his face in his pillow. But he could not shut out from his brain the picture of her mocking face, nor from his ears the memory of her mocking tone.

One thing he knew: he was through with love forever.

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment



Says ELIZABETH ARDEN

A relaxed contour is as much to be dreaded as wrinkles or skin blemishes. To appear youthful, you must keep your contour firm and smooth. Pat, lift and mould the facial muscles with *Ardena Skin Tonic*, and again with my *Special Astringent*, to brace and strengthen the tissues, restore their tone and elasticity, keep them firm in the keen upward curves of a youthful contour. Use a *Patter* for brisk resilient strokes.

Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms, whitens and refines the skin. 85c, \$2, \$3.75.
Arden Venetian Special Astringent. \$2.25, \$4.
Arden Patter. \$5.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 Fifth Avenue
LONDON PARIS
25 Old Bond Street 2 rue de la Paix
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
are sold at smart shops everywhere

Warner's

Correct Weight Distribution

The expansion of the waistline, the snug, smooth swathing of hips, thighs and diaphragm—this is the secret of Warner designing. A Warner Wrap-Around® does not —cannot—push out of place. There is a Warner Wrap-Around® which will give smart lines to every woman, irrespective of her age or weight.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WRAP-AROUNDS are made in many styles.
\$1.00 to \$8.50

This Warner Brassiere of velour crepe is made in white, flesh, or orchid, and will softly flatten the bust.
No. 2936
\$2.00



IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

Send for Booklet M-3

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY

347 Madison Avenue
New York

367 West Adams Street
Chicago

28 Geary Street
San Francisco



Bon Ton
Round-U Style 909
\$5.00

Bon Ton
Brassiere Cor-Set
Style 2511—\$5.00

Putting Your Birthday on Your Back

"It is true, Madame, women put their birthdays on their backs when they become careless about their figures. Then they come to me and expect a miracle of dressmaking—that I shall make straight lines of rounding curves.

"With the right corset, yes! Without it, positively no! For one cannot be correctly gowned unless one is first correctly corseted."

Your dressmaker is right. True fashion foundation depends upon correctly fitted corsets.

And she knows there is a Bon Ton corset or brassiere for every need of the human figure—models scientifically designed to put the pounds in their place and prevent straight lines from curving prematurely.

For the lovely Easter frock you cannot be satisfied with just any corset. Insist upon a Bon Ton fitting for a corset of undeniable comfort—one that will not fail to give you proper support and line in the right place.

Of particular interest to all women planning their Spring and Summer wardrobe is the exceptional offering of Bon Ton FIVE DOLLAR corsets now being shown by leading department stores and specialty shops. These are a quality corset of finest materials and workmanship that will outlast their shape and outwear far more expensive models.

There is a Bon Ton dealer in your town. Ask to be shown this unusual corset value at \$5.00.

Send for clever style booklet written by one of the foremost fashion authorities of the day

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

WORCESTER

SAN FRANCISCO

LONDON

\$5
Bon Ton
CORSETS
TRADE MARK

Which Figure is Yours?

There is a Bon Ton Model for Every Figure



TALL

AVERAGE

SLENDER

STOUT

One Way to Rear a Boy

[Continued from page 80]

day she had the time to see and to overhear what was going on. Almost every single evening when dusk began to gather and it was time to come in for dinner, there were spicy cookies or doughnuts, or some treat that the boy might divide with his playmates. When this big-eyed lady with her wealth of red gold hair came out and divided these treats with the children of the neighborhood, she usually sat down on the steps and held the pan on her knees and handed out the contents. If any boy had done an unselfish thing, a generous thing, a rather brave thing, if somebody had swung by his toes from a rafter or made a high jump, he was complimented. And if somebody had inadvertently forgotten himself and said a bad word, a vulgar word, a word that soiled the mind and the lips, that boy was asked to step in a minute. He was taken away by himself and this gracious lady sat down beside him and put her arm around him and told him what she had overheard and why she thought it was an unwise thing that boys should begin using such words, and very gently and firmly he was told that it must not happen again ever, because if it did, the gate would be shut and he would not be asked to come inside any more.

There were times when this lady could not very well afford all the toys she bought and all the playthings she devised and all the swings and stilts and sleds and ponies to ride. She really had to do without some other things. But she always managed to have plenty of amusement for the children and it was always clean and wholesome. She was always on the job to see that they played the game square.

She kept this thing up all through the years in the little house and when the big house came, there was a great big room in the basement. It had a work bench in it and a work-table and there were all sorts of planes and chisels and saws and implements for building bird houses and squirrel houses, and things to mend broken toys with, and things of which to make new toys. Her mind was so fertile that there never was a time when a flock of boys came swarming into her living-room and demanded to be told what they could do next, that she could not suggest something for them to do. If the day ever came when she could not, then she fed them, and while they were eating she read to them—not namby-pamby things, but history, poetry, very often high sounding, heroic, inflammatory things that kindled the imagination and awoke a deep respect in the hearts of these boys for the Book of all books.

When she got through with this wonderful room in the basement, she began on the garret. There was a big room there, and whereas the basement had been for work, the garret was mostly for play. There was a back stairway that led up to it. There were swings in it and trapezes and everything the boys could think up and build for themselves to exercise the muscles of their bodies and keep their minds active. The garret door always stood open, and the lady was always close enough so that she could hear, because she made a point of keeping on the job in summer and of being at home by the time school was out in the winter. Very frequently she curtailed the card club and the literary club and the social occasion, but nothing ever stopped her from going straight home when her boy would be home from school, when he would bring his playmates with him and when not only her boy but the boys of half a dozen other mothers would be in her keeping.

Then, for the refinements of life, and in order that the boy might not get the idea that there was nothing in life but play, she kept close watch on his school work. Every night before the boy laid his head on his pillow, his mother knew what his lessons were for the coming day and whether he had them prepared, or had the knowledge with which to prepare them.

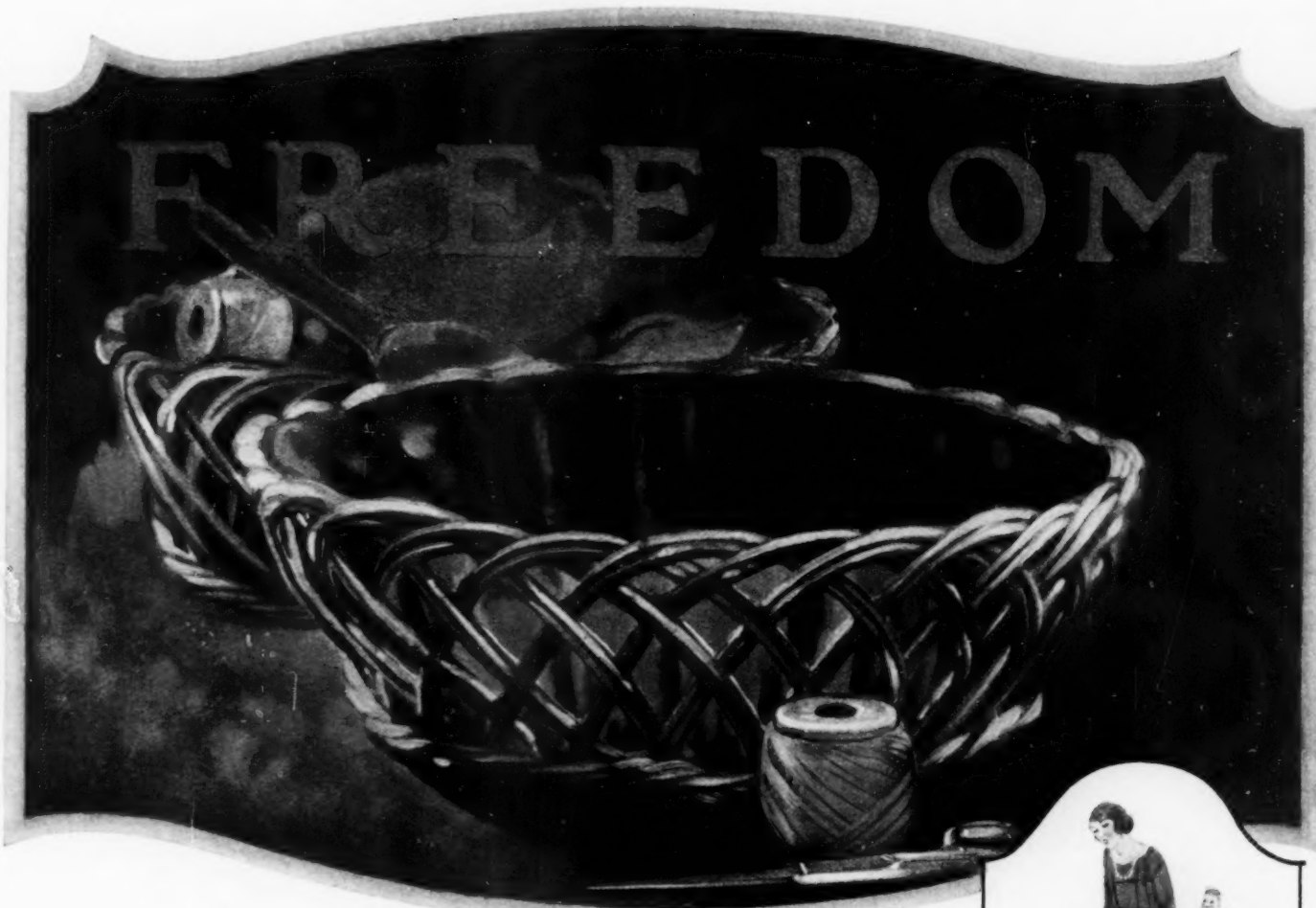
One feature of the new home was a

library. It was an unusual library because it was divided into three equal parts. One part was for the father and mother, one part was for the girl, and one part was for the boy. Into these parts for the boy and girl there went a steady stream of books that would help them with their lessons—encyclopedias, reference books, dictionaries, supplementary histories. Nothing was ever spared that money could buy that would put into the hands of those two children the tools that they needed to help them get a new twist on their school work. The mother always had some question to ask, some comment to make, that brought out the human side of history, or geography, or mathematics. She never forgot anything she had read anywhere. She could tell the old story of Conrad Lang and his mistake in mathematics through which he lost his mind. She could tell a million other stories that lightened the tedium of school work and made it interesting.

Into the new house there went a fine piano and an equally fine violin. Both children had evidenced musical ability, and from the time they were tiny tots they had had lessons in music. So by the time the new house had been accomplished they had arrived at a degree of proficiency. As smooth as running water, beautifully infected, the girl played the masterpieces of the world's great composers, played them with a sympathy and a beauty of interpretation that is very seldom attained by an amateur; and standing back of her, the boy accompanied her on the violin. Because the house was always open and always full of light, with cheery, open fireplaces and flowers blooming and birds singing and exquisite music emanating from it, the family was never lonely. The neighbors were always running in, guests were always coming.

By and by, the day came when the boy began to have a curiosity about things. This dear lady began with robins. As she explained to me, there were so many robins; they were such familiar things. They swarmed through the apple trees that stood around the house. They were so ubiquitous and so friendly—birds would be friendly about a house like this—that she could show the boy just how the cock robin sat up on an apple branch and sang and sang, and swelled his breast and poured out his heart in a rapture of lovmaking to the little brown lady of his choice. Then she pointed out to him the act of mating and explained to him how it was accomplished and what happened. They watched the process of nest building, and when brooding time came along, they saw to it that the cats were kept out of the premises. The pan of water was always filled. If there was no garden in process of making, a few shovels of black earth were turned up along the back fence every morning to make a place for Father Robin to get worms for his hungry family. When the little birds came they watched how they were fed.

By and by, she called the attention of the little fellow to one of the neighbor women and she whispered a great secret to him. She told him what was going to happen. She made it as nearly like the robin story as she could make it. Together they watched. The boy knew about it when the doctor's coupé stopped before the gate one day. White-lipped, unable to eat his lunch, he walked back and forth, and every once in a while he reported what was going on. Finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, he begged his mother to go and see if the little robin child had not come yet. So she went over and found that it was there. She hurried back to tell the little fellow. She slipped him in the back door and she let him see the tiny red bit of humanity and explained to him how tender it was, how frail it was, how the little eyes must be kept in the dark. She showed him the perfect little hands. She showed him the little head, so misshapen, and explained why it was misshapen. She let him understand that there had been pain to bear—pain for the tiny baby, and excruciating pain for the mother. But now she was safe, and she had her little [Turn to page 119]



The Old Darning Basket loses its job!

HOLD down the family stocking-expense and keep the darning basket empty! Free yourself from the drudgery of "forever darning hosiery!"

HOW? By placing your faith in Buster Brown Hosiery. Since for twenty years Buster Brown has proved its leadership for boy-wear—which is hosiery's acid test—it **MUST** be good for adult wear.

Amory, Browne & Co.

BOSTON

NEW YORK

Nashua Blankets
Gilbrae Fine Cottons
Buster Brown Hosiery

Indian Head Cloth
Parkhill Gingham
Conestogo Woven Ticking



for Men
for Women
for Children
FOR WEAR!



Demand

BUSTER BROWN HOSIERY

Will his eyes confirm
what his lips
are saying?



Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of
skin-care is bringing charm to thousands

THE kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale
revelments of noon! Do you fear the con-
trast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty
that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts
its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty
skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove
this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of
a fresh clear skin, the gift more priceless than
beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty
treatments—simply common-sense daily care
with soothing palm and olive oils as combined
in Palmolive.

See what a difference one week may make
by following this simple method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never
leave them on over night. They clog the pores,

often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigure-
ments often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing
Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin.
Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing
and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—
that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the
evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment
given above. Do not think any green soap, or
represented as of palm and olive oils, is the
same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emol-
lient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that
millions let it do for their bodies what it does
for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note
what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human
hands until you break the wrapper—
it is never sold unwrapped



The only oils in Palmolive Soap
are the priceless beauty oils from
these three trees—and no other
fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the
natural color that it is—for palm
and olive oils, nothing else, give
Palmolive its green color.



I had decided to be an actress.

I have always been very fortunate in my artistic career. My second appearance at Warsaw was even more successful than my first, and soon I was offered a year's contract to appear at the Imperial Theater of Warsaw for the next year at a far greater salary than I had been receiving. I think it was Oscar Wilde who said: "There are two tragedies in life—one is not getting what you want, and the other is getting it." Sometimes I think perhaps my tragedy has been the latter, although I have not always succeeded in getting everything I wanted, because you must choose your career. I chose to be an actress, and there was much I had to give up to be one. Many women want too much, and so end by getting nothing. That old saying about eating and still having one's cake is a truism that has not received the consideration that should be given it. My first year in the theater was filled with hard work. I had to be at rehearsals at ten o'clock in the morning, and we played every night including Sunday night. There was no time for self-indulgence, even had I been so inclined. My mother was with me always, and although I read a great deal, I was really very unsophisticated and childishly naive. I sometimes smile over the universally accepted idea that the actress is apt to fall in love with her director or the man who works with her. I could never love the men who are working with me every day.

I have no time then for the flatteries that Love requires in his worship, even if I had the inclination. The director on the stage or set is not thinking of me any more than I am thinking of him; both of us are intent only on making a work of art that will live in the hearts of men.

It is Ambition, not Love, that must play the star part in your work. And yet, as Sarah Bernhardt used to say, an artist must always be in love with somebody or something. For a year and a half after I had made my debut at the Theater at Warsaw, I was in love with my work, but in my second year at the Warsaw Theater I experienced my first real romantic love affair. A young Polish painter came to me to ask permission to paint my portrait.

He was everything that would appeal to my girlish fancy. We had the same tastes, the same ideals—the same ideas. We worshipped the same gods. It was a case of love at first sight. Long before he had finished the portrait we had become engaged, and the plans for our marriage were being arranged. Then he was taken suddenly ill with tuberculosis. I dropped everything, gave up everything to nurse him.

From the first we both of us knew he was going to die; we knew our love was hopeless. It was too beautiful to last. We used to literally count the hours we were together, because we knew they were to be so short; and when one cold December day he died in my arms, I prayed that I might quickly follow him. His death, although I thought I knew it was coming, was a terrible blow to me, for he was the first person I had ever seriously cared for except my father and mother. I think perhaps that is the only real love that has ever come into my life. I have been attracted many times—selfishly attracted; but I sometimes think that unconsciously I have asked: "What can you give?" With my first lover it was I who gave—I was his nurse, his friend, his mother, his sweetheart; and looking back through the years it seems the most beautiful experience of my life. Although my lover's death was another tragedy in my youth, yet I know now it was a blessing in disguise, as Love is most transitory. Heine, whom I have known and loved ever since I could read, has said that one of the most wonderful things about first love is that those who love think it will last forever.

Let me quote: "Alas, when we are seized a second time in life by the grand passion, we lack faith in its immortality, and painful memories tell us that in the end it will consume itself."

"In first love we fancy our passion can only end in death; but in second love the thought occurs to us that time will change our wildest and most ecstatic feelings to a tame, apathetic state; that these eyes, these lips, these contours which now throw us into transports of rapture, will

The Soul of An Artist

[Continued from page 13]

some day be regarded with indifference."

This is a much more melancholy memory than to realize that your heart has been broken by the death of your loved one. At the time of my lover's death I felt that Love could never come to me again. I do not think it has ever come to me in the same guise. That love was my first and best love, but time is the great healer and after a little time given up to sorrow, I said to myself:

"Pola Negri, this will never do. You have your work to do, your life to live, and Love is only an incident of that bigger thing." I went back to work, finding out that only in work does one receive the great consolation. At that time, however, I did not realize that in a little while I would be acting before the camera way out on the Western coast of the United States, in what has become the cinema capitol of the world. My experience there has been most interesting, but it is another story and deserves a chapter all by itself.

Strange, isn't it, that I cannot remember the American film that was responsible for my first introduction to the movies? I was barely fifteen years old, but my interest in the films began from the time I saw this picture.

It was one of those pictures that I have learned since are called "Westerns." The outdoor life and the spirit of adventure which permeated that picture produced a vivid effect on my immature mind. I envied the beautiful blond heroine when the cowboy saved her from the Indians and held her in his arms. I resolved that America should be my adopted country. I saw very few pictures, however, and it was not until I had been playing at the Imperial Theater for several months that I again became interested in the cinema. My friends told me I would be effective on the screen, but I did not think much about it. In fact, it was somewhat against my will that I visited the leading cinema theaters in Warsaw. The three or four French and Italian films which I saw were very poor, but they filled me with a desire to make a film myself and show how it could be done.

This was in the summer of 1915. The war was on, and even under the most favorable circumstances, it would have been difficult to make a production, but this did not deter me. All that I had in the world was one moving picture camera and boundless confidence in myself. There wasn't a single cinema studio in Poland. There was no one, including myself, in the whole country who knew the slightest thing about the technique of the screen; and to cap the climax, I didn't have any money to finance such a venture. All these obstacles, however, did not daunt me in the least. I wrote my own scenario in my spare time at the theater—a story in five parts called "Love and Passion"—a very crude story of the adventures of a young girl who leaves home to go on the stage and in time becomes a great dancer. After many romantic experiences, the youth she loved in early days meets her years later in the theater, and they fall in love again and marry. In short, the story was too awful for words. I finished it, however, and borrowed the photographic studio of an acquaintance and began making the picture, in which, in addition to directing, I played the leading part. The photographer had never made anything but cabinet photographs. He knew nothing about a motion picture camera. We had no artificial lights, and had to depend entirely upon daylight. We made the interior scenes in his studio, moving the furniture from my apartment when it was required. The exterior scenes were made in a nearby beer garden which was loaned to me by the proprietor on condition that his daughter would appear in one of the scenes. In spite of these almost insurmountable obstacles, "Love and Passion" was filmed in less than a month, and in even less time I arranged for a public presentation, editing and writing its titles as well. When it was completed, however, I realized how inferior it was, and when I was offered one hundred roubles—about fifty dollars—for it, I sold

it. Such was my introduction to the movies.

My health had never been too robust, and the ceaseless rehearsing and the death of my fiancé earlier in the season had reduced me to such a nervous state that I was ordered to a change of scene. Again my good fairy watched over me, for when I was about to take my vacation I received a letter from Max Reinhardt, the celebrated German producer, offering me a big contract to appear under his management in Berlin. Despite my frail health, I had no misgiving about this new venture. How Berlin would accept a Polish actress never entered my head. My opportunity had come to accomplish bigger things. My ambition would continually say: "Go on, go on, Pola Negri!" and on the 10th day of January, 1917, I arrived in Berlin. Four weeks after, I made my debut in "Sumurun" under Professor Reinhardt, and just as I awakened one morning to find myself famous in Warsaw, so I awakened one morning to find myself famous in Berlin.

Because of my success, a movie manager announced that he would put on "Love and Passion" at his cinema theater, thinking it would attract patronage. When I heard about it I was terribly upset, for I thought it might reveal the favorable impression Berlin had of me. But as it happened, this enterprising man did me a great service, as well as made himself a great deal of money. The film that I sold for fifty dollars is still being shown in Europe, where it has netted the people I sold it to thousands of dollars. Paul Davidson, general manager of the Union Film Alliance, wandered into the little cinema theater one day and was struck with my possibilities as a screen actress. Then and there he offered me a three years' contract to act before the camera at twenty times what I was receiving from Professor Reinhardt. I accepted his proposition on the spot. My first picture was not a success. It was poorly conceived and badly directed, and before it was finished I told Mr. Davidson it was hopeless, and I could not accomplish anything worth while unless I had a good director.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

"Ernst Lubitsch," I answered.

"Ernst Lubitsch," he repeated. "I have never heard of him." In spite of objections from every side, Mr. Davidson engaged the young man, and "The Eyes of the Mummy" not only established me as a film actress in Germany, but it made Lubitsch as a director. I've always been more happy over my discovery of Lubitsch as a director, than over anything in my film career. He is as great an artist in his line as Professor Reinhardt is in his, which is equivalent to saying that he is one of the two or three greatest picture makers in the world. Like myself, he is of Polish extraction. During the last year of the war, he made "Du Barry," which was a great success in Germany, strange as that may seem. During the time I was filming "Du Barry" and "Sumurun" I again fell in love, this time with Count Domsbki. Count Eugene Domsbki was young, handsome, and the possessor of one of the oldest names in Poland. He seemed bashful when I first knew him, but he told me afterwards it was because he did not dare to tell me that he loved me. Great love is always more or less inarticulate. I met him first in Poland when he was Commandant of the fortress at Sassnowice. He was assiduous in his attentions and the night before I left for Berlin I visited him at his castle, where his mother told me afterwards she knew I would be her daughter-in-law immediately her son had presented me to her. Count Domsbki promised to come to Berlin as soon as he could obtain leave. In the meantime we wrote a long letter to each other every day for about a month. Then he arrived at the German capitol, and soon I had promised to be his wife. I was captivated by his personal charm, and I believe I was sincerely in love with him; at least, I was in love with Love. You remember that Byron has said:

"In her first love, a woman loves her lover;

Ever after that, all she loves is Love."

I had adored my artist lover, and the tragic end of that [Turn to page 90]



The Dainty Woman is ashamed of Corns

They show a lack of personal care and daintiness. . . . It is her respect for all the Unseen parts of the body which marks the gentlewoman. . . . Any woman will look after her face. A lady will take just as much care of her feet. A blemish there, is just as much of a personal reproach. . . . For the well-bred woman considers her feet as a definite contribution to her beauty. So she keeps them so exquisite they could be viewed at any time, without the faintest embarrassment. . . . The face may deceive—the feet never. There one discovers the breeding of a woman. She is peasant or princess according to the degree of their daintiness.

Blue-jay

Blue jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain ends at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue-jay leaves nothing to guesswork. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each soft and downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1925

There is nothing so comforting as Lablache when you need just the right face powder for an extra touch of loveliness.

NITA NALDI



Lablache
The Face
Powder of
Quality

THE lingering fragrance of Lablache is as delicate as an old-fashioned nosegay. Essentially a powder of personality and refinement, its rose-petaled texture adheres as unobtrusively as friendship. If your druggist or

favorite store does not have the new Lablache Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check and we will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache requisite you desire. Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

Dpt. 202—125 Kingston Street, BOSTON

PARIS New Glove Rouge Vanity Orange, Medium, Dark Price, 50c	Triple Compact 2 inches Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Price, \$1.75 Powder Refill, 50c with puff Three-in-one Refill \$1.00, with two puffs	New Dollar Box Double Compact 2 inches Powder and Rouge Price, \$1.50 Powder Refill, 50c with puff	Changeable Lipstick Suits any Complexion Price, 50c Powder Compact 2 1/2 inches Extra Thin Purse Size Price, \$1.00 Refill, 60c with puff
--	--	--	--

LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

The Automatic Rapid Electric Fireless Range

Simply Wonderful—
Every Home Should
Have One!



Wm. Campbell
The Original Fire-
less Cooker Man

Here's What It Will Do For You

Roasts all kinds of meats—fowls and fish. Only uses electricity about 1-3 of the usual time. Cooks all vegetables—eight medium sized potatoes use electricity 8 to 12 minutes. Does all baking. A cake uses electricity about 12 to 15 minutes. A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes. Fries, Toasts, Stews, makes coffee, boils tea kettle—no other stove needed. Will do anything any range will do.

Here is just what you have always wanted—a complete combination electric range and fireless cooker! Gives you all the advantages of electricity plus the economy and convenience of fireless cooking! Automatic Control Box shuts off electricity at the right time and cooking or roasting continues on fireless cooking principle. Fuel-saving, work-saving, time-saving and wonderful in better cooked, more delicious meals.



With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regular electric cook stove were used.

Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 17 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Slow, fast, or medium heat.

Entire range lined with aluminum—rust-proof and easy to

keep clean. No special wiring necessary. Attach to any lamp socket or wall plug. On casters, move anywhere. All complete, ready to use when you receive it.

**Special Low Factory Price
And 30 Day Trial Offer**

Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, special low price for a limited time only. My price will amaze you. Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 1007 Union Ave., Alliance, O.
Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

The Soul of An Artist

[Continued from page 89]

romance made me grasp at any other love. It was all very beautiful. The days of our engagement were as happy as they were long, and when my fiancé was unable to be in Berlin, I went to his castle, where his mother and sister received me with open arms.

Finally, one day in April, we were married in the traditional Polish manner. Four hundred guests sat down to the wedding feast, and we danced until long after daylight, as is always done at a Polish wedding.

We spent our honeymoon in a remote hunting lodge, and I, whose life had been filled with gruelling work, heart breaking tragedy, and disappointment, was ideally happy. For the first time in my life I was contented. I sometimes wonder if I have ever been contented since—I wonder if I ever again want to be content. I forgot everything, even my ambition. Ah, truly I was in love—with Love. Again I experienced another one of life's tragedies. Nothing in all this world is changeless but change. Even contentment must eventually become monotonous. When my husband had to take up his duties as Commandant of Sassnowice again, my dream was over. During my honeymoon I had forgotten that I had agreed to return to Berlin in May to begin work on a picture. Count Dombiski and I had never discussed my business affairs. I had taken it for granted that I should go on working, and he seemed to have taken it for granted that I should not. When the U. F. A. studio summoned me back to the German capital, my husband and I had our first disagreement. I showed him my contract and told him I had given my word to return to the studio, and he at last said that I might make one more picture. It was three months before this picture was finished, and I returned to my home. I had hardly arrived when an urgent telegram called me back to Berlin to begin work on another film. This time my husband absolutely refused to let me go, and I was anxious to remain with him, but also my ambition, my hopes and my loyalty to my friends and associates called me back. There was another stormy scene, but I returned to my work.

Logically I do not believe that an artist should marry. No woman can serve two masters. One must make her choice. In my case my husband had to be at Sassnowice, and my work necessitated my presence in Berlin. Really I tried hard to arrange my work so that I might make frequent trips to Poland, but each trip only widened the breach, and every day seemed to put us further apart.

Love, you know, is a very jealous little god; he brooks no division of his kingdom. That is why when ambition steps in, Love hies away. The parting of the ways came to me one night when I was making one of my periodic stays at Sassnowice. A telegram came about midnight calling me back to the studio. When my husband saw it, he flew into a violent rage, and drawing his revolver told me if I left for Berlin it would be over his dead body. I knew he would do this, so I told him I would remain, but that night after he had gone to sleep, I got up and dressed, and taking only such clothes as I could carry, I left his castle never to return. I walked miles in the darkness. My mind was made up. My career was more necessary to me than anything else. It should come first; and so my second romance came to a melodramatic close. Soon after, I wrote the Count that I was never coming back to him, and as I did not wish to spoil his life, a divorce was the only solution. Of course I have days and nights when I wish for a husband and a home and children; when I want to be as other women are. There is a little dream in my heart that some day, when I retire from the films, I may have these. But I shall never try again to undertake two such obligations at once. It is not fair either to myself or any one else, at least, that is the way I feel as I am writing these words. This is what I think now, but love is the greatest force in the world,

and it sometimes takes us unawares. To me love and marriage are two very different things. Love is a beautiful dream from which one invariably awakes, and marriage is a business to which one must give one's whole time to make it successful. If I should marry again, it will probably be some man much older than myself who will care for me in the American fashion of devoted husband.

In the meantime I am the loneliest person in all the world. Sometimes I feel that it would be bliss to be just cared for and made happy as American men care for and make happy their wives. In no country on the face of the earth are women so pampered and deferred to as in America. I do not think the women here appreciate their good fortune. They take it as a matter of course that a husband shall spend his days earning the money to give wife and family untold luxury. They seem to think it is glory enough for the American man that a woman lets him marry and support her. They expect daily—yes, hourly homage—a reverence and regard that is absolutely absent from the attentions of the men of the continental outlook on the relations of the sexes.

These men think, even if they do not tell you, that Reverence and Regard go to Passion's funeral. They have not yet learned, with all their psychology, that Reverence and Regard are very necessary things to a successful marriage, while love is, as Heine says, only "a flickering flame between two darkneses. Whence comes it? From sparks incredibly small. How does it end? In nothingness equally incredible." The American man—even the American actor, can not simulate being cruel to a woman. We had an illustration of that in a picture called "Men" in which I am working as I write this. Robert Frazier, a very good actor, has a part where he has to be very cruel to me. The director explained that he must beat me savagely and shower me with the worst words. Mr. Frazier just could not do it—and he is a good actor. In the back of his head there was something which forbade him to use woman cruelly. Your American men do not do it, that is all. It is beneath their dignity as well as degrading to their sense of the fitness of things. I think it was Charlie Chaplin who had most to do with my coming to America, after all. I was dining with some friends one night when my host shouted: "Charlie, what in the world are you doing here? Come over and join our party." His wife explained to me that the little man was the famous film comedian. I had heard of him many times, but I had never seen him in the films, for the simple reason that none had ever been shown in Berlin. Shortly, however, Mr. Chaplin dropped into a seat beside me, and he said: "This is a wonderful bit of luck. I've wanted to meet you more than any one else in Europe." Then he added an extravagant compliment.

At that time I thought Mr. Chaplin was an American, and having heard that Americans did not know how to compliment, I was surprised as well as delighted. Since, I have learned that the sincere compliment of the American man is worth a million sophisticated flatteries of his continental brother. It was Mr. Chaplin's first night in Berlin, and he was entranced with everything. I didn't understand half the things he said, but he wouldn't allow any one to translate them. When he saw I was puzzled, he acted them out, and time after time I was convulsed with laughter. Charlie Chaplin is a great comedian, and to be a great comedian, one must be a great tragedian; for comedy is greatest when it is close to tears. Of course, we complimented each other most enthusiastically on the other's acting in the movies, and at the time I thought I was playing a great joke upon him, for I had never seen him on the screen. Later I found out that he, also, had never seen me. One evening when he found that I had attended the Imperial Ballet School in Petrograd, he insisted that I do a Russian dance with him, and we did a burlesque of a [Turn to page 95]

Harold Bell Wright

everything which may be useful, including notes from a loose-leaf book he always carries with him. Having gathered his characters together, he works out a preliminary outline of the plot, an outline which is almost diagrammatic in its precision and thoroughness. At first it may be very crude, and seemingly formless. But gradually he builds and revises and expands until a definite story form appears. Then he goes at the whittling process, whittling each line, each paragraph, each chapter, until the story is finally completed.

Some self-styled "intellectuals" among the critics have solemnly pronounced Wright's style everything from cumbersome to crude. Like any other artist, Wright feels the sting of criticism, fair or unfair. But he is too big to permit narrow opinion to swerve him from his purposes.

Wright thinks there has been a falling off in the attendance of men in church congregations because men find their religious impulses satisfied by civic organizations to which they belong. In other words, societies like the Rotary and Kiwanis and the like give men something to do, something to which they can apply their impulses to keep the golden rule, love God and their neighbors. To this extent, he fears these admirable societies have rather usurped what really should be part of the functions of the church. I did not inquire, but I venture the opinion that he probably lays the blame to the churches, not to the societies, or to the men. And I am sure he hopes for the church that it will regain these functions in cases where they have been lost.

Wright himself explains his retirement from the active ministry; his health, and a desire to minister to a larger congregation. And I am very certain he has no fear of facing his Maker with these two reasons.

But the habits of the minister were formed, and he therefore does his work something after the fashion a preacher might use. He begins a novel by writing a theme, or a discussion, or an argument—a sermon, if you please. In other words, he has a definite idea which he wishes to put over in fiction form. First he develops his own thoughts on this subject, and strictly for his own use and consumption. Having done this to his satisfaction, he dips into a life rich with experience, in search for a setting and for characters in which to place his idea or theme. Here he may utilize the material gathered on these various themes which repose in the filing envelopes. In any event, he selects what he regards as the most appropriate background in which to carry out his plan.

This, then, may be regarded as Wright's answer to anyone who says his heroes are too heroic, or his villains too villainous. Like bas-reliefs, he chisels them from the basic material of life, but he makes them stand out above the ordinary, in order that the forces behind them may be seen and comprehended. And therein, I think, lies the secret of his success. He is not contented with mere character studies, word pictures. He seeks to familiarize the reader with the forces which have created his character studies, so that the reader may apply these governing principles of character development to his own problems.

In his first published novel, "That Printer of Udell's," we have an excellent illustration of this method of Wright's. He wrote the story with a view to reading it to his congregation as a lesson in what he termed "applied Christianity." In other words, by using the movement and characters of the forces around him in that little community, he proposed to present to these people a practical lesson in the working out of character building and character destroying forces which were affecting their daily lives. He wanted to show them, in story form, how they might apply the teachings of Christ to their everyday lives. He told me he showed the manuscript to another minister in the town first to get his opinion on the experiment. This minister was so deeply impressed that he protested against its presentation to so limited an audience. As a book, he argued, it would be avail-

able to many more people, and at the same time equally as available to the congregation for which it was intended. It was published, and the minister's judgment was amply justified by the results.

Make no mistake, however: Wright knows his art too well to believe that a novel can be preachy. He knows it must be an entertainment first, or it will fail as a preaching. But he does believe that a study of these vital character creating forces is absorbing entertainment. His popularity is evidence conclusive that the public agrees with him.

Of course he has the helpful criticism of friends. One of them was Walter Bailey, a man between thirty-five and forty, who when election day comes is reelected sheriff of Pima county by common consent, without opposition. This habit the people have of reelecting him is sufficient testimonial to his character. Big men, with great courage and daring, with resourcefulness to carry them across trackless desert and mountains, are needed in that job down there. Bailey fills the bill. I wished that when you back-easterners went to the movies, you might for once see what a real southwestern sheriff looked like. I assure you that you never would be satisfied to make him anything but the hero of the story! Bailey, incidentally, is one of the types Wright deals with in *A Son of His Father*. His father was a pioneer among the cattlemen, fought Indians and wildcats. Young Bailey was brought up on the range. He fits in a saddle as a saddle fits on a horse. He can't remember when he learned to speak Spanish, a linguistic necessity on the range where most of the cowmen are Mexicans or Mexican Indians.

Let Wright's gifted pen describe that ranch for you in his story, *A Son of His Father*. It is sufficient for me to say that I saw it with my own eyes. There is nothing unreal about Las Rosas Rancho, except that the name is imaginary. It is no stage backdrop, no movie set. Wright spent weeks there before he began to write, living with the cowmen and their cows.

All of which brings me to another point I wish to make about Wright and his work. Men like Walter Bailey will have read and checked every line of *A Son of His Father* before you read it. It is a habit of Wright's to test his goods on experts first. If there is a weak spot, a sentence or a word which does not ring true, he changes it.

After he wrote "When A Man's A Man" he took the manuscript up to a ranch near Prescott where he had gathered the material and developed his characters. He gathered around him the whole group of cowmen whom he had been with on the rodeo he described so vividly in the story, and read the story to them. These men, some of them pictured with but a thin veil of fiction about them, sat in judgment. When they had approved, the manuscript went to the publisher.

I have said that Wright showed me his workshop. I used "workshop" deliberately, because I soon discovered it was not his study. When he took me up on the roof of his pueblo, I got my first comprehensive view of his study. From that roof he pointed out eleven distinct mountain ranges, bordering several thousand square miles of desert and farm lands! There, indeed, is Wright's study. There is where he goes to work out his literary problems, to draw his inspiration, to develop his characters, to find close contact with the character forces of life. The panorama is indescribable, so far as I am concerned. Out in the stables Wright has four cow ponies, wiry little beasts born and bred to the range. He dons chaps and a broad brimmed Stetson, mounts one of these cow ponies and goes out into his study frequently. Sometimes Mrs. Wright goes with him. When his boys are home, they go along. Again he will go out with men who know every foot of the country, "sons of their fathers" who were born and reared in this vast country. And not infrequently, I imagine, he goes alone, just to think. For most of all, Wright impresses me as a man who gives much time to thinking.



Burns and scalds are the lot of every woman who does housework. But Unguentine puts a quick stop to the pain they cause.

Because it is soothing and without the slightest harsh or irritating effect—Unguentine is the ideal antiseptic dressing.



Burns - Accidents - Injuries! Save hours of needless suffering

Today a remarkable remedy prevents hours of suffering. It is now being used by thousands of hospitals and by physicians everywhere.

No injury is too serious for its healing properties—no wound so slight as not to need its safeguarding from infection.

It has relieved untold pain—saved hundreds of lives.

Keep it in your medicine cabinet!

UNGUENTINE marks the greatest advance in medical science in the treatment of burns and skin injuries.

It is used today in cases where the most intense suffering must be relieved—by hospitals and physicians throughout the country.

No wonder those who have used it for smaller burns and skin injuries at home are astonished at its effectiveness—at the rapidity with which it takes away the pain!

Prevents infection

Unguentine does more than prevent suffering. It prevents infection also. And—though highly antiseptic—it can be applied to an open wound without the slightest irritating effect.

Furthermore, Unguentine keeps the wound free from germ life during the entire healing process. It stimulates the quick healing of the tissues and often prevents the formation of ugly "scar tissue."

There is nothing like Unguentine made today. No medicine cabinet should be without it. 50 cents at your

druggist's. Or the coupon below will bring you a trial tube free of all charge.

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.
Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Iowa doctor reports remarkable case

"I know you will be interested in a case that came under my personal observation."

"On Nov. 20, in response to a call I found this situation: Mrs. F—— had just filled the wash tub with boiling water. Her small child by some means pulled the plug out of the tub, and the scalding water struck the side of his face, ran down his shoulder, arm and hand, then on down to his leg and foot. The face, shoulder, arm and leg were a solid blister."

"The child was suffering terrible agony. I dressed the wound with Unguentine at once, which gave almost immediate relief. I attended this case for 10 days using only Unguentine as a dressing. At this writing, 20 days after the accident, the patient has quite recovered and to my surprise, not a scar."

—M.D.

FREE—a generous tube



—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. M-4,
Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....

so very clean



SANI-FLUSH cleans and purifies the toilet bowl. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap, which cannot be reached by other means. It destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. It removes all marks, stains and incrustations—leaves the bowl beautifully white and clean. No scrubbing. No dipping your hands in the water.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



Colson Wheel Chairs
and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
1645 Cedar St., Elvira, O.
Catalog Free



Are YOU making syrup with MAPLEINE?

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN always make syrup with Mapleine. First, because of the rich, delightful flavor, and second, for its great economy. The cost is about 22 cents per quart. The taste is most enticing.

And these women use Mapleine, too, for cake icings, fillings, pudding sauces, etc. The taste is so distinctive.

Upon request we'll gladly mail you a booklet of practical Mapleine recipes.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
4 West Connecticut Street
Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE

For Syrup - For Flavoring

The Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 60]

the pollen from Mr. Iris all over his hair and then goes on to get pollen from Miss Iris, the hair is going to scatter the pollen for her, that's going to make the good seed come, 'cause the bees do the flowers' courting for them. That's a reason besides honey as to why bees are so useful.

"One time I asked the Bee Master if I couldn't see God and if I couldn't touch Him, how I was going to know that He was here. And he said: 'Because of the hair on a bee.' So that's one of the ways you can know.

"Then there are a lot of ways you find out about God on account of how He made Queen bees. A bee hive is just full of miracles and signs and symbols and wonders. The Bee Master said so. But perhaps the biggest wonder in the whole hive is just about the Queen. There is a lot about God mixed up with a Queen bee. Workers may only live five or six weeks, but a Queen may live five or six years. She is away bigger than a worker and she looks different. She is long and slender and has bigger wings and she has a big abdomen 'cause she may lay a million or two eggs. She has only about half as many eyes as a worker, 'cause she only needs them when she goes out to find her lover, or maybe a few times more when she has a great hive full of one hundred and twenty pounds of honey and too many bees getting in each other's way. So, when she gets everything ready, she tells part of them to come with her to found a new hive, and leaves the others to refill the old hive after the Bee Master takes his share of the honey.

"The way a Queen comes to be a Queen, is this way: In a little cell all fixed up for it, the Queen bee of a hive puts an egg and she tells the workers: 'I want this egg to be a Queen.' Then the workers get busy and make the royal jelly. That's another thing the people who write the bee books haven't found out. They don't know just what royal jelly is or how it is made. But the workers know. God showed 'em how when He made 'em. So they make the royal jelly and they feed it to what comes from the egg that the Queen said should be another Queen. It grows to be a white nymph, and when a white nymph is ready to fly, it is a young Queen. With different food they feed what comes from each egg in each different cell and out of each cell there comes the thing that the Queen says she wants to come. For fear something might happen to a Queen, 'cause there can't any hive get along without a Queen, she lays a whole lot of eggs that she says she wants made into Queens and then she lays quite a number for males and some for nurses and thousands and thousands for workers. Remember this: Bees make four different kinds of cells.

"Now, when the Queen has her hive full of honey and everything is just right, a thing happens that nobody understands about. Right here is where the Queen takes her Ladies of Honour and her architects and her masons who make the combs, and her workers who bring in the pollen and the nectar, and she takes some males and she takes some nurses, and she goes right away and leaves all the work that all of them have done so carefully. The thing that nobody knows is who decides, or how it is decided, who shall stay in the hive and who shall go. But it looks like two-thirds of them go with the old Queen.

"Before the old Queen starts to leave the hive with the swarm that goes with her, all of them except the Queen go to the honey vats and take honey to last them five or six days so they will not starve while they're finding a new home, and so the wax that they can distil from the honey will be right along with them to lay the foundations for the cells to begin work in their new home.

"Then the Queen walks out of the hive, and the ones that are to go with her all come, too. She flies a little way and settles on an orange branch, or maybe on a fig, or a jacqueranda, and close around her come her Ladies of Honour and all her swarm that are taking care of her.

They hide her away down among themselves so no bird can get her or hawk moth, or anything, and the scouts go out to hunt a new home. And right then if the bee master is truly a Bee Master, he has known for several days, by how busy the hive is and by the things he hears the bees say to each other, that they are going to leave their home and find a new one. So, if he wants to keep his bees and make his garden get bigger and bigger, he has some hives standing back, all ready, and he watches and when the Queen comes out of her door and starts to fly, he takes his bee drum and slow and easy and deep, *drum, drum, drum*, he beats it. The bees wonder what that strange sound is. They forget just what they were going to do and settle on the nearest limb and hide the Queen like I told you, and quick the Bee Master goes and gets his smoker and smokes them just a little bit to keep them quiet and easy.

"Then right quick he cuts off the branch or he sets the hive under it and with his hand strips off the bees and tumbles them in. He always has to be sure that he has the Queen and that she is all right. Then he takes the hive and sets it on a new stand and puts it in his bee garden. If he wants to he can put it right beside the hive the bees came from and they will not ever go back in the hive that they lived in before. They will always stay with the Queen and live and work in the new hive. The Queen never in all her life goes out again unless she wants to found another new hive. Then she goes just the same as she did this time. So this is the way the Bee Master gets new hives of bees.

"Back in the old hive that's left they are feeling pretty blue, because along comes the Bee Master and takes his share of the honey, and their beautiful Queen is gone, and the lovely golden boxes of comb that fill the hive almost full are empty except for what the Bee Master leaves, and everybody stands around and feels blue and waits. The workers don't go out after nectar like I get from the Madonna lilies, nor for pollen. They won't hardly even clean up after the lazy old drones. It is the bluest time the hive most ever knows. So they all go and they gather around the cells that the old Queen laid the eggs in to make more Queens. The old Queen knows when she leaves that out of one of these cells pretty quick there is going to come a new Queen. So just when everybody in the hive is getting pretty well discouraged, one of the white nymphs sticks up her head and eats open the lid of her cell and comes walking out. The nurses go rushing to her and help her clean up and comb her hair and polish her wings. They kiss her 'cause they are so glad to see her.

"Another thing that God has done in a bee hive is not to let one young Queen come out alone, because when she gets all ready and fixed she is going to go out into the great big world to find her King, and if a bee bird or a kingbird eats her up, why then the hive is in worse trouble than it was before. So maybe the same day, or a day or two later, another white nymph sticks up her head and eats her way out of her cell and comes walking out. But nobody goes to her or helps her very much, 'cause all of 'em are betting their money on the first one out.

"When the Queen that came out first sees another Queen has left her cell, it makes her awful mad. Right there the fight begins. They just go at it like I go at the Nice Child and Angel Face when I can see back in their eyes that they think maybe they're going to mutiny on me. Only I stop when I got 'em licked. The young Queen doesn't stop until she's got the other Queen killed dead than anything and the workers carry her out to the bee cemetery.

"Then the young Queen wants to go on and kill every white nymph that's sleeping in the rest of the cradles. Right then and there she wants to do it. But the workers and the scouts and the guards step up and say: 'No, you can't do that. You have to go and find your King and come back ready to be the mother of the

Just 17c
a Day
Pays for
this
Beautiful
Chair

Tapestry or Velour

Over 1000 other Bargains, Furniture, Rugs, Lamps, Silver, China, Blankets, Stoves, etc. Save big money at our Factory-to-Family prices. Pay as little as \$3 down; up to a year and a half to pay balance. Get all your furnishings at once—pay as you use. Thousands buying this new way.

Big Catalog FREE
New Spring "Larkin Book of Better Homes." Shows everything for parlor, porch, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen. Bargain Prices on famous Symphonola Phonographs. Also Symphonola Player Pianos in genuine Mahogany, Walnut, Fumed Oak. Free trial. Up to 4 years to pay. Satisfaction or money back. Check below article interested in.

☐ Home Furnishings
☐ Pianos or Players
☐ Phonographs
Cut out this adv.—write TO-DAY for FREE Book.
Larkin Co. Inc.
Dept. 425, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

YOU can make \$100.00 a week
and Be Your Own Boss!

Salesmen and saleswomen are not born—they are made. We have proven this and can make a salesman out of you. We put you in business for yourself—no investment. Build permanent trade selling our nationally known silk hosiery—profits begin immediately. We not only give you a very fine line of hosiery to offer customers, but also free training in salesmanship by mail that you can master overnight. We have taken men and women who have never sold a thing in their lives, or failed at other selling jobs and taught them to become real order getters. Representative makes \$60 to \$125 a week and more.

FREE! It will pay you to write for full particulars—sent free—and learn all about our new plan for getting out of the rut and earning \$100 per week. Costs only one cent for a post card to learn how—

Write Now! SOLIDSILK HOSIERY CO.,
Dept. 403, 315 Fourth Ave., New York

Mother's!!

LITTLE TIDY is a practical labor-saving home and travel necessity which promotes health in every baby and small child through helping to establish regular habits. Fits securely on toilet seat. Is attractively finished, sanitary and does away with unpleasant work, noise, etc. Write for FREE booklet "BABY'S HEALTH" WOMEN REPRESENTATIVES WANTED EVERYWHERE. Full or part time.

JUVENILE WOOD PRODUCTS, Inc.
Dept. 34, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NIAGARA
BLUE RIBBON

IMPROVE your home with beautiful Niagara Wall-papers. Highest quality at reasonable price. Sold by good decorators everywhere.

Style Book

Send 10 cents for book of decorators' secrets and samples of latest styles. Gives history of each pattern.

Niagara Wall Paper Company
84 Walnut Avenue
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WALL PAPER

Crooked Spines
Made Straight
OVER 50,000
REMARKABLE CASES

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated over 50,000 cases in 23 years.

30 Days' Free Trial

We will prove its value in your case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photograph shows how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine should wear it at once.

Send for our free booklet. If you describe case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT CO., Jamestown, N. Y.
291-4 Old Fellows Temple

The Keeper of the Bees

hive before you can do that."

"So the young Queen rests up a few days and gets all ready, and one day when the weather is all bright and sunny, in the morning when the dew is on the flowers and the lark is on the wing and everything, like that morning Browning wrote about—the Bee Master made me learn it, that one about 'God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world, why then, the new Queen goes to the door and she walks out of it backwards. She goes away a little piece and she comes back to it three or four times. God told her to do that so she would be mighty sure when she came home from the first long flight she has ever made she would know her own door. When she is sure she knows where she belongs, why then she starts this flight, and God's in the way she can fly, too, because she hasn't had a chance to use her wings ever before. But when she does use them, she goes up and up, away up into the sky. She goes up higher than the trees. She goes up higher than the birds. She goes up so high that the men who write the books can't ever see how high she does go."

"When she starts out, all through the line of the hives the something that the bee books call 'the Spirit of the Hive,' or Instink, or Nature, but that the Bee Master says is just another name for God, tells all the male bees that a young Queen has gone out to search for a King. They can't ride a milk white charger to find her. They have got to use their wings. They are big swaggy fellows. On their heads they wear helmets trimmed in black pearls, and tall plumes. They have yellow velvet belts and long mantles, and they walk over everybody in the hive. They don't even pay much attention to the Queen—till they start out to court her. They have been a big nuisance all their lives. They won't work a lick. They don't go out and hunt any honey. They just walk up to the cells that the workers are filling and eat all they please. They go out and curl up in the tulips and in the lilies and wherever they can find a beautiful flower cradle and lie there and sleep in the sun for hours. Then they come back and eat some more, and they are too lazy to live like the other bees do, but the worker bees know the hive can't go on without them, so they clean up after them. Nobody likes them very well, but nobody says a word because they are part of God's plan. It's all right for 'em to have a good time while they've got the chance; they don't know a little bit about what's coming to them."

"So when the young Queen goes out, all the males think they would like to court her, and from all the different hives they go swarming up after her. They spread their wings so wide and they fly so hard and fast that they get all swelled up and get more air inside them than they ever had before, and they get different from the way they were before they started. It takes a good, fine strong one to go as high as the Queen goes. Finally, when some of them get way up mighty close to Heaven, all alone up there, where the sky is blue and the day is sweet and everything is so nice and fine, the Queen says which one may be her King. Then they get married. They don't have but a little bit of a honeymoon, for the Queen says she must go straight home and go to work. So she doesn't even wait to say good-bye to the King; she just gives him a big push, so big and hard it kills him and he falls down to the ground, dead to anything. And she goes home and goes into the door, and she's lucky if she gets home and gets in the door 'cause on account of birds and things. That's why there are more white nymphs waiting so that if the young Queen doesn't come back, another one can be got ready and sent out. You see how it's all fixed up from the beginning to keep things going? That's why God's in it, because it is such a wonderful plan, and it is things that men couldn't do in any way at all. It takes just God to plan life for the bees."

"When the Queen gets home everybody is so tickled when she comes through the

door that they kiss her and they comb her hair and they polish her wings and they fix her all up fine. You wouldn't think there was a thing but love and goodness in their hearts."

"Then what do you think the workers do? You couldn't ever guess, not in days and days, so I'll have to tell you. All the white nymphs that they have been feeding royal jelly and that the nurses have been taking care of so fine, get stung. Yes, sir, all the white nymphs that have been loved up so good and fed the royal jelly, why, they all get stung to death and maybe there's forty or fifty thousand of them—that's how sure the bees want to feel about having a Queen. They are so dead that the workers carry them out and put them with the dead ones."

"The next thing they do is for all the workers to get together and every big, bluffy drone that has been lazing round the hive and getting waited on by five or six worker bees and everybody has stood everything from him, why, every one of them gets stung too. They don't ever know what they've done, and they don't know why what's happening to them happens, and they can't understand why workers that waited on them, 'cause it takes two or three workers for one drone, come roaring at 'em singing a war song and whooping battle cries. The old Mr. Drones get their wings pulled off and they get their eyes stung out and they get punkshered everywhere, and every last one of them gets killed, and pushed out of the hive."

"There's not anybody left but the young Queen and the Maids of Honour and the workers and the nurses that are going to stay with her. If there's any danger, all of them make a shield and cover up the young Queen. If it is a hard winter, they get close around her to keep her warm; and if there isn't enough food, they all go hungry and feed her. No matter what happens to them, every one of them, as long as they are alive, takes care of the Queen, because it is the eggs she lays that make the new brood and keep the bees alive in the world. So something tells every bee: 'No matter if you die yourself, take care of your Queen so that bees will not vanish off the face of the world.' The thing that tells them, that's God again."

The little Scout paused, then: "You begin to see now, don't you, why the Bee Master said the hair on a bee was God?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Jamie, "I begin to see. It is the most wonderful thing I've ever heard about in all the world! Go on and tell me more. Tell me all you know."

"There isn't much more to tell," said the little Scout. "There's more figures I could tell about—how the old drone males have got just oodles more eyes and more smell hollows than the workers. The old drone males have got thirty-seven thousand eight hundred smell hollows and that is so they will be dead sure to find the Queen, and that's God again. And the old drone males have got thirteen thousand eyes on each side of their heads. That's so they can see better than anybody else and be certain to find the Queen, 'cause they've got to find the Queen, and they've got to get married, and the Queen has to lay her eggs to keep the world having bees, and to keep the hundred thousand flowers alive."

"When the Bee Master gets the old Queen and her family in a new hive, he sets it up in a nice place. The scouts come back to where they left the Queen and they hunt until they find the new hive. They know their family and they go in, and then everybody goes to work. The workers build the cells, and the old Queen lays all the eggs and tells the workers what she wants to come out of each egg. They go straight ahead just like they did in the hive they came from. The workers clean up everything and the old Queen fills the cells again with eggs that she wants to be Queens and drones and workers and nurses, and maybe, scouts, and they go on making more honey and hatching out more bees, until the hive gets so full that the old Queen says they will have to bring out a young Queen and turn the hive [Turn to page 95]



Mary wins

"MARY, dear, don't be offended, but I'm bursting with curiosity. I've known you ever since you were a youngster at boarding school and I expected great things of you in the younger married set. But I must confess you disappointed me. After you married Jack Hollsworth you went into a sort of social eclipse and almost kept out of things entirely."

"Now I come back from abroad and find it all completely changed. Instead of the retiring and, well, not very attractive person of a year ago, I find you positively lovely. All the best people want you and I see you everywhere. And now I hear that you are to head the Committee on Arrangements for the Charity Ball. How did you do it? I am on pins and needles."

Mary smiled. "About a year ago I had an awakening. Without realizing it I had drifted into poor health. I didn't want to go anywhere, and for that matter, I did not seem to have many chances. Then one night at a dance I overheard a cruel remark about my complexion. It hurt—my, but it hurt! But it woke me up."

"I went to my doctor. It was not until then that I realized how much my health had suffered. He made me see myself as others saw me. My complexion was bad and almost sallow. My eyes were dull and I was bothered by headaches. I was continually tired and could hardly get through the day sometimes. I must have been pretty dull company."

"It is all due to auto-intoxication—self-poisoning," Doctor Nash said. "It is a condition brought about by faulty elimination." He told me it was responsible for all my ailments."

"After advising me about diet and exercise, he told me to take Nujol every day. He said it would bring back internal cleanliness, which he said was the basis of good health, and before long my trouble would all clear up."

"Well it worked—wonderfully. My color did come back. My eyes lost their yellow look. My hair, which had been dry and brittle, took on a soft lustre. But best of all was the way I came back in health and spirits. I got back energy I hadn't had since I left school."

"I really took an interest in what was going on about me and it wasn't long before I noticed that people were glad to see me. Invitations began to appear regularly in my mail. Of course, Jack's success downtown and our new house on the Hill might have had something to do with it. But after all, it was mostly due to my learning the way back to health."

"So, if I happen to make a hit at the Charity Ball, you can put it down to Nujol and internal cleanliness."

A Message to Women

Perhaps you are allowing self-poisoning to stand between you and the things you most desire. If you are subject to listlessness, complexion troubles, headache, etc., you should correct faulty elimination. Don't wait. Even now poisons originating in clogged intestines may be impairing your health and damaging your good looks. Take Nujol. Nujol will enable you to preserve internal cleanliness all the time.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a laxative or cathartic, the continued use of which gives only temporary relief at the cost of permanent injury. Nujol simply lubricates and softens the food waste. Thus, it enables Nature to obtain regular, thorough elimination. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages.

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 812-B, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

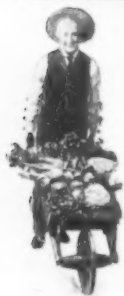
Name.....

Address.....



Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Internal Cleanliness

SPECIAL OFFER of FLOWER SEEDS



If you write now for our 1925 Catalogue, we will send the famous HENDERSON Collection of seeds—one packet each of **Single Giant Large Flowering Mixed Petunias**, **Large Early Flowering Mixed Cosmos**, **New Giant Large Flowering Mixed Zinnias**, **Henderson's Invincible Asters**, **Brilliant Mixture Poppies**, **Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas**.

HOW TO GET THEM

Simply state where you saw this advertisement, enclose ten cents for mailing the Catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," and the seeds will be sent without extra charge.

EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS FOR CASH
These tested seeds come in a coupon envelope which, coupled and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 or more. Don't delay; write at once.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

1925 Catalogue
Now Ready

Bigger and better than ever, the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year, a book of

208 Pages

16 color pages, 72 pages in black and white, over 1000 half-tone illustrations direct from photographs of results from Henderson's seeds—the finest catalogue we have ever issued.

35 & 37
CORTLANDT ST.
NEW YORK CITY

New varieties of Gladioli Order NOW

GLADIOLUS lovers will find my 1925 catalogue invaluable for successful selection and growing of gladioli. It contains many new Kunderd originations. Also my complete instructions. Write for a copy and make selections now.

A. E. KUNDERD
Box 35-D Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.
The Originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinated Gladioli

Kunderd
STAND SUPREME
Gladioli
TRADE-MARK

6 Monthly Blooming ROSES 50c

All Will Bloom This Summer!
Milady, red; Madison, white; Betty, pink; Melody, yellow; Ophelia, variegated; Nagley, crimson.
BARGAINS IN PLANTS
12 Pansies 35c 6 Salvia 44c
3 Ferns 34c 3 Dahlias 36c
6 Ruffled Petunias 48c
4 Chrysanthemums 32c
6 Hardy Perennials 48c
3 Fine Geraniums 28c
3 Giant Cannas 32c
3 Flowering Begonias 48c
Free—One Rose free with every \$1 purchase.
Safe arrival guaranteed. 1925 Catalogue Free
THE MCGREGOR BROS. CO., BOX 104 SPRINGFIELD, O.

6 Selected ROSES 50c

A Wealth of Bloom This Year.
This collection includes the wonderful Climbing American Beauty, fragrant, continuous bloomer; Golden Ophelia, golden yellow; Etol de France, large, crimson-velvet, color-bled, rose pink; Mme. Butterfly, blended pink, earline and solid; Peace, continuous blooming, creamy white. The six plants, all on own roots, selected for vigor and blooming quality, postage paid for 50c. Send orders to
OHIO ROSE GARDENS, Dept. 201 Springfield, Ohio

Ambitious women! I Start You in Business

I want to hear from you women who have sold and you who feel you can. I'll help establish you in a dignified business that will make you real money—selling Primart Embroidery Packages, used and undressed by every woman. Don't fail to investigate my proposition. Write me today.
Miss Anna Wilson, Agents Director
HELLER, MARTIN CO., Dept. 11
2 East 23rd St. New York City

BUNIONS

Have SHAPELY FEET Unmarred by Bunions
PEDODYNE "Solvent." New way. Pain immediately vanishes. Acts like magic on worst Bunions. Hump gradually disappears.
SENT ON TRIAL To introduce we'll gladly arrange to send you a box of "Solvent" to try for your own bunion. Thousands are sending. Simply write, "I want to try PEDODYNE."
KAY LABORATORIES, 186 N. LaSalle St. Dept. F-308, Chicago

EARN money at home this New Way

Here's a delightful new kind of work for retired women to do in their own homes. Earn \$1 to \$10 a day—some hours or full time—decorating artificial novelties by hand. We teach you how. No previous experience or special ability needed. Outfit of novelties supplied to every member. Satisfaction guaranteed.
FREE BOOK NOW
Write today enclosing 2c stamp for free book giving full particulars of this new and truly wonderful opportunity.
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. A-184, Adrian, Mich.

3 Grand Roses 25c

On their own roots
ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER
Sent to any address postpaid; guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

GEM ROSE COLLECTION
Rhea Reid—Red Bougere—White Radiance—Pink

SPECIAL BARGAINS
3 Hardy Scotch Pinks 25c
3 Vines for basket planting 25c
2 Choice Hardy Iris 25c
6 Superb Fanny Plants 25c
3 Choice Ferns 25c
3 Chrysanthemums 25c
3 Beautiful Coleus 25c
8 Lovely Gladioli 25c
2 Choice Dahlias 25c
8 Pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 25c

Any 5 Collections for \$1. The Entire 11 Collections for \$2. Postpaid. Catalog Free.
MISS ELLA V. BAINES
Department 358 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

ROSES you can grow 7 bushes 50c

WE will deliver to your door, charges paid, seven strong healthy rose bushes—each a different kind and color—for 50c. We select plants to suit your climatic conditions and your soil. We grow the finest varieties known. Write for attractive free booklet—roses, shrubs, plants—now!

American Rose & Plant Co.
Producers of plants that grow and bloom
Box J Springfield, Ohio

BULBS

10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and bunches of 4 tricolors who grow flowers. Will include FREE, bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.

S. W. PIKE, Seedman Box 12 St. Charles, Ill.

A POSTAL will bring This Illustrated Catalog

The Woodlawn catalogue is an excellent and reliable guide, illustrating and describing our own grown true-to-name, guaranteed Nursery stock—old direct at lowest prices. Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Climbing Vines, Roses, Perennials, Small Fruits. Catalogue FREE.
WOODLAWN NURSERIES
587 Garson Ave., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BECOME A NURSE

THIS school during 25 years has taught nursing to 30,000 women in their own homes—beginners as well as practical nurses.

Our Graduates Earn \$10 and \$15 a Week
Ideal vacation for self-supporting women. You can try our course without cost if dissatisfied. Write today for catalog and specimen book.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
304 Main Street Jamestown, N. Y.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified Hub School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H 460 Broadway & 5th St. © A. S. 1925 CHICAGO

Before you decide on your European trip—

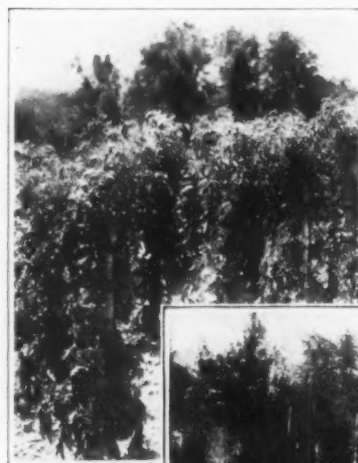
Be sure to get this Booklet
Thirty years of successful management assure you the utmost in travel economy, comfort and convenience, when you take Gates Tours. Send for our booklet, "How to see Europe at Moderate Cost." It's FREE.
Gates Tours, Dept. H-3, 225-5th Ave., N. Y.

Why Not Grow Your Own Salads?

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON



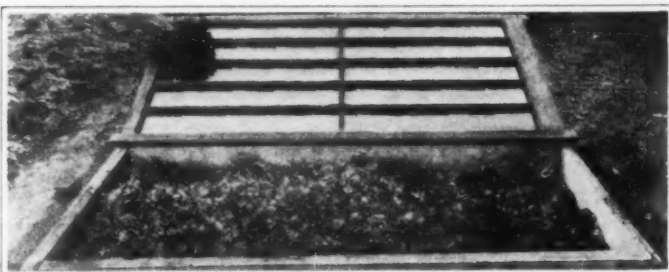
TOMATOES are the queen of salad vegetables. Inclose the stems with four-inch-wide collars of stiff paper reaching just below the surface to protect from cutworms; and stake them, sprinkling tobacco dust over and under plants to discourage flea beetle. Plant tomatoes liberally!



THIS latest corner of a salad garden includes a row of curly endive—the most valuable of the late "greens." It is crisp, tender and extremely ornamental. It makes tremendous heads the centres of which are a lovely cream-white

CELERY may be started in the cold frame or in boxes in the house. Set the plants six inches apart in rows three feet apart, being careful not to bury the crown; spread the lateral roots carefully. The soil should previously be well limed, and supplied with potash. As the plants grow, bank them with earth.

EVERY person running even a small home garden will find one or two cold frames the greatest help. In order to get full "value received," utilize them for your latest lettuce crop



THE vegetable garden may be not only a useful but a very attractive feature of the small place. Many practical suggestions for growing vegetables and flowers are given in our booklet, **DOWN THE GARDEN PATH**, by Dorothy Giles, a member of the Garden Club of America. Write, enclosing a two cent stamp for postage to:
The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

The Soul of An Artist

[Continued from page 90]

classic dance as well as a Russian dance together. If Charlie Chaplin had not become a film actor, he could have become a great dancer. In fact, I have never known a more versatile artist.

During the four days he stayed in Berlin, we were much together, and when he left, it was almost with an understanding that I should come to America. Soon after, I did come, and although I was greeted royally from the time we sighted land, I think perhaps, as I came in to wonderful New York, I was lonelier than ever—just a girl in a great, foreign city—a city which has not its like in all the world—a city which fascinates while it repels—a city whose smile turns your heart a little cold, it can do so much and so little for you.

But alas, I could not stay there long, for as you know, Hichens "Bella Donna" was chosen for my first play, and I had to go immediately to Hollywood because only in California could the desert scenes be filmed.

Hollywood—one sometimes almost laughs out loud when one thinks of Hollywood's undeserved reputation. It is not a gay place; it is a sad place, where every day hope is killed in young hearts and laughter is stilled upon the lips of those whose smiles have turned to tears.

Even we who succeed, who nightly on the screen visit cities, towns and hamlets all over the world, are perhaps unhappily sitting at home, tired and alone.

The life of the cinema artist is very hard, and one must have within one's self an irresistible impulse to go on, to be able to go through it.

It is, however, much easier here in Hollywood than anywhere else, when producers and directors alike try to make one's work as little hard as possible—

where all the people are kind and where you really meet people who understand.

Consequently, since I arrived here about two years ago, I have almost come to think that this land of sunshine is that "fairest region" we all are seeking. I have made friends—a few, but one does not want many friends. I have had days filled with hard work. I believe I have won the regard of the great, sympathetic American people; but most of all I have found that life is good, and it will always be worth living as long as there are sunshiny afternoons.

The last time I saw that irreproachable Italian actress, Duse, I came to the conclusion that no one should rail against sorrow or loneliness. They are great character builders. Duse was much greater, with her broken heart and lost illusion, than she had been before grief touched her. I believe that every artist must experience great sorrow as well as great joy. These, however, are not the portion of the artist alone, but are the heritage of all humanity.

I have learned much from Duse, as every woman must have learned who has seen her. She is the greatest artist on the stage today. I still believe, however, that the art of the cinema, the one to which I am giving all that I have, is worthy to rank with the creative works of all other arts. If the greatest art is, as Tolstoy said, "that which speaks to the greatest number," then certainly this art of the screen is greatest. I must believe this if I would continue in it. I have always worked with a purpose, although sometimes I have wondered if it were worth the effort, for I am still the loneliest person in all the world. In spite of my successes I have found [Turn to page 119]

The Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 93]

over to her, while they go out and start another family.

"The Queen keeps giving orders all the time about what she wants done. She may rule for five or six years. She lays eggs all the time. You couldn't believe how many eggs—maybe as many as two million. She has only got seven or eight thousand eyes, 'cause she's a stay-at-home lady. Right-on-the job is her first and last name, both—all two of them. But she hasn't any wax pockets, and no brushes, and no pollen baskets. She doesn't like light, and she doesn't know how Madonna lily nectar tastes, 'cause all her food is digested for her before she eats it. Well, the Queen just keeps right on laying eggs all day, maybe all night, for all I know. Anyway, she lays 'em. I tell you, boy, she lays 'em! And every time she lays an egg she says what she wants it to be, and her nurses go right to work to feed the royal jelly to the white nymphs, and bee bread to make more drones, and to make the workers and the nurses, and the scouts, maybe, like I said before. And some of the workers are builders and some are masons and some are dancers. It's their job, when the hive gets very hot inside, to dance and wave their wings until they start a breeze to cool the cells.

"That's part of what I know about bees. I couldn't tell all I know about them 'cause I can't think of it all at once. There's too much of it to tell right hot off the bat. But you can watch 'em in the observation hive and pretty quick you can see which cells have got the big, soft, white nymphs in them, and which ones have got the big fat drones, and which ones have the little workers, and the nurses, and the scouts, maybe. After what I've told you, you can see the old drones crawling around over the cells eating honey where they please, and being as dirty and mussy as ever they want to. Then you can see the workers go and clean up after them. You can see the cells where the eggs are being taken care of. You can see the cells that are being filled with honey. You can see the cells that have gold and red and purple

pollen in for wax. Next time I come, I'm going to ask you about the figures that I told you, like the Bee Master asked me. You have to be ready and not make any mistakes, because if I can remember, a big man like you ought to remember!"

The little Scout stood up, pushed down the tail of the green shirt that seemed habitually to work up, tightened the belt buckle, and drew a deep breath.

"I don't know as I've told you so very well. In there in the library you can find the books like I showed you. There are the books like Fabre and Maeterlinck that the Bee Master says are three things at one time. First they are the truth, and next they are poetry, and third they are the evidence of a Master Mind that plans every least little tiny thing. He says the only name for that Master Mind is God. He doesn't see any use in trying to dodge God and side-step Him and call Him 'the Spirit of the Hive' and Instink and Nature and things like that. He says a great scientist, one of the best, almost went crazy trying to do that very thing. His name was Charles Darwin, and the Bee Master says C. D. would have been a heap bigger Injun if he'd been willing to put God in where He belongs. He says when God does anything 'with such care, and puts so much thought in it, and deals out such splendid justice' as there is in a bee hive, that a wise man will just take off his hat and lift his eyes to the sky and very politely he will say: 'Just God!'"

Then in a lightning-like change, the little Scout plumped down on the seat beside Jamie, kicked a high standing pebble with fine precision against a mark several yards away, and inquired casually, unconcernedly: "What do you say?"

Under the spell of the magic of the story he had heard, Jamie cupped his right hand over his knee, and put his left arm around the little Scout and drew the child up to him closely. He dropped his lips against the tousled blonde hair, and whispered very reverently: "I say 'just God!'"

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]

STOUT WOMEN

Dress Fashionably Look Slender

DRESS to look slender. That is what you must do if you are stout. And what a variety you will find in this Lane Bryant Style Book. Dresses, coats, suits in the newest vogue—hats, shoes, underwear—everything you need.

Think of being able to secure by mail the very latest style in garments that FIT you! Sizes from 38 to 58 bust.

Low Prices

Every purchase guaranteed. Perfect fit in full, roomy sizes. Fine workmanship. Fabrics of superior quality. All at very low prices.

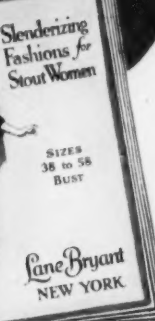
Ask your neighbor who is stout! That well-dressed woman you so admire.

Look at her Lane Bryant clothes. Notice their quality, fit and becoming lines.

Then send for your copy of our Style Book. Learn for yourself the joy of fashionable clothes that fit. Ask for Style Book "S".



This
STYLE BOOK
is
FREE
Send for it To-Day



RETAIL
STORES:
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
CHICAGO
DETROIT

38th Street at
Fifth Avenue

Lane Bryant
NEW YORK

Address
Dept. 92

Feed HEALTH to Your CANARY

MAX GEISLER'S BIRD SEED

35¢

111 Geisler Building, Omaha, Neb., or
50 Cooper Square, New York City

No More Pain

Amazing relief for you. Burning, aching, tender, swollen, pulled, agonizing, caloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Science has mastered foot trouble in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like, don't be a cripple. One application of CAL-O-CIDE treatment and you are a new person, corns and callouses gone like magic. At your druggist, or send 35¢ for full size package, and valuable treatise on foot trouble.

35¢ ALL
MEDCO CO. Dept. A Dayton, Ohio. DRUG STORES

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

CUTS HEAL QUICKLY
and cleanly, pain is relieved if bandaged with gentle, antiseptic

Mentholum

Write for free sample
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Your Own Name

Woven into a genuine CASH WOVEN LABEL

Sewed to Clothing & Linen
saves Laundry Losses and marks your Individuality!

3 Doz. 1¢ J&J. CASH, Inc. 9 Doz. 15¢
6 - 1/2 32d St., So. Norwalk, Conn. 11 - 3/4

Small Deposit puts this New Electric Ice Cream Freezer in Your Home. Write Today

Write today for complete information on this amazing new Troy Electric Ice Cream Freezer. Freezes any kind of ice cream, sherbet, ice or other frozen dessert in 10 to 20 minutes. Gives a smooth, rich, velvety ice cream unexpected with hand operated freezers. Attach to any light socket. Indicator tells when cream is frozen. Freeze cream in kitchen, basement, back porch—anywhere. Light weight and easy to handle, yet sturdy built. Write today; a post card will do but mail it now. Address: KITCHENAID MFG. Co., Dept. E-4, Troy, O.

For sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores.

IRON GLUE

QUICK TO STICK SOLD TO HOLD

ME CORMICK & CO. BALTIMORE

10-15 SIZES

NOW \$245 FREE TRIAL Till JULY

at Factory Price NO PAYMENT DOWN

If you write NOW! The old home of Wing wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home until July 1, free. Return if you wish. Easy terms arranged. Price quoted for style shown.

Founded The Famous Wing Year 57th 1868

Hear the rich inspiring tone, the secret of which for three generations has been held in one family. Have from \$150 to \$200 at reduced price: 40 year guarantee. Direct to you-at factory price.

Write World says: "Every one should have this book." Free and prepaid. Write today.

WING & SON, 13th Street & 9th Ave., Dept. 20-84, New York, N. Y.

VAN RAALTE

Silk Gloves



A smart dot-embroidered cuff effect.



Paris is responsible for this style—with the flower-petal cuff effect. Most attractive color combinations.



A style designed by Paris.



A charming novelty cuff with a pocket handkerchief. Very stylish!

—because you love nice things!

NEVER were there such beautiful silk gloves as the new Van Raalte creations. Never was there such a variety of such pretty styles. Paris has contributed her best ideas. America has fairly outdone herself. Again the style supremacy of Van Raalte Silk Gloves is established—and no one can doubt it.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Van Raalte styles. They're all so pretty you'll have difficulty in making a choice. And be assured, the styles you finally select, will wash splendidly and outlast the season—because they are made only of the purest silk.

VAN RAALTE CO., Makers of Silk Underwear, Silk Stockings and Veils

The Girl In The Cabinet

[Continued from page 79]

My, I was excited! I felt my heart racing, as it does when I get up to fifty miles in my bearcat, but my brain was just as cool as if we were talking about the weather. I smiled up at him as if I thought he was just the most wonderful being in the world and managed to get him over into a corner where there were two vacant chairs and nobody very close to us. "Now tell me all about it," I demanded.

"I guess there's no harm in your knowing at least a part of it," he said, and I could have hugged him, I was so grateful. "The first part is public property and the second is pretty generally known among government officials. You won't mind if I hold back the third part, will you?"

"Go ahead and we'll see," I answered. "Well, you have doubtless read that an American army officer has invented a new recoil system for heavy artillery that will probably revolutionize at least the artillery features of modern warfare?"

"Yes; Major Hinkle. I read about it last week, and I've met him."

"It's a very wonderful thing and, you may be sure, Major Hinkle's drawings were carefully guarded. In fact, they were kept in a safe in a vault in the office of the Chief of Ordnance, with a special guard over them night and day."

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, several days ago, when the Chief and Major Hinkle, the only two men who knew the combination to the vault, went to get the drawings, they had disappeared."

"How?"

"Nobody knows. The Chief and Hinkle had had them out, studying them, the day before. They put them away with their own hands. The next morning they were gone."

"But that's impossible!" I exclaimed. "The Attorney General shook his head. 'Impossible or not, that's what happened.'"

"And I must not tell a soul?" I asked.

"Oh, the fact that the drawings have been stolen is all over town. A lot of people had to be consulted—intelligence officers of the Army and Navy, the Secret Service, folks in the State Department, my men having to do with secret investigations, and the District of Columbia police. Whenever that many people know a thing it's almost as much public property as though it were printed in the newspapers. Of course, there's been nothing published yet, but, personally, I don't see any harm in the fact of the robbery becoming known. Who did it is quite another thing."

"And who was that man who whispered to you?"

"One of the secret agents of the Department of Justice."

"But what is he doing here, at a White House reception, where there's nobody that you could possibly suspect?"

"Well, you never can tell where lightning will strike in a case of this kind," replied the Attorney General, smiling.

"That man who whispered to you said he thought they had found out something," I said, trying to be casual.

"Now, young lady," he replied, "you're touching on the third part of the story, which I said I might not tell."

"Oh, but you will: it's terrible to be left in the dark this way."

"Can't you guess?" he asked.

I thought and thought and thought but when I got all through I didn't have the glimmer of an idea. Perhaps I looked disappointed and sad, for in a minute the Attorney General told me some more.

"If you'll promise never to breathe a word, especially as to who told you, I'll give you a clue," he said.

I promised, quick.

"Think hard, and see if you can't figure out what country in the whole world would be most interested in knowing the secret of an invention which might give us a tremendous advantage if we ever had war with her."

I didn't have to think another second. I knew, quick as a wink. It was the country whose embassy I had passed that very afternoon and into which I had seen Jack escort his brunette vamp, but I didn't have time to worm another thing out of

the Attorney General, because just at that instant the Secretary of State came up to him hurriedly, and dragged him away with hardly an apology to me at all and disappeared with him in the crowd in the Green Room.

I was so excited I couldn't keep still, so I went out and mingled with the hoi polloi, and such buzzing and gossiping I never heard. Washington surely justified its reputation as the greatest whispering gallery in the world that night, for every other person I met clutched me and told me about the robbery, and I felt terribly important because I knew just a little bit more about it than any of them, even though they were so sure they were telling me a brand new state secret.

When I got back to the Blue Room three-quarters of an hour later I almost jumped up and down with joy because over in the corner, where I'd been a short time before, stood my own, dear, ducky old Senator Blanchard, chinning with Dad. I was so glad to see him that I just ran across the room and grabbed his arm and hugged it right there before everybody. And then suddenly I remembered why I had wanted to see him and a picture of Jack rose up before me and the desolation of my shattered romance seemed to settle down all over me, and I wanted to cry. Maybe a tear or two did get as far as my eyelashes (which really aren't any longer or silkier than most girls', although Jack says they are) and maybe Senator Blanchard saw it or them, whichever it was. Anyway, he patted my hand and wanted to know if I was having a good time and everything, and pretty soon Dad strolled over to whisper to Mother, who was still bravely standing in line shaking hands, and I had the Senator all to myself.

"Oh, I'm in terrible trouble," I said, and I couldn't keep my voice from trembling a little.

"Is it about Jack?" Senator Blanchard asked, and thereby proved how right I was in wanting to go straight to him, for he understands me better than anybody in the world, and I never have to give him a lot of bothersome explanations.

"Jack doesn't love me," I told him. "I asked him to take me to luncheon today and he said he had to work and later I saw him in the Willard Palm Room with a vamp—a brunette."

"Not a blonde?"

"No; a horrid brunette."

"That's bad. Now, if she'd been a blonde . . ."

"That would have been bad enough, but a brunette! I'll never forgive him."

"Um . . . um." He looked away and seemed to be thinking deeply but I knew he was sympathizing with me and trying to figure out something to do. A great wave of relief passed over me and I felt that something nice and satisfactory and comforting was sure to happen. Then all of a sudden I remembered that he was supposed to be in New York.

"When did you get back?" I asked.

"I . . . well, the fact is I didn't go away. I had some important matters to attend to and so told Ferguson I was going to New York, but I think perhaps my matters will be attended to tonight and that I can officially return tomorrow."

I just leaned back and felt confident and almost contented. I knew the Senator would speak when he had something to say, and after awhile he did.

"Tell your father and mother that I'm going to take you home," he said, standing up, "and meet me downstairs in the private cloakroom in ten minutes."

I obeyed him like a good soldier. Dad and Mother nodded without half listening to what I said and on the minute I was under the Blue Room instead of in it, with my wraps on, ready to leave the old reception without one single little regret. I didn't know where we were going or what we were going to do but I was for it. In another minute Senator Blanchard came and we were soon tucked snugly into his big limousine and were rolling out of the White House grounds. Again I thought it was nice to be a somebody, because the [Turn to page 120]

ROYAL SOCIETY

EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

116 Pillow 60c

101 Buffet Set 75c

123 34" Center \$1.15
Matches Scarf 122—\$1.00
Pillow 124—85c

117 18"x45" Scarf 75c
Matches Pillow 118—75c
Vanity Set 119—40c

125 18"x54" Scarf \$1.50
Matches Center 126 \$1.35
Pillow 127 \$1.25

Matches Center 102—\$1.15
Scarf 100—85c

104 Set \$1.75
Matches Scarf 103 \$1.15
Center 105 75c

140 1 and 2 yr \$1.85

147 2 and 4 yr. \$1.65

\$1.00 Matches Boudoir Cap 103—75c

157—\$1.75 Matches Nightgown 156—\$2.50

159—85c Matches Pajamas 158 \$2.50

160 \$1.15

109 Bedspread \$1.75
This design made in complete Boudoir Set

132 \$1.40

149 2 and 4 yr. \$2.25

165 Dress \$1.75

150 6 and 8 yr \$1.40

143 2 to 3 yr \$1.50

148 2 and 4 yr \$2.00

The Grey Package of Quality

These delightful and beautiful articles come in Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits. Their faultless workmanship and dependable quality distinguish Royal Society Package Outfits from all others.

All the wonderful Royal Society creations could not be illustrated on this page but your dealer will gladly show you the exquisite variety of designs.

The articles are made of first quality materials and stamped for embroidery. You do not have to know how to embroider—the lesson sheets and working diagrams guide you; and every package also contains a sufficient quantity of the correct floss in full size skeins.

Send for Complete Illustrated Circular

Prices quoted for U. S.—higher elsewhere.

H. E. Verran Co., Inc.
Union Sq. West New York

Send for New Embroidery Book

Include 10c and we will also send a valuable floss card showing samples of the beautiful colors obtainable in Royal Society Embroidery Floss.

You will find this card most useful for matching and selecting colors, either for embroidering or decorating your gowns.

The Embroidery Book gives lessons in the most used embroidery stitches and contains helpful suggestions for the home. Millions of needlewomen have found complete satisfaction with all Royal Society Needlework Products, which include:

Embroidery Package Outfits ~ Stamped Articles ~ Not in Packages ~ Sweater Twist ~ An Artificial Silk ~ Fast Color Embroidery and Crochet Cottons ~ Bolt Proof Satin Floss and Monosette Celestia ~ The washable artificial Embroidery Silk.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

H. E. Verran Co., Inc.
Union Sq. West New York



4007 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

4005 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4028 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4006 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4017 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50

The Tubular Line Adopts Pleats

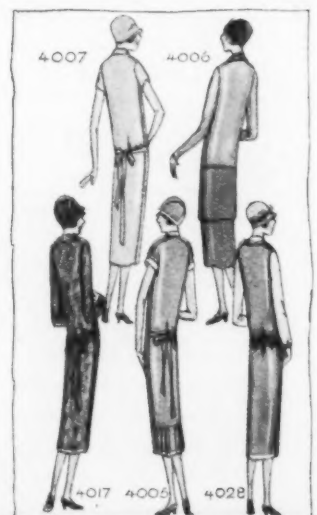
NO. 4005, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulders with arm bands; pleated lower flounce. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar and sleeve bands, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 4-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4007, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards. The boyish collar and front box pleats are the new and interesting features of this smart frock.

NO. 4017, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting collar and vest, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. A tie belt holds in this straightline model, at a low waistline.

NO. 4006, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece wrap-around skirt with three-piece tunic. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch; collar and skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The graceful, dignified lines of frock make it equally appropriate for the maid or matron.

NO. 4028, LADIES' AND MISSES' JUMPER DRESS; with guimpe. Size 16 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; guimpe, 2 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. For sports wear the youthful jumper frock is always a favorite.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

By
Adding
a
Flare
PARIS
Changes
the
Silhouette



4026 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



4029 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1309



4051 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



4034 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

For descriptions,
see page 118

CHOOSING PASTEL COLORS

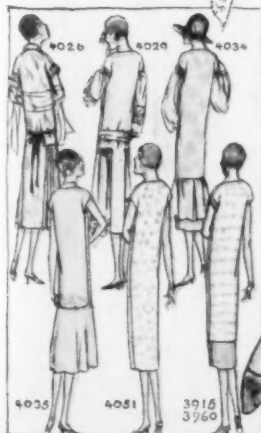
by

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

NO WOMAN dresses well who does not know largely and in detail the limitations of her facial coloring. If she buys fabrics for fashion's sake; if she chooses red, white, blue or rust because her neighbors wear them she is apt to throw money into air. No woman can afford to be under the spell of self-delusion; especially in these days of cut-to-the-bone simplicity. Victorian eras let a woman hide deficiencies of face and figure with curls and bows, with flounces and sashes, with coquetry and artifice. But, today, there is something cruelly revealing in accepted fashions. Elimination has stripped women of all chance to be something they are not.

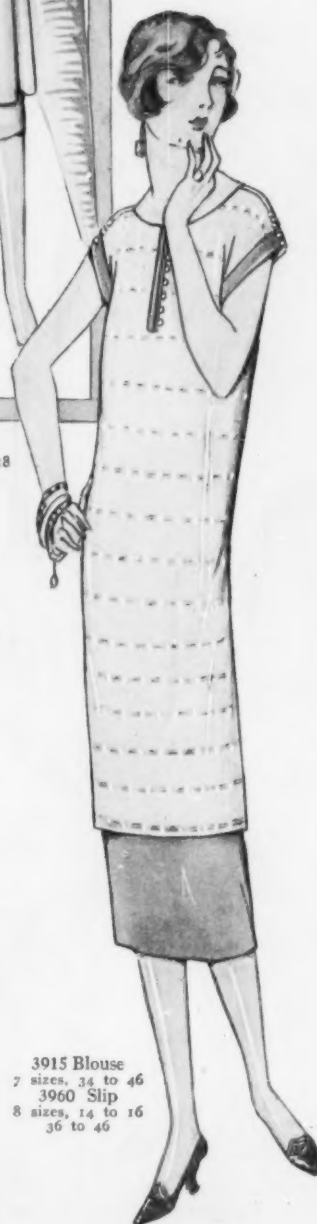
True, there is an Oriental madness for cosmetics. No woman in ancient China nor Carthage was a better slave to the rouge-pots than the average woman of this epoch. In Victorian days women made up in secret. It was a phase of secrecy and artificiality among women—in their manners, their talk, their dress. Today, women make up their faces in public. Yet, despite cosmetics, it is not wise for a woman to risk any color in her apparel. There are millions of women, especially those who have turned the corner from youth, sadly ignorant of what colors are necessary to their complexion, or expression.

Such ignorance will hamper them exceedingly this spring. It is a difficult time to buy, unless one is sure of what is right and wise for her particular kind of face and figure. The pastel shades are in fashion. That is the reason. Jewel colors, flower shades, shy tones are offered. Gray with the pinkish tones is struggling for a place in the sun. Figured chiffon and [Turn to page 118]



4035 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb.
No. 1398

3915 Blouse
7 sizes, 34 to 46
3960 Slip
8 sizes, 14 to 16
36 to 46



Flares and Flounces Captivate The Mode



4043 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50

4026
Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb.
No. 1270



4052 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



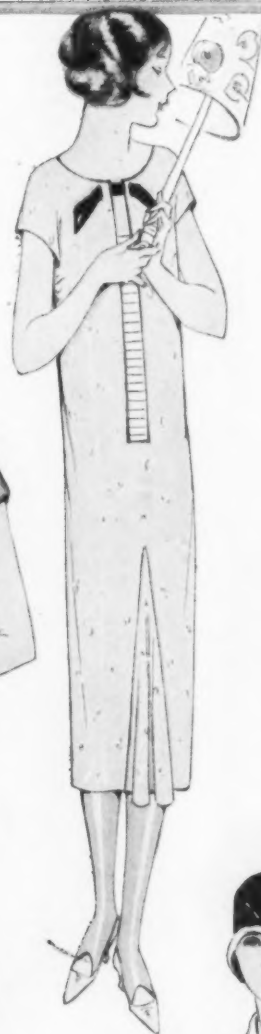
4029 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

No. 4029, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The tunic is one of the versions of the mode.

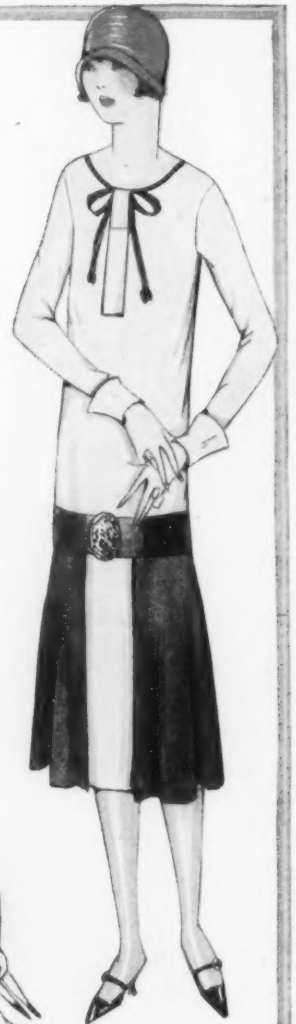
No. 4052, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires, waist, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material; skirt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4043, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; closing at left side of front. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4026, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A braided motif on each panel, using Embroidery No. 1270, would give a chic touch.



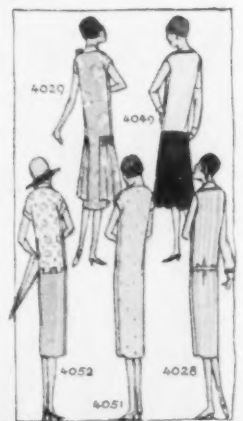
4051 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



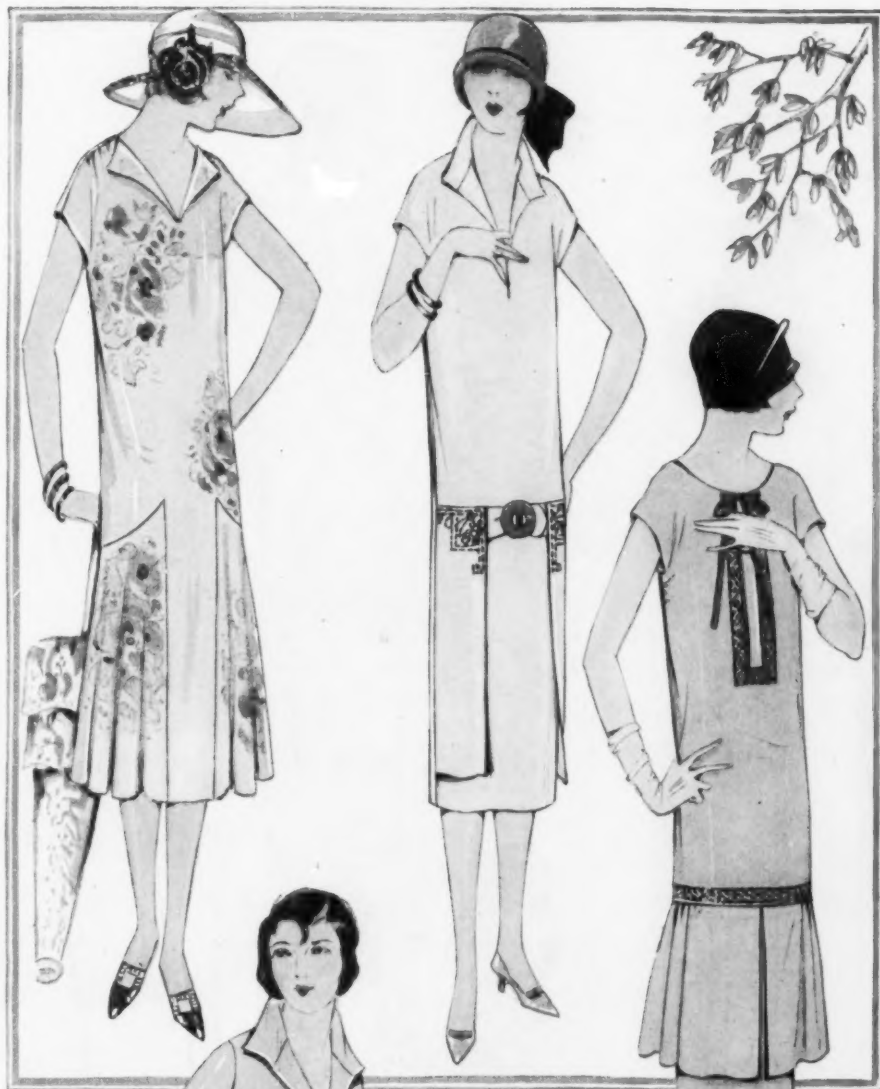
4049 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



4028 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



*Pleats are
Strongly
Endorsed
For
Spring*



4035 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

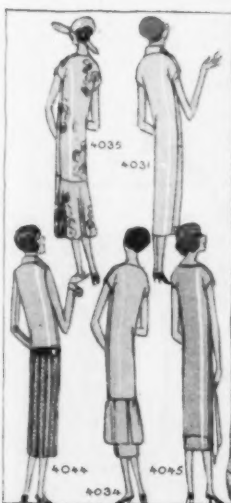
4031 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1269

4034 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1313



4045 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4030 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



4044 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44
Emb. No. 1072

No. 4031, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A motif in buttonhole- and darning-stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1269.

No. 4035, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4044, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; skirt tucked in box-pleated effect. Size 16, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. A monogram in satin-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1072.

No. 4034, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A decorative touch may be added by using Embroidery No. 1313 in darning-stitch.

No. 4045, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with godets set in front. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4030, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4032, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1332 in buttonhole- and outline-stitch may be used.



4032 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb.
No. 1332

Delightfully Cool and Simple Frocks

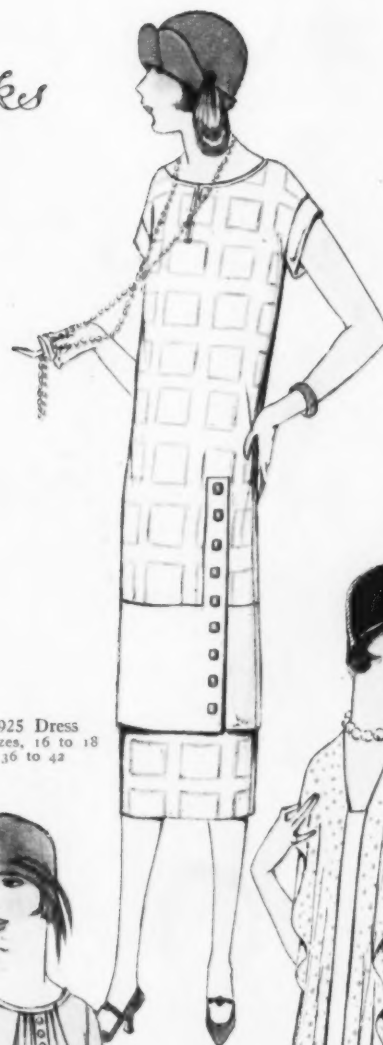


3994 Dress
6 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 40
Emb. No. 1416



3974 Dress
6 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 42

3967 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



3925 Dress
6 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 42



3987 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

No. 3994, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16, waist, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1416 in darning-stitch is suggested to trim.

No. 3983, LADIES' DRESS; with front drapery. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The Redingote front is exceedingly smart.

3983 Dress.
9 sizes, 34 to 50

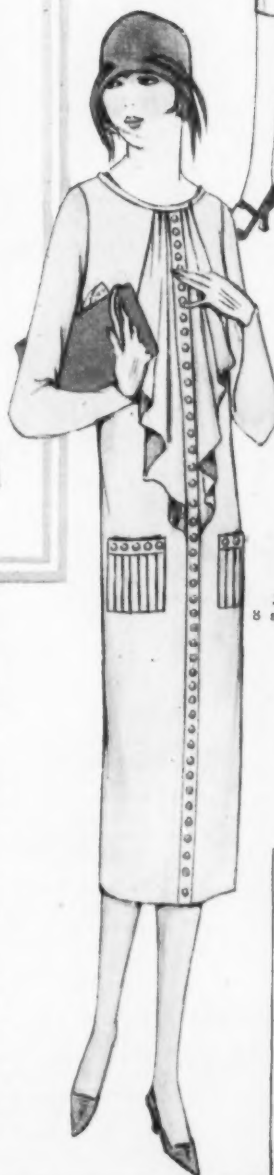
No. 3974, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; tunic blouse; two-piece slip. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch or $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The front drapes are fashion's latest whim.

No. 3967, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This quaintly simple frock has the low-waisted bodice so much in vogue.

No. 3925, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulders; three-piece flounce. Size 16, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A narrow belt holds in the back.

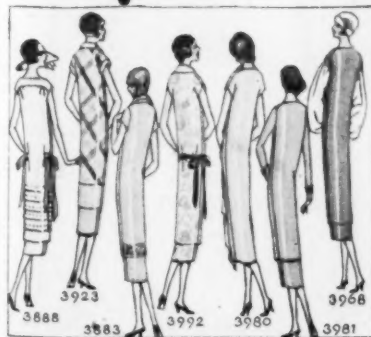
No. 3987, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The jabot is one of the smartest style features of the season.

No. 3969, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; collar and jabot in one. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; front band, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch (cut crosswise and seamed). Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



3969 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

Summer Styles which Lead the Mode



No. 3992, LADIES' AND MISSSES' TUNIC DRESS; with jabot; slip with two-piece lower section. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 7/8 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3980, LADIES' AND MISSSES' SLEEVELESS DRESS; short kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards. A smart beaded design from Embroidery No. 1199 may be used.

No. 3923, LADIES' AND MISSSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; kimono sleeves; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 36 requires, blouse, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3888, LADIES' AND MISSSES' SLEEVELESS DRESS; two-piece camisole skirt. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 607 in button-hole stitch would make an effective edging.

No. 3883, LADIES' AND MISSSES' DRESS; two-piece straight skirt attached to camisole. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. A chic touch may be added by using Embroidery No. 1412 in single- and outline-stitch and French knots.

No. 3968, LADIES' AND MISSSES' DRESS; tunic blouse; two-piece skirt. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Applique may be used on pocket using Embroidery No. 1413.

The Ensemble Includes a Three Quarter Coat



4010 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4047 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

3975 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
3960 Slip
8 sizes, 14 to 16
36 to 46

3943 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

NO. 4010, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; in three-quarter length. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch.

NO. 4047, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; raglan sleeves. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. The collar is adjustable. Patch pockets.

NO. 3960, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP; with two-piece lower section. Size 36, lower section, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch; upper section, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

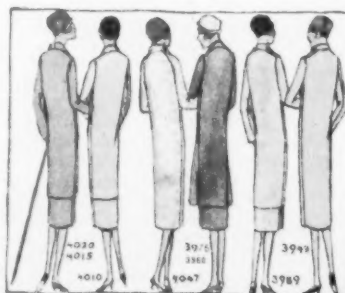
NO. 3943, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch.

NO. 4020, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; open front; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; lining and facing, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

NO. 4015, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, upper section, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; flounce and bands, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 3975, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. The flat back and circular front are the smart features of this coat.

NO. 3989, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36 requires, coat, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch; dress, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge of dress, about 2 yards.



3989 Ensemble Suit
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

Easter Coats Adopt The Flare



4054 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
View B

3995 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
3994 Dress
6 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 40

4054 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
View A

4010 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

3991
Ensemble Suit
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

No. 3994, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Size 36 requires, waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch material; skirt, ¾ yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3991, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36 requires, upper dress, 2¼ yards of 40-inch material; coat, jabot and lower dress, 5 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4054, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36, as shown in View A, requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Size 36, as shown in View B, requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 54-inch; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4010, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch material. The long mannish revers and welt pockets are distinguishing features of this smart coat.

No. 3995, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; open front. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch or 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch. Worn with a matching frock this three-quarter coat makes the smart ensemble which is now in high favor.

No. 4003, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. The graceful lines of this coat are achieved by means of the shawl collar and flaring sides.

4003 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



Make Your EYES Your Best Feature

Clear, bright, vivacious EYES add more real beauty to the face than any other feature. Of what avail are pearly teeth and a flowerlike skin if your EYES are dull and lifeless?

Daily cleansing with **Murine** will help make your EYES your most attractive feature. It keeps them free from irritating particles—encourages a clear, bright, healthy condition. This refreshing, invigorating lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 92, Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES



Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn \$30-35 a Week
Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 15 years.

Earn While Learning
If you are over 16 and under 65 years write for illustrated catalog and 12 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of money-back guarantee and FREE NURSE'S EXAMINER.

Become Independent
Dept. 94 • 421 South Ashland Boulevard • Chicago



New Way to Make Money at Home

Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries, has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn money every day right in your own home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

FREE Book Tells How

Beautiful FREE Book explains how to become a member of Fireside Industries, how you earn money in spare time at home decorating Art Novelties how you get complete outfit without one penny of extra cost. Write today, enclosing 2¢ stamp.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 184, Adrian, Mich.



Buy Your Electric Vacuum Cleaner

By mail at wholesale from one of the world's largest dealers in Vacuum Cleaners for only

\$29.75

EXPRESS
PAID
ANYWHERE

BRAND NEW LATEST MODELS

Free trial and easy payments of only \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month anywhere in the U. S. A.

No References No Collectors

Send Coupon Today

Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Co.
111 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C. Dept. 24-D

Send full particulars and easy payment plan.

Name _____

Address _____

Replicas of French Frocks



4043 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50



4051 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



No. 4034, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece lower section. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; lower section, 1 3/8 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

4034 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



4045 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4026 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1297

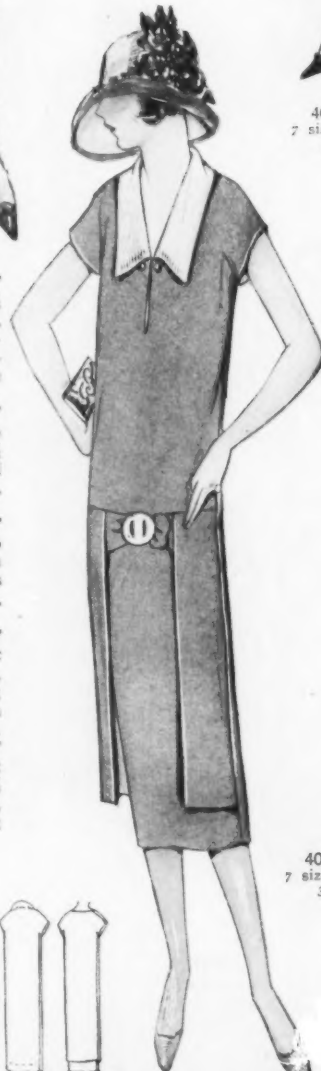
No. 4026, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. A pocket trimming in outline and darning-stitches would be effective made from Embroidery No. 1297.

No. 4051, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; short kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch; vest, 1/4 yard of 40-inch (cut crosswise). Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

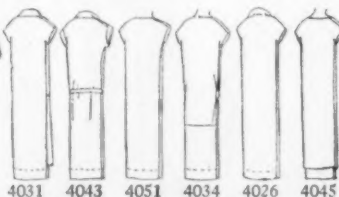
No. 4043, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4045, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; sleeveless tunic blouse. Size 36 requires, blouse, 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material; slip, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4031, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt with front panels. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.



4031 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

Designs for Midsummer Wear



3961 Dress
9 sizes, 34 to 50

No. 3961, LADIES' DRESS; with collar. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar and vest, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.



3972 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

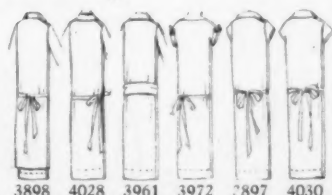
No. 3972, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4030, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3897, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; front inset and collar, 7/8 yard of 36-inch (cut crosswise). Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3898, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to camisole. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; inset, 3/4 yard of 40-inch (cut crosswise). Width, about 1 1/4 yards. An attractive border in darning-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1409.

No. 4028, LADIES' AND MISSES' JUMPER DRESS; with guimpe. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; guimpe, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.



3898 4028 3961 3972 3897 4030

4030 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



3897 Dress
9 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 44



3898 Dress
7 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 44
Emb. No. 1409



Queen Quality

"SERENADE"
Gore Pump of Bunny (light tan) Mellow Calf, medium tan trim, welt sole, rubber top military heel



YOUR Easter Footwear

THE EASTER PARADE demands master creations of the shoe-making art. Naturally you will seek authentic modes in Queen Quality shoes.

In this famous make for women and young women you will find styles approved by the world's fashion leaders; that perfect grace of line, giving elegance and beauty to the foot of the wearer, and enduring comfort.

Your ideal in Easter footwear will be realized in Queen Quality shoes. Ask for them at your dealer's.

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
117 BICKFORD STREET
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

STYLE BOOKLET FREE
A postal card will bring you this daintily illustrated brochure



"ANSONIA"
A new one-eyelet tie shown in Patent Leather, low broad heel and flexible sole

Queen Quality

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T. G. P. CO.





This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea.

Teeth that gleam

are often threatened by an unseen danger

TEETH that gleam with pearly whiteness are not safe from pyorrhea's attack unless the gums are firm and healthy. The danger is unseen because it starts *under* the gums. But an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which support the teeth. The only way to check it is to ward off pyorrhea.

Tender, bleeding gums warn you of pyorrhea's attack

DENTAL clinics since 1908 have proved that Pyorrhoid Powder is a most effective dentifrice for checking, as well as preventing pyorrhea. Its tonic and stimulating qualities correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums.

It keeps the teeth white and clean. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Use Pyorrhoid Powder daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Send for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea.



FREE Sample

THE DENTINOL & PYORRHICIDE CO., INC.
(Sole Distributors)
Dept. H-2, 1480 Broadway, New York City

Send me free sample of Pyorrhoid Powder and booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Colds—Sore Throat

Pinch of Sterizol Antiseptic in hot water; dissolves instantly. Gargle and spray it regularly. Relieves inflammation and soreness quickly. Sterizol makes antiseptic solution with hundreds of uses for less than 3c a pint. Booklet mailed FREE. Of your druggist or by mail enclosing \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE STERIZOL COMPANY, **STERIZOL**
104 Water St., Ossining, N. Y. THE ANTISEPTIC



Gives the
Master Touch
of the Chef

KITCHEN BOUQUET

Makes home cooking taste like the creation of an expert French chef. Just a dash of Kitchen Bouquet—and soups, stews, gravies and sauces take on a new and appetizing flavor and color. A remarkable liquid flavoring prepared from the aromatic juices of choice garden vegetables.

Booklet containing many new recipes sent free.
If your grocer can't supply you send 10 cents for generous size sample bottle.

KITCHEN BOUQUET, Inc.
522 Fifth Avenue New York City

Smart and Becoming Outfits



3913
Coat
6 sizes,
2 to 12
Emb.
No. 833

3813 Suit
5 sizes,
2 to 10

3877
Suit
3 sizes,
2 to 6
Emb.
No. 833

4033

4033 Coat
5 sizes, 2 to 10

3964 Dress
4 sizes, 4 to 10

3956

3956 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1120

3885 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

3885

3893 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

No. 3956, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8, 2 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1120 in ramblerose- and lazy-daisy-stitch may be used.

No. 3885, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; collar and vest, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3779, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3986, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. A monogram in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1267 may be used as an effective trimming.



3813 3913 3964 3877 3893

No. 3893, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material; collar, cuffs and belt, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3813, BOY'S SUIT; with flapper trousers. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch or 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3913, BOY'S REEFER COAT. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Sleeve motif may be worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 833.

No. 3877, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; romper style. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch or 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A star in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 833 may be used.

No. 3964, CHILD'S DRESS; with gathered ruffles. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch or 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4033, CHILD'S COAT; with raglan sleeves. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 40-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

For The Children's Easter

4050 Overcoat
7 sizes, 2 to 14

3985 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8

3876 Suit
3 sizes, 2 to 6
Emb. No. 833

3902 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8

4053 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

4036 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

4038 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1338

3944 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

4033 Coat
5 sizes, 2 to 10
View A

4033 Coat
5 sizes, 2 to 10
View B

No. 4036, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch, contrasting ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3876, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; romper style Size 4, 1¼ yards of 32-inch. The star motif may be worked in satin-stitch using Embroidery No. 833.

No. 4050, BOY'S OVERCOAT; raglan sleeves. Size 8, 2 yards of 54-inch; lining, 2 yards of 36-inch.

No. 3985, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers Size 6, 2¾ yards of 27-inch or 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3902, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers Size 4, trousers, collar and cuffs, 1¾ yards of 36-inch; waist, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3944, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4038, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS Size 8, 2 yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1338 in satin-stitch and eyelets may be used on yoke and sleeves.

No. 4053, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS; with guimpe. Size 12, 1¾ yards of 36-inch or 1¼ yards of 54-inch material; guimpe, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4033, CHILD'S COAT; raglan sleeves. Size 10, View A, 1¾ yards of 54-inch; lining, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Size 8, View B, 1¾ yards of 54-inch; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

DRESS MAKING MADE EASY.

"YOUR EXACT FIGURE
DUPLICATED"



Makes Home Dressmaking a Pleasure and a Satisfaction

YOU have the satisfaction of making perfect fitting dresses with individuality over an *Acme Dress Form*. With it you can easily and accurately reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses.

It makes fitting the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips, and Skirt are each independently adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure. When not in use it COLLAPSES to half its size like illustration below.

\$3 WILL BRING THIS *Acme* DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

SPECIAL SALE OFFER

In order to encourage Home Dressmaking and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 25,000 improved *Acme* Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms

Remit \$3 and we will send you our guaranteed \$15 *Acme Collapsible Dress Form*. Pay the balance of \$12 at only \$3 per month.

Ten Days' Trial

If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your \$3.



Latest Style 1925 Improved Model

Indispensable for Home Dressmaking
More Than 300,000 Satisfied Users

An *Acme* Form is guaranteed to last a lifetime. It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good-looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of this Special Sale offer and send your order today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

ACME SALES CO., Dept. 4-G
380 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, I enclose \$3 for immediate shipment of an *Acme* on "10 DAYS' TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name.....

Address.....

WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG



My Beauty As I regard it

By Edna Wallace Hopper

MY beauty is a cultivated beauty. There is no doubt of that. I was a plain girl, but I became the rage. Just because my rich mother helped me search the world for the greatest beauty aids in existence.

For 40 years I have had a glorious career on the stage. Yet I retain my youthful bloom. The thousands who see me daily know that I look like a girl.

These are remarkable results. No woman attains them in ordinary ways. So I am offering to all girls and women the supreme helps I found. All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's aids to youth and beauty—the very helps I use. And I gladly send samples free.

Look Your Best

I urge all girls to do what I did—cultivate and multiply your beauty. I urge all women to do what I did—keep your youthful bloom.

I am doing my best to help you. The best I have found in 40 years of world-search is at your command. I am taking time in a busy life to tell you the facts about them. A test is free to anyone who will ask.

Here are the greatest helps modern science knows, so far as I have discovered. And I have searched for youth and beauty as no other woman has. I am very glad to help you learn how much they mean to you.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth

is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from others so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores. No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and \$1.

My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and \$1 with eyedropper.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. Mail me this coupon and I will send you a sample of any you choose. Also my Beauty Book to tell you everything I use. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 903McC

White Youth Clay Youth Cream
Facial Youth Hair Youth

Name.....

Address.....

Practical Frocks and Rompers



3919 Dress
5 sizes,
6 months to 4 years
Emb. No. 1338

3529 Romper
3 sizes, 2 to 6
Emb. No. 1072

3892 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8

3965 Romper
4 sizes,
6 months to 3 years

3754 Romper
3 sizes, 2 to 6

3886 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 1403

3955 Dress
5 sizes, 2 to 10

3988 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

No. 3886, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1403 in cross- and rambler-stitch may be used.

No. 3754, CHILD'S ROMPER; with detachable skirt. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3965, CHILD'S ROMPER; closing under leg. Size 3 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3919, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1338 in satin-stitch and eyelets may be used to trim.

No. 3955, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

Flawless Cheeks and other Beauty Secrets

By
Mme
Maree



To have the skin of fine texture so as to erase the crows feet, lines and wrinkles and tighten up the pores, get two ounces of eptol from the drug store. The usual price is 65 cents. Mix it with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed. Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new skin comes at once, the lines, crows feet, wrinkles fade out, the cheeks become smooth, look plump with the appearance of real, girlish health. Eptol is certainly the daintiest of skin beautifiers and mixed as above lasts for months.

For Beautiful Hair

If you will get from the drug store an ounce of beta-quinol costing but 65 cents and mix it with a half pint of rubbing alcohol and a half pint of water, you will have a hair treatment to reward you beyond price.

Each time it is used you just simply revel in the beauty it imparts to the hair. It is colorless and yet you can take blonde, brunette or titian hair that is coarse, straight and dead-like, apply a little beta-quinol to the scalp, when lo! each hair freshens. It takes on a glint or shimmer, it stands out alone, and whether cut short or hangs in great masses, it becomes as hair should, light, feathery and fluffy, or will keep curl, wave or straight as you prefer to wear it. Beta-quinol is a wonder and is very inexpensive.

Banish the Blackheads

I have found that sprinkling powdered nerosin on a cloth dipped in hot water is the quickest and best way to remove blackheads. Gently pat over the skin where the blackheads are, then rub briskly and every last blackhead, big and little, will be dissolved without leaving a trace. You can get nerosin at any drug store. An ounce, costing 65 cents.

When Skin is Muddy

If it is freckles, mudiness, red spots, sallowness and the shining, oily skin that makes you think you look like a fright, just mix an ounce of alntone and two tablespoons of your ordinary glycerine and a half pint of water. Rub this on your face, arms, neck and shoulders and I will wager you will hardly know yourself. The effect is magical. You can get the alntone at any drug store for 45 cents and thus have your skin as clear and dainty as the lily.

To Cleanse Scalp

Twenty-five cents worth of exfol, at any drug store, will give you enough for a dozen creamiest, frothiest shampoos you ever had. It dries right away, fluffs out beautifully and makes your head feel fine.

For the Week-end

I am so anxious for you to try my beauty secrets that I have had prepared one of each ready for use all put up in a neat package, enough of each article to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you a package by mail.

Madame Maree, 756 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

Open a Tea Room of Your Own

FORTUNES are being made in Tea Rooms and Motor Inns everywhere. You can open one in your own home—city, town, country or resort, and make money hand over fist or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers; salaries awarded. We teach you entire business in a few weeks. You train in spare time at home at cost of but a few cents a day. Be independent. Write for FREE BOOK "Powering Tea for Profit". LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE, Dept. P-5002, Washington, D. C.

LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS

Makes Breathing Easier

THE famous LUDEN Menthol Formula gives quick relief to the Trouble Zone—their nose and throat. 5c



Freckles banished or Money Back

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, not only causes your freckles to fade, but whitens the skin. Gives you fresh, clear complexion. Guaranteed to do this or money refunded. Used the world over for 25 years. Delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. 50c and \$1 at all druggists. Send for free booklet "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and learn what your type needs to look best.



STILLMAN CO., 4 Rosemary Lane, AURORA, ILL. Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"



Be Sure of Your McCALL'S Every Month

THE most satisfactory way and the surest way of getting your copy of McCALL'S every single month is to subscribe. And you save money, too, by subscribing. A one year subscription saves you 20 cents. A three year subscription at the special \$2.00 rate saves you \$1.60.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

McCALL'S One Year \$1.00
McCALL'S Three Years \$2.00

If you are now a subscriber, your subscription will be extended from the present expiration date. Make sure now of the remaining installments of the new Harold Bell Wright novel and other big features coming.

Mail This Coupon Today

McCall's Magazine, Apr. M:
250 West 37th Street, New York.
I accept the offer checked and enclose \$_____

☐ \$1.00 one year ☐ \$2.00 three years

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City and State _____

\$100 For Your Church

McCall's will gladly give your church \$100.00—or more—under the same plan which these churches have found so easy, pleasant, effective and dignified.

By using this plan, the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Westwood, N. J. has already secured almost \$600.00, St. Matthew's Church, Louisville, Ky. more than \$300.00 and hundreds of other churches amounts of varying size.

The coupon below will bring you complete details without obligation of any kind.

Mail this \$100 Coupon

Dept. 4 B, McCall's Magazine
250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me without obligation or expense how my church may receive \$100.00 under the McCall Church Plan.

Name _____
Local Address _____

City and State _____

Name and Church _____



4037 Slip
6 sizes, 4 to 14
Emb. No. 1047
View B

3979 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8

4040 Slip
5 sizes, 2 to 10
View A

4040 Slip
5 sizes, 2 to 10
Emb. No. 1120
View B



4037 Slip
6 sizes, 4 to 14
Emb. No. 1047
View A

3831 Suit
3 sizes, 2 to 6

4048 Bloomers
10 sizes, 2 to 20

4038 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

No. 4037, GIRL'S SLIP OR PETTICOAT. Size 12, View A, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1261 may be worked in eyelets and satin-stitch. Size 4, View B, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A butterfly from Embroidery No. 1047 in outline- and satin-stitch may be used to trim.

No. 4040, CHILD'S SLIP OR PETTICOAT. Size 4, View A, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; View B, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Rosebuds in rambler-stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1120.

No. 4038, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at center-back of yoke. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch or 40-inch material. A quaint and charming little frock if developed in cretonne.

No. 4048, MISSES' AND GIRL'S BLOOMERS. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. An elastic adjusts the fullness at the waistline.

No. 3831, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3979, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. A bunny appliqué motif is given.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.



**TWO
minutes
to restore
perfect color**

All the beauty of bright, clear, lustrous color comes back to faded shoes that have been touched with Dyanshine.

The same application by which you shine them restores the beauty of their color. Each succeeding application protects them against fading again.

Scuffs disappear. Oils preserve the leather and keep it soft and glove-like.

There are more than fifty shines in every fifty cent bottle — more than fifty applications to protect and preserve the beauty of your footwear.

Available in the colors listed below and in white canvas and white kid. Ten popular colors for suedes

**BARTON'S
DYANSHINE**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH



Send for This —

We will gladly mail you Dyanshine's famous "Dry Dauber Demonstrator." Demonstrate on your own shoes how quickly color is restored, scuffs concealed and shoes shined. Send 4c in stamps for packing and postage.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO. WACO, TEXAS 25-214c

Please send me a "Dry Dauber Demonstrator." I want to see for myself the ease, the economy, the quality of a DYANSHINE shine. 4c in stamps enclosed.

Send me the color checked below:

☐ BLACK ☐ CORNFAR ☐ HOLT ☐ LIGHT

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Copyright 1925—Barton Mfg. Co.



Don't cry, Sis. Mama won't scold. Your dress is **FAST COLOR**, for it has **MY name** on it . . .
Says **PETER PAN**

Yes, my name is a guarantee the colors are *permanently locked in the fabric*—wash it again and again and it comes out as fresh and new looking as the day you bought it. You will find my name on

"Peter Pan Fast Color Prints"

and
"Peter Pan Fast Color Gingham"

For your own safety and satisfaction *insist* on seeing **MY NAME** on the selvage of every yard; like this:

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

That mark on the fabric is your protection—it means the old established house of Henry Glass & Co. stands back of me with this

GUARANTEE

We are ready to replace any garment made of "Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color" if it fades

HENRY GLASS & CO.

If your dealer cannot supply **GENUINE PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM**, in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, 32 inches wide; in **PRINTS**, 32 inches wide; with my name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

42 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these **FREE SAMPLES** be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color",
HENRY GLASS & CO.
44 WHITE ST. NEW YORK

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. **W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N.J.**



First Aid to Beauty and Charm

NOTHING so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder insures foot comfort and is an every day Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning. Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. **Allen's Foot-Ease** is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **FREE**.

Address **Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.**

For Sale at all Drug and Dept. Stores

Dainty Slip-into Underwear



4027 Chemise and Bloomers
3 sizes,
Small, medium,
large
Emb. No. 540

4024 Step-In
3 sizes,
Small, medium, large

3959
Combination
7 sizes, 34 to 46
Emb. No. 1260

Emb.
No.
1261

4048 Bloomers
10 sizes, 2 to 20

3778
Athletic Suit
7 sizes, 34 to 46
Emb. No. 1402

No. 3778, LADIES' ATHLETIC UNION SUIT. Size 36, 2 yards of 36-inch. Front may be embroidered in satin-stitch and eyelets from Embroidery No. 1402.

No. 4024, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Medium size, (36 to 38), 13½ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1261 may be used in satin-stitch.

No. 3959, LADIES' COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The monogram may be worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1260.

No. 4048, MISSES' AND GIRL'S BLOOMERS. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Use elastic at waistline.

No. 4027, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE AND BLOOMERS. Medium size, (36 to 38), 27½ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 540 in satin-stitch may be used.

No. 3960, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

3825 Negligee
3 sizes,
Small, medium, large
Emb. No. 1368

No. 3825, LADIES' NEGLIGEE. Medium size (38 to 40) requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1368 in lazy-daisy-stitch is suggested to trim.

3960 Slip
8 sizes,
14 to 16
36 to 46

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without **Children's Musterole**, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

A CLEAR SKIN

Professional Methods
For Home Use

Don't envy the perfect complexion,—have one. Foretell the ravages of age and time—clear away the blemishes. Under our guidance you can do for yourself all that a beauty specialist would do for you. In order that you may try this method before you adopt it regularly, we will send a thirty day outfit and the necessary information for this ad and 25 cents. Only one to a customer.

The F. H. Young Co. 48 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

Learn INTERIOR DECORATING at Home Make \$5000 and more a year

Easy to establish business for yourself or take high-salaried position. Prominent New York decorators teach you practical, professional methods through simple new system, by mail. No special ability needed. **NEW BOOK FREE** Beautifully illustrated. Explains wonderful opportunities and shows how you can quickly enter this fascinating field in easy new way. Write today. No obligation. **National School of Interior Decoration** Dept. 64 2 West 47th St. N. Y. C.

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"



Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with **Diamond Dyes**. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.

"Mum"
is the
word!



"Mum"

takes all odor out
of perspiration

The careful woman will not tolerate even the suspicion of perspiration odor.

She safeguards her feminine daintiness and charm by using "Mum", the snow-white deodorant cream.

"Mum" is so effective and so safe that thousands of women use it regularly with the sanitary napkin.

"Mum" is 25c & 50c at all stores.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address. We'll send you 25c "Mum", 25c "Amoray" Talc (exquisite Powder Perfume) and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit (the safe, sure way of removing hair). \$1.25 worth for \$1 paid. Or send 40c for 25c "Mum" and 25c "Amoray".

Mum Mfg. Co.
1112 Chestnut Street
Phila., Pa.



Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues Min-strel Opening Choruses, Dainty Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 36 CHICAGO

PLAYS

Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

DRESSMAKING Made Easy

Wonderful new method
You sit now earn, right
at home in spare time to
make dainty, becoming
clothes for yourself
and others for just the
cost of materials—prepare
for a position or have a
shop of your own and earn
\$20 to \$40 weekly. Write
for 32 page free booklet.
Woman's Institute Dept.
103-R Scranton, Penna.



Rock-A-Bye High Chair No. 5.



Makes any chair a high
chair. Made of gray
enameled steel rubber
covered. Seat is whi-
washable duck. Folds to
fit suit case. Fine for use
in hotels, restaurants and
homes. At dealers or by
mail. Send for catalog of
nursery accessories.
PERFECTION MFG. CO.,
2713 N. Leffingwell Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Complete \$2.50

Cut Me Out

and mail me with your name and
address to Dept. 4L, McCall's
Magazine, 250 W. 37th St., N.Y.
I will tell you how to get an extra
\$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

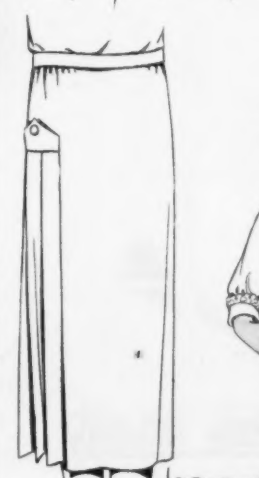
Mail Today!

The Blouse tops a Pleated Skirt

3828 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44



3990 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44



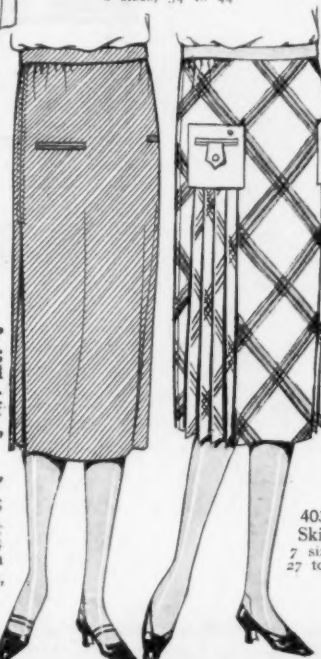
4055
Blouse
6 sizes,
34 to 44

3976 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44
Emb. No. 1332



4046 Skirt
6 sizes, 30 to 40

3780 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44



No. 4046, LADIES' LOW-
WAISTED SKIRT; tucked in
box-pleated effect. Size 34,
2 yards of 54-inch. Width,
about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3780, LADIES' BLOUSE;
with jabot. Size 36 requires
2 1/4 yards of 36-inch or
2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 3976, LADIES' TUNIC
BLOUSE. Size 36 requires
2 yards of 40-inch material.
Trimming motif in
darning-stitch may be
made from Embroidery
No. 1332.

No. 4055, LADIES' SLIP-ON
BLOUSE; kimono sleeves
lengthened by bishop
sleeves. Size 36 requires
2 1/2 yards of 36-inch or
40-inch material.

No. 3828, LADIES' BLOUSE.
Size 36 requires 2 yards of
36-inch or 1 1/2 yards of
40-inch material.

No. 3990, LADIES' SLIP-ON
BLOUSE. Size 36 requires
2 1/2 yards of 36- or 2 3/4
yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4039, LADIES' AND
MISSES' LOW-WAISTED
SKIRT; with pleated in-
sets in front. Size 31 re-
quires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch
material. Width, about 1 1/2
yards.

4039
Skirt
7 sizes,
27 to 39

No. 3984, LADIES'
TWO-PIECE SKIRT;
with side insets.
Size 28 requires 2 1/4
yards of 54-inch
material. Width,
about 2 yards.

3984 Skirt
6 sizes, 26 to 36

No. 3957, LADIES'
TWO-PIECE SKIRT;
with side pleated
section. Size 28 re-
quires, 2 yards of
54-inch. Width,
about 1 1/4 yards.

3957 Skirt
6 sizes, 26 to 36



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't
Comb Out
Dandruff



LIQUID ARVON



Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES
EYELASHES and BROWS
INSTANTLY, makes them
appear naturally dark, long and
luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm,
beauty and expression to any face.
Perfectly hygienic. Used by millions
of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN
obtainable in solid cake form or
waterproof liquid. 75c at your dealer's
or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Chest sore?

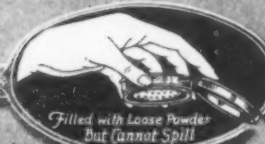


Relieve the congestion this way

You can break up that congestion without tiresome rubbing with messy greases. Use Sloan's. Its stimulating effect on the circulation does the work. Relief is immediate and positive. It will not stain. All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment —kills pain!

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 118.



At Last!
Here's a Vanitie
for Loose Powder
That Cannot Spill

In this new, patented,
non-spilling vanitie, you
can now safely carry
your favorite loose pow-
der wherever you go.

Norida
Vanitie
for Loose Powder

When it's empty, refill
it yourself in a few
seconds with your
favorite soft powder.

Norida Vanitie comes filled
with Fleur Sauvage (wild
flower) Poudre, in your fa-
vorite shade. Sold in all
stores that carry beauty
requisites. Price \$1.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you
send \$1.50 direct to

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
510 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO ILL.



Famous Beauties Had Beautiful Hair

Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Mary
Queen of Scots, Rosamond—all the
famous beauties of history had won-
drous hair—simply because they took
proper care of it.

The kind of a shampoo you use has
more to do with the quality of your hair
than the frequency of the shampoo.

You can get the best shampoo in
the world at a cost of about three
cents per shampoo by asking your
druggists for a package of

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

It is simple to use, easily applied, is
daintily perfumed and costs so little
that the woman who takes pride in
her hair cannot afford to be without it.

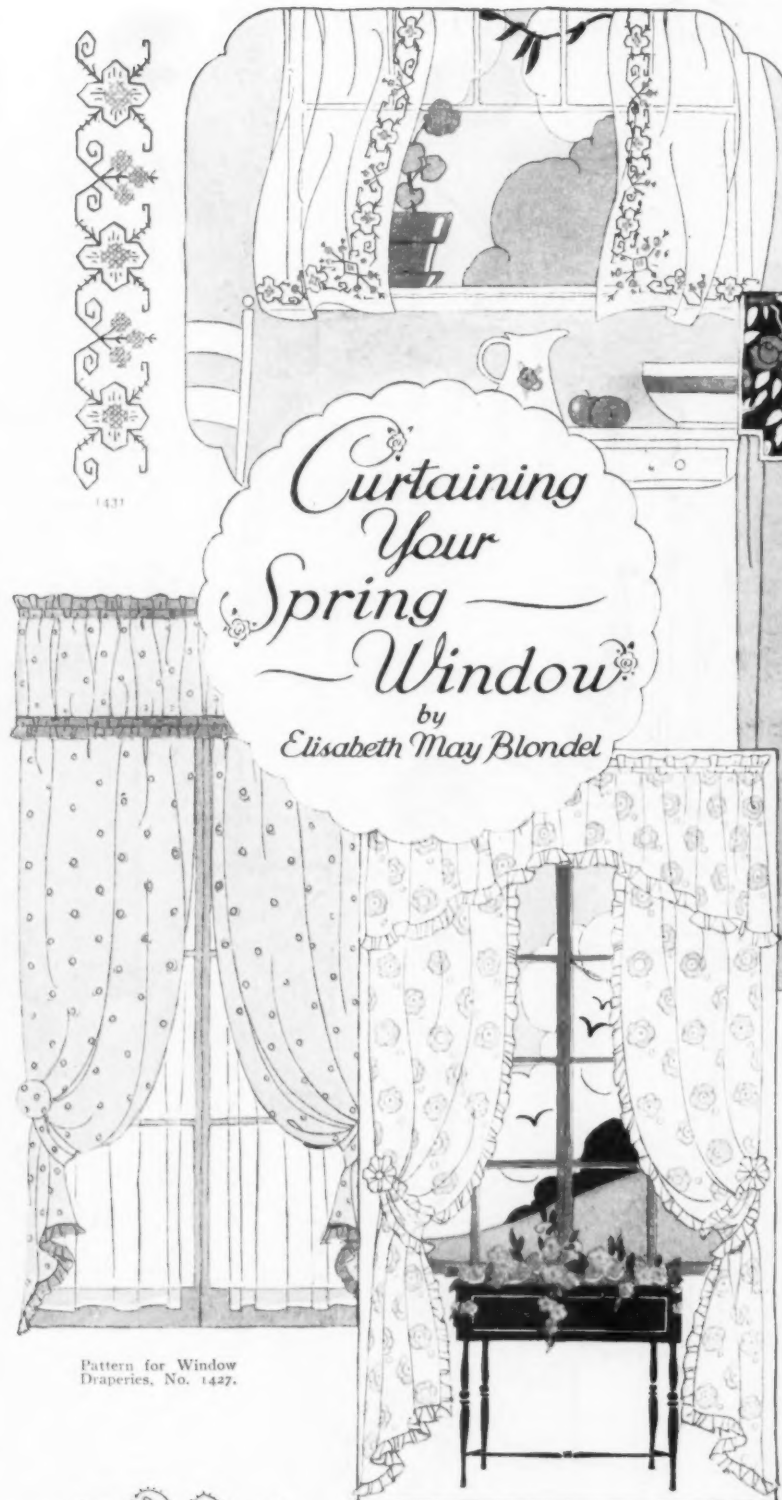
A teaspoonful dissolved in a cup of
hot water, rubbed thoroughly into the
hair and scalp, then well rinsed off,
will give you a perfect shampoo. Can-
throx chemically dissolves and re-
moves dandruff, dirt and excessive oil;
it soothes and heals the scalp; it leaves
the hair soft, fluffy, heavier in ap-
pearance, with all its natural lustre
restored.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

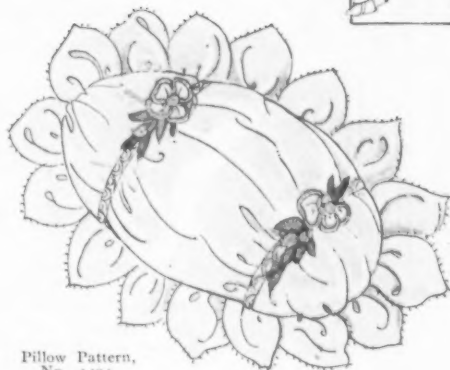
To permit you to test the merits of
Canthrox without charge, we will
send you one perfect shampoo of this
most efficient hair wash for a two
cent stamp to cover postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.

214 W. Kinzie St., Dept. 550 CHICAGO, ILL.



Pattern for Window
Draperies, No. 1427.



Pillow Pattern,
No. 1404.

Cross stitch Design for
Kitchen Curtains, No. 1431.

Pattern for Window Draperies,
No. 1428.

No. 1427, McCALL PATTERN FOR
WINDOW DRAPERIES. These smart
draperies can be easily arranged to
fit any shape or size window. The
pattern gives full information about
choosing correct materials and
colors so as to make some rooms
cozy and others stately. Further-
more, full directions for making up
the different materials will enable
you to have curtained windows that
will equal the work of high class
decorators. Price, 40 cents.

No. 1428, McCALL PATTERN FOR
WINDOW DRAPERIES. As in No. 1427,
full information about choosing col-
ors, materials, styles and making
each correctly is given; also instruc-
tions for adapting the draperies in
this pattern to any style window.
Price, 40 cents.

No. 1431, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR
KITCHEN CURTAINS. In cross stitch
and single stitch. Pattern includes
4 corners 11 x 11 inches and 6 yards
border 2½ inches wide. This design,
worked in peasant blues and reds on
airy dimity will make your kitchen
a joyous work room. It is also suit-
able for scarfs and dresses. Price,
35 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1404, McCALL PATTERN FOR PILLOWS. Includes patterns for 5 different
pillows. Fashion and comfort demand for the guest room, the day bed
and the reception room, perky taffeta pillows. The long petal pillow as
illustrated is made of changeable taffeta in lavender and gold. It requires
2¼ yards 36 inches wide and one yard of three-eighths-inch cable cord, with
short pieces of lavender and green taffeta for the flower ornaments.
Another attractive design is the Bouquet Pillow developed in light blue
taffeta and gold net with ribbon flowers of lavender, rose and light pink
with leaves of green and stems of embroidered green floss. There is a
lovely rose pillow, and an odd shape shirred to form petals, and a corded
one with flower ornament. This useful pattern with its clear directions
shows how these pillows can be easily made. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

How To Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure
them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest
Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.;
82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

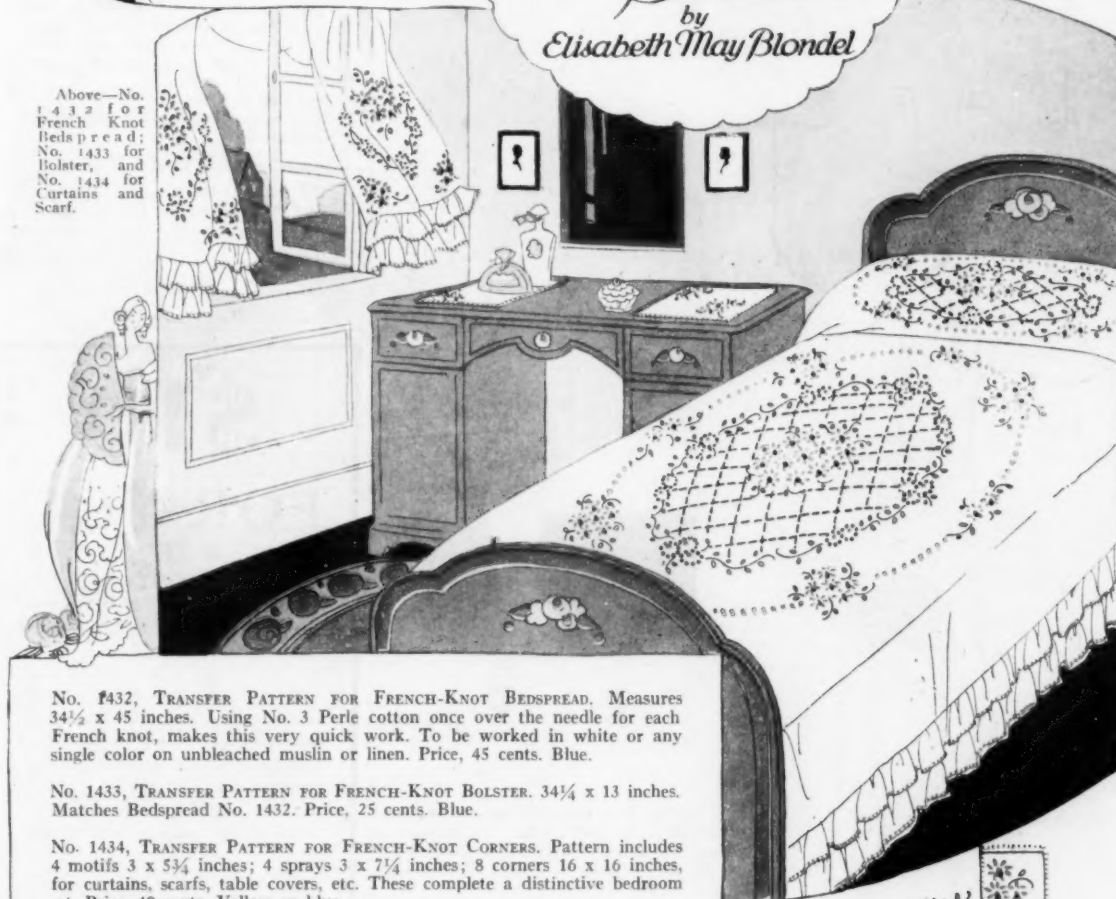




No. 1433 for French Knot
Curtain and Scarf Motifs.

Below — No. 1429
for Lattice Bedspread
and No. 1430 for
Lattice Bolster, Cur-
tains, and Vanity
Set.

Above—No.
1432 for
French Knot
Bedspread;
No. 1433 for
Bolster, and
No. 1434 for
Curtains and
Scarf.



No. 1432, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR FRENCH-KNOT BEDSPREAD. Measures $34\frac{1}{2} \times 45$ inches. Using No. 3 Perle cotton once over the needle for each French knot, makes this very quick work. To be worked in white or any single color on unbleached muslin or linen. Price, 45 cents. Blue.

No. 1433, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR FRENCH-KNOT BOLSTER. $34\frac{1}{4} \times 13$ inches. Matches Bedspread No. 1432. Price, 25 cents. Blue.

No. 1434, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR FRENCH-KNOT CORNERS. Pattern includes 4 motifs $3 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches; 4 sprays $3 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 8 corners 16×16 inches, for curtains, scarfs, table covers, etc. These complete a distinctive bedroom set. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1429, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BEDSPREAD. 31×42 inches. Worked in darning-, lazy-daisy-, and French-knot stitches in gay colors. This is exceptionally dainty. Price, 45 cents. Blue.

No. 1430, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BOLSTER AND SPRAYS. For curtains, scarfs or other articles, matching No. 1429. Bolster design 15×30 inches; 4 pointed spray designs 9×8 inches; 8 corner motifs $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Full directions included. Price, 35 cents. Blue.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfer Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



Put Kleinert's Shields in—FIRST!

Before you wear it even once, equip your frock with Kleinert's Dress Shields or a Dress Shield Garment guaranteed to keep it fresh and dainty—your most expensive gown may be ruined by a single careless wearing.



Kleinert's Dress Shield Garments

are made in styles to suit every dress and may be laundered as easily as your fine lingerie. The fastidious woman will want several of them.



For Wear Every Day

Kleinert's Blue-line Sanitary Aprons worn every day prevent skirt wrinkles as well as provide protection under all circumstances. For the woman who prefers a bloomer style, there is the dainty Kleinert's Santalette.

Kleinert's

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
485 Fifth Ave., New York City
Look for the name on the tab of genuine
Kleinert's Jiffy Baby Pants.





Rough Skin is skin robbed of its natural 'Precious Moisture'

Rough red hands! How humiliating and what a pity too, when so easily they can be kept smooth and white.

For rough skin is really your own skin robbed of its natural "precious moisture" by wind or too frequent washings. Give back this "precious moisture" with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. That rough red look vanishes and your skin becomes soft and healthy. If your hands chap easily, use Frostilla Lotion each time you wash.

Sold everywhere. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York (Established 1873 by the late Clay W. Holmes.) Selling agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, New York, Toronto, London and Sydney. © T. F. Co.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn \$10 to \$20 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUTLET FREE. Limited offer. Write today.
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 6 S. 2006 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Coughs-Colds

IT IS not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits

Vapo-Cresolene
"Used while you sleep"

Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh

Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 14C

Sold by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

Bourjois JAVA

The Wonderful French Face Powder
—A Tint for Every Type
DEMAND it at your druggist's. Send 10 cents for samples of JAVA with either Ashes of Roses® Rouge, dark and rich, or Rouge Mandarine®, light and bright.
A. Bourjois & Co., Inc.
230 West 34th St., New York
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AS PARIS EMBROIDERS SPRING FROCKS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 1417,
Transfer
Pattern
For
Cross-
Stitch.

NO. 1413, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR DARNING-STITCH AND FRENCH KNOTS. Includes 2 rose bouquets $7\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches as shown on illustration; small sprays and 6 yards border $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. A stunning design in the newest color scheme direct from Paris. Full directions in pattern. (Illustrated on Dress No. 3931, 8 sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Price, 45 cents.) Transfer, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.



No. 1398, Transfer
Pattern For Bead
Trimming.



No. 1409,
Transfer
Pattern
For
Darning-
Stitch.

NO. 1398, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BEAD TRIMMING. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ inches. (Illustrated on Dress No. 3980, 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Price, 45 cents.) Transfer, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1417, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR CROSS-STITCH. 6 yards border $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The design is one of the newest and most attractive of the season's offerings and very smart worked in red, blue and yellow on simple frocks of wool, linen, cotton or silk. (Illustrated on Dress 3854, 7 sizes, 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Price, 45 cents.) Transfer, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1409, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR DARNING-STITCH. Includes 11 motifs and narrow border. (Illustrated on Dress No. 4049, 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Price, 45 cents.) Transfer, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



Use Sulphur to Heal Your Skin

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up. Get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from your druggist and use it like cold cream.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co., Dept. X, New York, N. Y.
Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

\$10 FOR YOU

WOULDN'T you like to have an extra \$10 or more every month? You can have it easily.

Thousands of men and women all over the country add regularly and steadily to their monthly incomes by acting as McCall representatives, and taking care of the new and renewal subscriptions in the places where they live.

You can do the same thing. Very little time and no experience is required, and you are put to no expense. It will pay you to find out about it.

Mail This Coupon

Dept. 4K, McCall's Magazine
250 West 37th St., New York

Please tell me how I can get \$10 or more extra money each month.

Your Name.....

Street and No.....

Post Office and State.....

Handiest thing in the house

For Burns and Scalds

Scalds and burns quickly cease to bother and pain when they are dressed with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It soothes the pain, keeps out air and dirt so that nature can do its healing work undisturbed. Keep it handy in case of need.

For fifty years "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been a standard supply in every hospital, used by every physician and nurse. Have it handy in your first aid kit or medicine cabinet.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company
(Consolidated) New York
State Street

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline". It is your protection.

Infants' Wear

STYLE BOOK FREE. Pictures everything to outfit babies and children (up to 6 years). Also nursery furniture. Prices very low. Money back if not satisfied. Style Book sent FREE. Write TODAY.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 93 34 St. at Fifth Ave. New York

DRESSMAKING

LEARN AT HOME
New easy method



Have a \$35 dress for only \$12, a \$9 blouse for only \$3 or \$4, a \$30 wrap for \$9.50. Through this new easy way you can learn right at home in spare time to make all of your clothes in the very latest style for a half or a third of what you now pay.

Earn \$20 to \$40 Weekly

The course is so complete that it will enable you to make pretty clothes with the skill of the professional modiste, get a position as a fitter or teacher, or earn \$20 to \$40 weekly as a visiting dressmaker or in a shop of your own.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

and learn from the experience of hundreds of delighted members what the Woman's Institute can do for you. Mail the coupon today.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-R, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

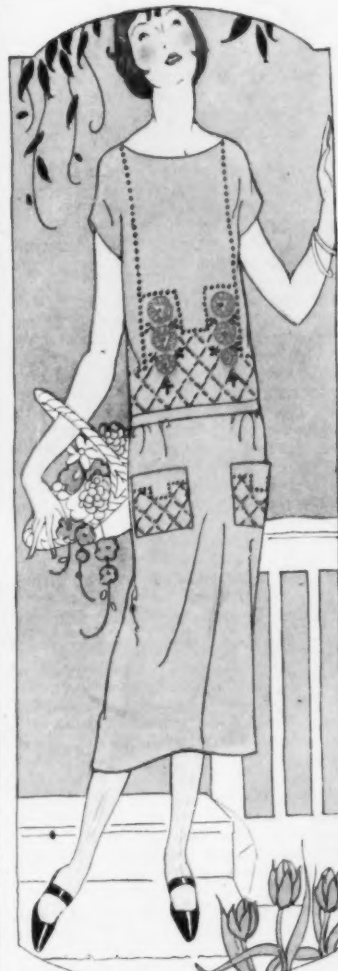
DAINTINESS THROUGH ALL THE HOURS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 4041, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). 3 sizes, small, medium and large. Requires 4 yards 36 inches wide for medium size; 5 skeins cotton. Color combinations and directions given in pattern. Price, 35 cents.

No. 4042, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). 3 sizes, small, medium and large. Requires 4 1/4 yards 36 inches wide for medium size. Price, 35 cents.



4012 Porch Dress
Small, medium, large
With Transfer

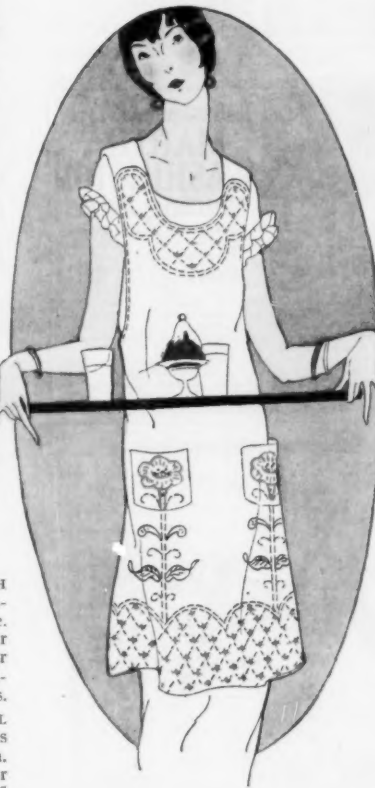
No. 4012, LADIES' AND MISSES' PORCH DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). 3 sizes, small, medium and large. Requires 3 3/4 yards 36 inches wide for medium size; 5 skeins cotton. Color combinations and directions for embroidering given in pattern. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3950, LADIES' APRON WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). One size. Requires 1 3/4 yards 27 inches wide; 7 skeins cotton. Color combinations and directions for embroidering given in pattern. Price, 35 cents.

4041 Pajamas
Small, medium, large
With Transfer

4042 Pajamas
Small, medium, large
With Transfer

3950 Apron
One size
With Transfer



Makes hair easy to manage . . .

Adds Glossy Lustre—Instantly!
Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly!

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hair brush



LEPAGE'S will mend it



WHEN you wish to mend or repair any article of useful value, do not risk using a cheap or inferior glue. You would not sew a silk dress with cotton. Why mend a broken article with an inferior glue? The cost of LePage's is nothing compared to the saving of making permanent repairs. Use LePage's Glue, the standard for 40 years. Insist on LePage's.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.50. Write for samples. 100 Vellum Cards \$1.00 C. Ott Engraving Co. 1044 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Wall Paper

Send for
large Sample
Book showing wide assortment from 3¢
per single roll up

NOW you can afford to re-paper every room. A few dollars will re-paper several rooms! Look at your home. If there is a dingy, faded wall, write for Ward's free sample book of Wall Papers.

You can now buy papers at one-half the prices you have known. Here are low prices that are simply amazing. Think of good paper at 3 cents a single roll. Think of papering an entire room—10x12 feet, side walls and ceiling, all for as little as 82 cents.

Over 100 Actual Samples in this book—free

Large sized samples of the newest, best patterns. Tapes, tries, fabrics, all-overs and stripes. Everything desirable in the latest designs.

Write for your free copy of this book of 100 actual samples. See how little it now costs to re-paper. You can hang the paper yourself. The Sample Book tells you how.

Address our house nearest you. Ask for Wall Paper Sample Book No. 96-W



BED ROOM PAPERS
82¢ to \$1.50
for entire room, including ceiling



DINING ROOM PAPERS
\$1.00 to \$3.00
for entire room, including ceiling



LIVING ROOM PAPERS
\$1.25 to \$5.00
for the entire room, incl. ceiling

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth



Safe
Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations



ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE
Write quick for our remarkable offer. Learn NOW at home in spare time, by our new instruction method. Commercial Art, Cartooning, Illustrating, Designing. Delightful, fascinating work in big demand. \$50.00 paid for one drawing. Handsome book free explains everything. SEND FOR IT TODAY.
Washington School of Art, Inc., Rm. 1034C, 1115-15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

**The Easiest Way to
MAKE Spare Time MONEY**

GET EXTRA money for pretty dresses, new furniture, children's musical education, etc. Just wear beautiful silk hosiery at OUR expense. It looks, feels and wears so much better and holds its shape and appearance of newness so much longer than other hosiery that your friends will want to know where you got it. We pay you for telling them. Write for amazing new plan which gives you your own hosiery free and enables you to make \$15 a week besides. Act quick. Only one person in each locality can learn of this plan. Mrs. Mary MacDonald, care of Wearplus Co., 116 Wearplus Ave., Bay City, Mich.



Beautiful
silk hosiery
FREE if you
act quickly.



**The Genuine COWAN
MARTHA
WASHINGTON
Sewing Table**
FIFTY THOUSAND WOMEN approve and use the Genuine COWAN Martha Washington Sewing Table. Made only by COWAN, of Chicago. Now offered for the first time on easy payments. Will last a lifetime. Mahogany, beautifully finished. Possesses historical and sentimental value of a high order; thoroughly practical. 22-in. high; 27-in. wide; 14-in. deep; sliding needle tray in top drawer; spool rods in second; deep pockets each side. Pin a dollar bill or check to your letter; balance \$22.50, at \$4 a month. Delivery charges paid anywhere in U.S. Or ask for free booklet. Money back any time within 30 days if not perfectly satisfied.
COWAN CABINET COMPANY, 830 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

THE PERFECT SHADE—
Hartshorn Cloth on

Hartshorn

SHADE
ROLLERS

Demand and
get the genuine

Established 1860

Choosing Pastel Colors

(Continued from page 90)

voile are offered for day frocks, for simple, tailored affairs. This is a novelty of importance, for hitherto we have kept such textiles for the gaieties of life, not for its practical pursuits.

The various weaves of cashmere, with and without the distinguishing black hair which once made the material serve as the penitential shirt worn by ascetics, is offered in pastel shades, but its more dangerous coloring is its natural hue. And this particular hue is extra fashionable. It is between beige and gray. Sometimes there is a kindly suggestion of mauve or pink in it. Such toning down makes it more agreeable to the woman who has not the vivid coloring to permit it near the face. Hibiscus pink is another color. Also, the various shades of flower blue. Also, the aquamarine and tourmaline tones. Red is freely sponsored for spring, especially in combination with white. White, itself, returns to high fashion and simple as it sounds, it is by no means the simplest color the average woman can accept. It is a blessing, to be able to wear it in combination with other colors. Several shades of light green are in fashion. They, also, must be chosen with care.

Now granting these difficulties which the makers of textiles have thrust upon women, what is to be done? Here are a few rules that may help in times of stress.

A woman with a large figure, whether or not she has high coloring, should not wear boldly figured chiffons and voiles. She should not look twice at red. Solid colors are for her, and her skin, not her size and silhouette, must determine these. Any shade of pink will increase her size. Gray blue will decrease it. So will mauve. White in sheer weave can often be worn and it can be touched with any of the light blue tints.

The thin woman can wear the figured fabrics. Patterned chiffon is good. If she has faded skin and hair she must avoid the vivid colorings in chiffon as in any other fabric. No woman can afford to draw a sharp and unpleasing contrast between the coloring of her clothes and her head. Always remember that. It is a creed that will save money and irritation. The faded woman should run from gray as from the plague. It will devastate whatever good looks she may have. She must turn her back on the natural kasha shades which are in the ascendancy this spring. By skilful trickery she may combine them with black or an alluring tone of blue which keeps the color far from her skin. Women who are sufficiently

young to wear two garments of different colors can use the natural kasha skirt with a jumper blouse (or an undershirt blouse as they are often called) in a color that suits them. None but the slender woman, by the way, should attempt the two-piece frock that is in high popularity this spring—the kind with the inverted pleat in front of skirt, the hip-length jumper buttoned half way down front. Also, it is too casual for the older woman who maintains an air of dignity in her clothes. But it is a boon for the slender woman, she who has small hips and a flat chest.

Only the blond should wear the green pastel shades. They are to be avoided by one with a sallow or swarthy skin. Mauve is not for such. Any of the pinkish shades go well with brunette complexions. Several of the blue flower and jewel tints are excellent for women with clear, healthy dark skins. Pale, healthy skins, can wear the pastel greens, blues, pinks, mauves, but not the natural cashmere colorings. It takes color in cheeks and underlying the whole texture of the skin, to carry off this difficult undyed material.

Rust can be worn by the majority of women. Even the woman with a sallow skin is able to carry it off without criticism. It should be untouched by any other color. Some women put black with it to subdue it. This is utterly wrong. The parchment colored voiles with prim and formal flowers printed on the surface cannot be worn by women who have a bulky contour or faded hair. They can be worn against a pale face, even a face that shows pleasant signs of old age, and with white hair, but they cannot be carelessly worn by those who let stray wisps of grayish hair fall over the ears and whose skin through lack of care of health is parchment colored. Such a woman can take up with a floral chiffon frock against a blue or black background with more impunity. No woman with high coloring can wear purple. No woman with gray hair should wear it. Mauve is permissible. So is heliotrope which is one of the new flower tints, but not violet tones. She should avoid these as she does the geranium and nasturtium shades.

Hats will be as difficult to choose as gowns this spring, because there is a strong tendency to eliminate the serviceable black straw hat. The wise woman will wear a black hat, regardless of the caprice of fashion if she finds that it enhances her appearance more than the natural colored straw ones.

Descriptions for Page 99

No. 4026, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; loose pleated panels. Size 36, 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4035, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36, 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 2½ yards. Beaded design from Embroidery No. 1398 may be used.

No. 4029, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 4½ yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1309 in daming-stitch is suggested to trim.

No. 4051, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 2½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4034, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 3915, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3960, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP. Size 36, lower section. ¾ yard of 36-inch; upper section, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3520...20	3883...45	3919...25	3964...25	3983...45	3995...40	4027...30	4038...30	4049...45
3754...25	3885...30	3923...45	3965...25	3984...30	4003...40	4028...45	4039...30	4050...30
3778...25	3886...25	3925...45	3967...45	3985...25	4005...45	4029...45	4040...25	4051...45
3779...30	3888...45	3943...40	3968...45	3986...30	4006...45	4030...45	4041...35	4052...45
3780...35	3892...25	3944...10	3969...45	3987...45	4007...45	4031...45	4042...35	4053...30
3813...25	3893...30	3955...25	3972...45	3988...30	4010...40	4032...45	4043...45	4054...40
3828...35	3897...45	3956...30	3974...45	3989...45	4015...45	4033...25	4044...45	4055...30
3828...35	3898...45	3957...30	3975...40	3990...30	4017...45	4034...45	4045...45	3979...25
3831...25	3902...25	3959...30	3976...35	3991...45	4020...40	4035...45	4046...30	
3876...25	3913...30	3960...30	3980...45	3992...45	4024...25	4036...30	4047...40	
3877...25	3915...35	3961...45	3981...45	3994...45	4026...45	4037...25	4048...25	

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
540...20	1047...25	1199...40	1267...30	1297...40	1332...30	1398...30	1409...40
607...20	1072...25	1260...30	1269...30	1309...40	1338...25	1402...30	1412...40
833...15	1120...25	1261...25	1270...35	1313...40	1368...30	1403...40	1416...40

One Way to Rear a Boy

[Continued from page 86]

son, and he was worth the price. The boy was very quiet and very wide-eyed about it. When they got home, he stood before her and he said: "Mother, is that what happened to you in order to give me life?"

His mother said: "Yes, dear." He thought about it a while and then he said: "We men ought always to be very careful of mothers, shouldn't we?"

She said: "Yes, dear." The following vacation she got on the train and she took that youngster to Washington. She took him to Congress when it was in session and to the Senate, and she contrived that he should meet the President and shake hands with him. She showed him the great Congressional Library.

Then she took him to the Smithsonian Institute. She gained access for him to the private exhibits of the Institute, and in plaster casts and modelled forms, she showed him how men were made, how their bodies were formed, what functions they were supposed to fill. Then with her own hands she uncovered the casts of women, women in their natural state, women distended with pregnancy, women giving birth to children, tiny new born babies. Then she went on to those other cases that showed what happened when people had gone wild, and broken the laws of God and man, and diseased their bodies. She told him, and she proved to him, what loathsome diseases would ravish the bodies of men and women if they were promiscuous. She showed him why both men and women should be clean. She told him that if a man was not careful to live a cleanly and a sane and wholesome life, if he wilfully ran risks that resulted in diseasing his body, what would happen to the little children that were born from him. She showed him what would happen to the girl such a man married. She showed him for how many generations feeble minds would persist. She showed him the results of alcoholism and of every other vice.

She marched that youngster through a prison and showed him men behind bars who had taken things that did not belong to them, who because they had not been able to control their tempers, had killed. When she got through with her ocular demonstration of the wages of sin, she had a youngster on her hands who was exactly as anxious to keep his body clean, to keep his temper and his appetites under control, as his mother was anxious to have him.

All that happened some years ago. At the present minute the boy has courted and married his sweetheart and has founded a home of his own. I am telling you about him because I want it distinctly understood that what this one woman did,

every other mother in this country can do. It may not be possible to spend the money that this mother spent. It may not be possible to take the long trip. But every mother has to her hand material, if she is sufficiently interested to take the time to use it. There is not a mother living who, if she loves her son with sufficient depth and sincerity, cannot teach him the robin lesson, cannot earn his sympathy while he is young—sympathy for the neighbor woman or for herself. There is not a mother living who has not in some way the examples to hold up of the ravages that can be wrought by alcoholism and immorality, if she cares to take the time to point them out to her child.

Therein lies the crux of the whole matter: *The mother who cares to take the time.* This mother found the time to give. She loved to give it. She could have spent all the money on herself that she spent on the boy, but she figured very wisely that it would be much easier to rear the boy as she did rear him, to spend the money on work tables and wagons and trapezes and roller coasters of home made origin and execution, than to spend it in his defense in case she allowed the streets and the cafés and the dance pavilions to rear him to the stage where his appetites were uncontrolled and his passion unbridled, and his hand flew in haste, and murder was scored up against him. She figured that what she invested in the boy during his youth would come back to comfort her in old age. She figured that by the course she pursued, she could make a fully rounded, out-door man, a strong physical specimen, a man of sane mentality, a man who would mean something when it came time for him to take his place and show where he stood for his God and his Government and his fellowmen.

So this is how one mother of my acquaintance reared her boy, and I will vouch for him as one of the finest, sanest, most wholesome and manly men it has been my lot to know in all my experience in this world. This is the method that I would recommend to all fathers and mothers. You cannot begin too soon to teach your boy to work, to shoulder responsibility, to learn what he owes his Government, to learn what he can do from the time he is a tiny little tot that will be of help to his family and community. If any father and mother allow prosperity to make an idler and a wastrel of their boy, if they allow him to grow up without responsibility, without teaching him the value of a dollar or anything concerning the rights of other people, they have got in the end to face the fact that when he stands before the court, it is not the boy but they themselves who should be forced to face the judge and answer: "Guilty."

[Continued from page 95]

that although great joy is attainable, perfect happiness is impossible. As I come to the end of this little walk down McCall Street, I ask myself if those I contact with will understand the real truth and sincerity of what I have written? I have tried to be myself—Pola Negri. If I have failed, I do not understand myself, for I am honest in believing that I have said what I think. I have tried to set forth here what I feel toward that life which includes work, love, happiness, grief, and a little play. I have had days that have been crowned with the wonderful rapture of love. I have had hours that have been chastened by sorrow. I have had weeks filled with the work of hands and brain so arduous that I have forgotten the petty worries and annoyances that come to the idle, and now I feel that I can accept sorrow with brave equanimity, and joy with simple humility. To be able to do this is to accept life, and one must accept life in all its moods to be able to portray all its emotional experiences.

Each day I find something new in my art, in my work, in my life. That is the joy of living. Truly life is worth the living, and accomplishment as the reward of single, sincere purpose is worth even being the loneliest woman in the world.

[Continued from page 122]

he left, he stopped at our house. I happened to be alone. He took me in his arms and said, "No matter how far away I am, my love will come back to you across the miles." It sounds terribly melodramatic. I don't know what reply I made, something about being a homebreaker and not a good sport. He went. Now comes the terrible part. Almost every night I dream of him, dream that I am in London, Paris or Rome. I never have been abroad and cannot account for the strange foreign places I see in my dreams. I feel perfectly familiar with them. And it frightens me. I tell myself they are nothing but repressed thoughts, and that I can cure myself by bringing them into the light of day. Haven't you some suggestion? Or perhaps a reader has had a similar experience? —X. Y. Z.

There's nothing weird in the visions of foreign places which occur in the dreams. From magazines and other sources, most people can recognize the important buildings and views in the great cities of the world.

In this case, they merely crop up from the unconscious mind as backgrounds with which the "other man" is associated. They have no mystical significance whatever.

FREE! Material for a Fine Voile Dress FREE With This Machine



20 Year Warranty with every Machine

Equipped with up-to-date Automatic Labor Saving Devices and a full set of Accessories. Nothing is lacking to complete your satisfaction.

Read every word of this advertisement. Read about the Big Reduction in Price, the Easy Payments and the Free Trial. This is an Unparalleled Opportunity!

Former Price \$55. Sale Price \$39.95 Easy Monthly Payments

Here is the Biggest Sewing Machine Bargain you ever saw; here is the chance of a lifetime. To introduce my famous "Sew-Well Steinway" to thousands I have slashed \$15 from my own low price. I guarantee that this is a high class machine in every respect, the kind of machine that would cost considerably more elsewhere.

THE FAMOUS SEW-WELL STEINWAY is Up-to-date, high class, and complete in every way. Disappearing Full Size Sewing Head which is easily raised; Beautifully Enameled in black with artistically colored design and Exposed Metal parts heavily Nickelized. Makes double lock stitch on both sides of material. High Arm Head gives abundant room for bulky goods. The Beautifully Embossed Highly Glossed Golden Oak Case is made of selected, seasoned oak; has 7 roomy drawers. Machine runs silently, smoothly, easily. Vital parts are Ball Bearing. Construction and Materials throughout that are usually found only in machines costing from \$20 to \$25 more. Order No. SA3210. Sale Price \$29.95. Terms \$1 with order, \$3 monthly.

FREE! 5yds. Voile Home Furnishing Guide **FREE!**

Here is your chance to have a stunning new dress, that you can make yourself, and that will not cost you a penny. If you will order the Sewing Machine quickly I will send you Absolutely Free 5 yards of Dark Blue Dotted Voile; more than enough to make a stylish attractive dress for any woman. The material is 40 inches wide and the quality is excellent. This beautiful Voile is Absolutely Free, it will not cost you a penny, it is my gift to induce you to order the Sewing Machine NOW.

Nathaniel Spear President

→ Spear & Co. ←

Dept. M-202 PITTSBURGH, PA.
Home Furnishers for the People of America

Name.....
R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....
Post Office.....State.....
If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below
Send Shipment to.....
FREE CATALOG If you want the Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, get an X here and write your name and address plainly on the above lines

Learn Stenography at Home EARN \$25 TO \$40 A WEEK MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOKKEEPING taught by our advanced home study method, makes you expert in short time. Fits you for private secretary. Earn while you learn. Practice in spare time. We furnish typewriter, enormous demand for operators. Free employment service. Hundreds successful graduates. Don't start any business course until you get our free scholarship plan. Send for book today.

NATIONAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE Dept. 100 3902 Sheridan Road, Chicago

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

For Inflammation of the Throat, Coughs, Hoarseness

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.
H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Sales Agents, New York.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

Engel

10¢ Buys 100

Sept. 18-22, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

Earns Watch in 3 Hours!

Looka Larford, of North Dakota, got this lovely 14 kt. white gold filled bracelet watch for just a little spare time. You can do as well. Thousands of watches like this have been given away.

Get One FREE! Write Now

So easy hundreds of children do it. Your friends will help. Write a postal. Fill out about wonderful new plan. Act quick. Home Supply Co., Dept. 946 121 South St., N. Y.

minute he asked for his car it was right there, while lots and lots of times at other receptions we had stood in the cold draft at the east entrance for two hours waiting for our car while the long line of vehicles dragged slowly up one by one. The reason it takes so long is that you never know whose car is coming, and when it gets there it has to wait until its owner hauls his party through the crowd and gets in. It was much nicer to have the car right there the minute you were ready.

I was so comfortable and felt so peaceful that I didn't notice where we were going until we drew up at the side entrance to the Willard, where Senator Blanchard lives. When he saw my surprise he laughed. "Don't be alarmed; I'm not going to abduct you," he said.

Of course, I wasn't the least bit alarmed. I knew that it was all right for me to go anywhere Senator Blanchard took me, so I trotted right along without a question and in a few minutes Sarah, his darling old black mammy, who has looked after him ever since he came to Congress, was ushering us into his big magnificent apartment, all soft gray, with rich, heavy rugs; deep, comfortable chairs and davenports; wonderful oil paintings by the world's masters, and rows and rows of welcoming bookshelves,—the home of a great man with a great mind and a true understanding of art and literature. We'd been to see him loads of times in his apartment and I simply adored old Sarah, so I didn't feel the least bit embarrassed or uncomfortable or improper, as you might suppose, but by this time I was almost consumed with curiosity.

"I haven't time to explain things," the Senator said, looking at his watch, "but I think you'll be interested in what you see and hear in the next half hour, and that you'll also understand why I brought you here."

He walked over to the end of one of the long, low rows of bookshelves that lined the walls of the room and put his hand against it near the top. My eyes nearly popped out of my head and I did pop out of my chair when a section of the shelves about three feet wide swung slowly out into the room. The front corner of the shelves seemed to be on a well-oiled pivot, for the movable section swung noiselessly at the slight pressure of the Senator's hand. I ran across the room and stooped down, but Senator Blanchard had beaten me to it. He had disappeared through the opening back of the shelves. I heard a click and saw him standing in a nicely furnished, brightly lighted little room about ten feet square. At the right of the entrance, which would make it behind the rest of the bookshelves outside, was a mahogany table and a comfortable office chair on a raised platform. An electric desk lamp, pen and ink, pads of paper, an ash tray and the business end of a dictaphone were on the table.

"What do you think of this?" the Senator asked with a smile.

I was just naturally too dazed to do anything but gasp. "Sit in the chair and look out into the room," he said.

I managed to climb into the chair and, turning my head to the left, found an oblong screen, with glass on the other side of it, through which I could see everything in the other room as plainly as if I was right there.

"What's all this for and what has it to do with me?" I demanded. I felt as if I couldn't stand the mystery any longer, especially after such a day, which began with joy and bliss in the morning, broke my heart at noon, carried me through a White House reception in the evening and plunged me into a regular sere and mellow in the middle of the night. It was almost too much for one of my tender years.

"Sometimes I find it convenient to have a record of what people say to me in that room out yonder," the Senator replied, "and so I have fixed this up for that purpose."

In a minute the doorbell buzzed, but it wasn't any villain who entered. Anyway, I didn't believe he was a villain, because he was the handsome Attorney General that I'd had such a delightful hour with such a little while before. By the time he had disposed of his coat and hat the bell buzzed again and in came the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Chief of Ordnance and Major Hinkle.

Then I did begin to prick up my ears. An after-midnight conference of the powers-that-be over the stolen recoil plans! And I, an unsophisticated girl, right there where I could take it all in! It was the most thrilling moment of my life and I settled down to see with both eyes and hear with both ears.

By the time they had made themselves comfortable in their chairs and lighted their cigars, I had composed myself, and then I noticed that every one of them, with the possible exception of Senator Blanchard, was terribly quiet and serious, and I realized that I was having my first close-up of high government officials when the weight of great responsibility bore down upon them. Seen that way, as I was beholding them, face to face with each other and with naked facts, they were not at all like the men I met around at social teas and things, and I began to think that maybe, after all, there was more worry and trouble and anxiety in being a public official than I had imagined.

"What makes you think we'll get them back?" the Secretary of War asked Senator Blanchard.

"My confidence in the man I sent after them," he replied.

"Wouldn't it have been possible, sir," asked Major Hinkle, "to swear out a search warrant and have the police suddenly swoop down on the Embassy and seize everything and everybody in it?"

"No American—President, Secretary of State, policeman or anybody else—can enter the Chipan Embassy unless the Chipanese Ambassador gives him permission," said the Secretary of State.

My heart almost skipped a beat and I wanted to clap my hands at my intuitiveness. I had been right. It was the Chipanese that they suspected!

"That little block of ground on which the Embassy stands,"

The Girl In The Cabinet

[Continued from page 96]

interpolated the Attorney General, for Major Hinkle's benefit, "is alien territory so far as the United States is concerned. Its status is just the same as it would be if it were in Chipan instead of Washington. We have no jurisdiction whatever there. Their immunity extends even further than that. It goes with the Ambassador and his attachés wherever they are. Whatever spot they happen to be standing on is Chipan while they are standing on it, and the United States can interfere with them only by protest to their own country."

"Do you think he'll be here at 1:30?" asked the Chief of Ordnance, who was the most serious of all of them, on account of the drawings having been stolen right out of his office.

"I think so," replied Senator Blanchard, in a quiet voice.

They all sat in silence for several minutes, and my heart thumped so hard I was afraid they'd hear it. I looked at each one closely, especially at my wonderful Senator, and for the first time in my life a full realization of his enormous power swept over me. Think of it! Here were the heads of the government departments most vitally concerned in one of the worst tragedies of our history—a tragedy fraught with frightful menace to the whole nation and not without the possibility of shame for somebody—and they all turned to one man for guidance and help, for salvation! What power he must have, I thought. What great qualities of leadership and command must lie back of his courteous manner, to bring these men to his feet, in his home, in the middle of the night. It was all too wonderful to be described.

From an unseen room beyond the Senator's library a soft-toned clock chimed the half hour, and before its reverberations ceased we were all startled by the sudden buzz of the doorbell. Senator Blanchard rose and walked slowly to the door and opened it. The others got hastily to their feet and stood tense, staring towards the opening, and into the room walked my Jack!

I had to bite my tongue to keep still. Jack looked just like the hero, rushing onto the stage in the nick of time with the papers, to save the old homestead. He had a big roll of that oily, slick paper under his arm and I was so proud of him that I nearly exploded.

"Here they are, sir," he said to Senator Blanchard, handing him the roll of paper.

The Chief of Ordnance and Major Hinkle rushed forward and grabbed it, unrolled it and spread several sheets out on the floor, and then my giggles almost overcame me, for the Chief of Ordnance, Major Hinkle, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War and the Attorney General all flopped down on their hands and knees and for a moment the seriousness of the situation left me, because those great dignitaries looked exactly like a bunch of Newfoundland dogs around a bone.

"They're all here," exclaimed Major Hinkle.

"Thank God," fervently breathed the Chief of Ordnance.

Then they got up and shook hands with Jack, and Senator Blanchard made the introductions all around, which had been completely forgotten in the excitement, and they sat down, and the Senator asked Jack what had happened.

"Well, it worked out about the way we planned it," Jack began. "As soon as you told me the Countess d'Apprieze was at the Embassy I knew I could at least get in there in a natural, easy way for a look around, which was absolutely necessary, because I had never been in the building. I knew the Countess at Bern, where I was on duty in the fall of '18. She had been a bird of ill omen all through the war. I was billeted with a man in our intelligence service and one night he showed me her record. It wasn't quite enough to hang her but it was plenty, and although she came and went with apparent freedom and was accepted generally in a social way by the international circle of officials in Switzerland, her every move was watched."

"As the Senator and I planned, I went on a still hunt for her yesterday noon, being pretty certain she would be at some of the luncheon places, and I discovered her in the Willard corridor. She might not have known that I was well informed concerning her activities but, on the other hand, she's absolutely brazen under her silk exterior, and might have accepted my invitation out of sheer bravado."

"Did you object to being seen at luncheon with an undeniably beautiful woman?" asked Senator Blanchard.

Jack shot a quick look at him and must have seen the twinkle in his eye, as I did, which made me furiously mad at him for just a second on account of his twitting Jack at such a terribly serious moment. Jack almost glared at him.

"Well, I—under the circumstances I wasn't especially delighted," Jack replied, "and if I ever need to explain why I was there, I hope you'll be good enough to help me out."

"Perhaps you won't need it," said Senator Blanchard, while the rest of them look mystified. "But go on."

"Well, after luncheon, over which we lingered quite awhile, I took her out to the Chipan Embassy and she asked me to come in, which was what I thought she would do and what I wanted. I was there only half an hour but that was enough. I got the location of the rooms clearly in my mind, saw the entrance to what I presumed were the offices and made an engagement to take her to dinner and to the theatre."

Jack paused and seemed to catch his breath and as I studied his handsome face it seemed to be paler than usual; but I supposed that was probably the effect of the glass through which I was looking and gave it no more thought. "Go on," urged the Secretary of State.

"We had dinner at the Shoreham," Jack continued, "went to the National theatre afterwards and then ran out to Wardman Park Inn to dance for an hour. By this time we had become quite good friends and when we returned to the Embassy I suggested I come in long enough to smoke a cigarette. She acquiesced graciously."

Again my mad jealousy took possession of me, and I couldn't feel anything except outrageous anger over the thought of my fiancé deliberately going in with her at that hour of the night. I know all about those delicious little few minutes after a dance, when your escort comes in for a last cigarette, and I wanted to beat Jack and tear that brunette to pieces. No matter what great government tragedy was hanging in the balance, that was no kind of work for an engaged man to be doing, especially when he belonged down in the prosaic old Treasury Department.

"You know, Allenbee," said the Attorney General, grinning, "you really are not hard on the eyes, and I can't say that I blame the Countess."

Jack took a long, slow breath, but he didn't grin back, and in a minute he resumed his story.

"It really was quite simple and easy, although I was frightened to death when I once got inside," he said.

"We sat on a big davenport in front of a grate fire in the library, which opened off the Ambassador's office. A servant had let us in and then disappeared, and so far as I could tell there was nobody in that part of the building but us. I soon realized that I'd lose my nerve unless I got some action, so as soon as we were seated I hunted for my cigarette-case and made a bluff that I couldn't find it. Then I said: 'By the way, those were wonderful cigarettes you used to have in Bern.' She fell for the hint and replied: 'I prefer them to any others made. They're Russian and it's hard to get them now; but I have a small stock. Would you like one?' Of course, I told her not to bother, but she jumped up and said she'd get some. I heard her start upstairs and I darted into the Ambassador's office, snapped on the light and found the drawings spread out on his desk, where he had evidently been examining them but a short time before, and where he had carelessly left them, I suppose because he felt so secure in his own Embassy."

Again Jack paused and again I noticed how pale he was, but in an instant he went on talking. "I rolled the drawings up quickly, and as quietly as I could, switched off the light and slipped back through the library and into the hall. I grabbed my hat and coat and had my hand on the doorknob when I heard someone coming downstairs. It was the Countess and she—her face was not beautiful at that moment. I slipped quickly through the door, slammed it behind me, ran down the steps, bolted into my taxi, which I had ordered to wait for me—and—that's all."

Every one of those great dignitaries jumped up and rushed over to Jack and shook hands with him and praised him, and I was so proud of him that I wanted to put my head right down on the desk in front of me and cry, and to kick myself all the way home for ever doubting him. I wanted them to get out, too, so that I could burst into the room and throw myself into his arms and tell him that I forgave him and everything, and that we would never, never have even the tiniest little bit of a cloud on our horizon again as long as we lived. Dear old Senator Blanchard hadn't forgotten me, however, for after giving them a reasonable time to express their gratitude he interrupted the love-feast.

"Well, gentlemen," said Senator Blanchard, "it's nearing two o'clock and we've all had a hard day, especially Allenbee. I'm going to keep him here with me tonight, for it's just barely possible he may have visitors at his own apartment."

I could have hugged him. I watched through my little window eagerly until the last one of them had shaken hands with Jack, and the Senator had closed the door behind them, and then I scrambled down off my perch, pushed that old bookcase out of my way, burst into the room and stood as if I had been turned to stone at what I saw. Jack had slumped into his chair, his head had fallen back, his eyes were closed, and his left arm hung limp over the side of the chair, and little drops of blood trickled onto the Senator's gray rug.

I gave one scream and ran to him. Senator Blanchard jumped to the telephone. While he was ordering the house physician I continued to beg Jack to open his eyes and I kissed him and held him close to me and nearly died of anguish. Finally his eyelids fluttered and then his eyes opened wide and when he saw me he smiled his wonderful smile, and I kissed him again and begged him not to die.

"She—winged me," Jack whispered. "When—I—looked back from the door, just before I beat it, she let fly from the stairs. I don't know where she had the gun I—"

His eyes closed again, and everything in the room started whirling around; but I swallowed hard and winked my eyes fast. I was determined I wouldn't faint. I was needed; it was a crisis; I would rise to the emergency. I fought just as hard as I could and in a second my head was all clear again and the Senator and I were dragging dear old Jack over to a couch, where we managed to get his evening coat and his collar off and his shirt open. His shoulder was all bloody, and I began to feel weak again, but just then the doctor came and he took hold of things in such efficient, businesslike fashion that I felt better and kept telling myself that he couldn't die! I wouldn't let him!

"It's nothing to worry about," the physician said. "Just a groove through the fleshy part of the upper arm near the shoulder. He fainted from loss of blood. Within a week he'll be as well as ever."

The next thing I knew I was lying on the couch, and Jack was sitting in a chair beside me, holding my hand. I had passed out at the good news, and Jack had recovered enough to sit up. I couldn't see Senator Blanchard; but I heard his voice at the telephone.

"Yes, she'll be along in a little while," he said. "She and Allenbee and I have been having a little celebration here in my apartment. All right; good night."

Senator Blanchard came over and stood back of the divan, and I reached up my other hand, and he took it and smiled down on me. I smiled at him, and then I turned and smiled at Jack. Then I sighed a happy sigh and closed my eyes.

It was spring in Washington—and in my heart.



The PRICE of HEALTH

*For a few cents a day thousands have found
again the freshness, the vigor of youth*

"MY REAL TROUBLE was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."
E. H. HOWARD, Santa Fe, N. M.



(BELOW)

"As a SPEAKER for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution . . . I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! 'Fleischmann's Yeast: three cakes a day.' In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."

MISS ALMA B. SASSE, Brunswick, Mo.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before

meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-15, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington Street, New York.

(LEFT)

"AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."

MISS HELEN W. YOUNG,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(RIGHT)

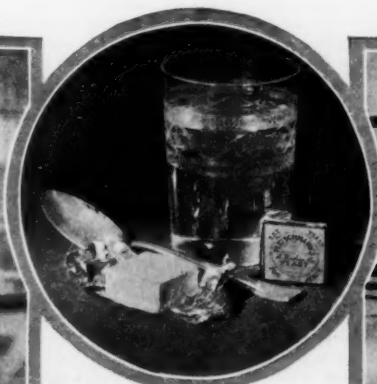
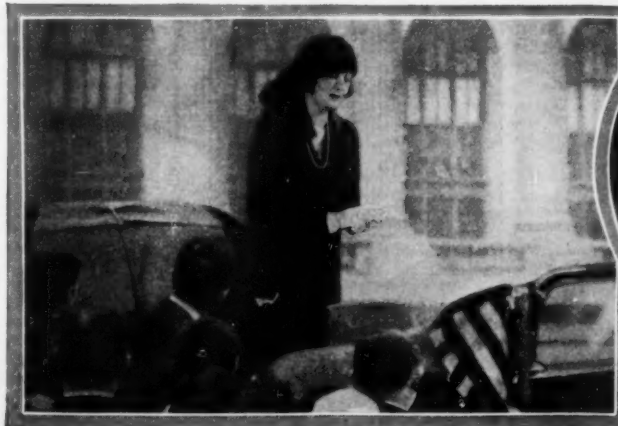
"I AM A PROFESSIONAL MAN, and suffered many years from indigestion. I could eat only certain foods and had constant pain in my stomach. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for three weeks, brought such incredible improvement that I persisted in the practice. At the present time my digestion is perfect and I am in as perfect health as any man of my age in New Haven."

IRVING J. KEYES,
New Haven, Conn.

(BELOW)

"FOR YEARS I FOUGHT a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. In one month I was feeling better than I had for ten years. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."

MISS GAYLE POND, R. N., Chicago, Ill.



THIS famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.





Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



ALTHOUGH a dozen fascinating subjects press hard on this space, I wish to keep my promise to print a page of little confessions. Human interest stories rival "cross-word" puzzles in popularity. A good many "confessions" lack the flavor of reality. But the miniature autobiographies offered here are authentic and they prove, altogether, how much less strange is fiction than real life.

LOVE IS THE SUPREME EXPERIENCE

The first of these little stories is a humble thing. It was written in pencil on ruled paper. But if love actually is the supreme experience, the writer of this quaint and simple letter has had happiness which famous beauties might envy.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Long ago, I made my husband propose, which was just about the same as proposing myself. He had told my friends that he "was going to marry that girl or none," meaning me. I never liked anything long drawn out, so in a few weeks I gave him a good chance to have his say—and he said it. After we were married, there came times when I would have liked to give him a piece of my mind. But I remembered the advice of an old man who visited us a month after our wedding. "Lon," he said to my husband, "when the wife is angry, you keep still!" And to me he said, "When he wants to quarrel, keep quiet!" I tried that advice for years and it worked. But when I got angry, my husband was not at all quiet. Yet I know of no other married pair as happy as we were. After many years, my husband died. In our last talk, he held my hand and told me what a marvellously good wife I had been. He had not in all his life met such a happy couple. Then he blessed me—and so he passed away.—E. L. K.

SO WE WERE REMARRIED

In offering unusual aspects of this correspondence, I come upon several letters from persons who have been divorced. But let the tale unfold itself:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I could not endure the humiliations my husband heaped upon me, so we were divorced. After we had been separated a few months, he came to me and begged me to marry him again. He promised to reform, said I was the only woman in the world who could help him. So we were remarried. All went well six months. Now he shows by word and action that he cannot reform. I love him. I was wretched when we were separated, it will break my heart to leave him. What can you say about my problem?—E. A.

First, that in many cases of remarriage, history repeats itself. Husband and wife pull apart for the same reasons which caused their former rupture. Second, as divorce did not work well the first time, why not avoid it a second time, or at least postpone it until the problem has been tested by all the methods love can devise?

MARRIAGE IS THE NORMAL EXPERIENCE

Dear Winona Wilcox: Your counsel seems so sincere that I am taking the liberty of pouring out my heart to you. I am quite wealthy and am considered beautiful in a quiet way. From childhood, my dearest friend has been an orphan. She possesses neither fortune nor beauty, she does not make friends easily. Only one who knows her well can appreciate her worth. Her loyalty to me is boundless. At one time, her devotion to me saved me from an awful death. Fate has decreed that we should both love the same man. His love, however, has been given to me. Edna knows this. She and I never speak of the matter but I can see that a chasm is widening between us. A choice must be made. If I marry the man, whom I love dearly, it will mean the end between Edna and me. Shall I marry and ruin the life of the best friend a girl ever had? Or shall I show her the gratitude she deserves by giving up the man I love in order that life may go on as it was before either of us knew him?—L. D. T.

Probably not a single reader of the above would suggest that the girl give up marriage for the sake of friendship. It's generous, but it is not just to the man; and why not let the dependent friend have an opportunity to be generous—to the man she loves? Moreover, marriage is the normal experience, an argument which should settle the question.

Here's the same problem which requires quite a different answer:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I have a dear chum, we have been

The letters which come addressed to this page are all true, human interest stories. They are the honest confessions of women facing every intimate problem of personal relationships. Some are Others tell of fail-story hidden in Let others read they may judge letters will be pub-ceiving every consideration. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



friends for years, and on her account my whole future happiness is in jeopardy. Her fiancé has told me that he loves me as he never can love another. I am deeply in love with him. So far, our love is a secret. For her sake, I have tried to forget him. And he feels obliged to keep the engagement because his family and hers have long been close friends. This is true. I think him sincere in every way. He constantly says that it will come out right. But how can it, when my chum is as much in love with him as I am? At present, he and I are both unhappy. My chum is happy only because she does not know the truth. What can I do?—Lucia.

You are the outsider. There's nothing you can do except save yourself from worse misery, and spare your chum, if it is possible to do so, when the man she is to marry is making love to two girls. The case would have a happier aspect for all concerned if the young man had put off the old love before taking on the new. Before you weep too much, ask yourself what truth you find in him to build on.

Many a letter has been printed on this page from girls who regret some mad love affair. Now comes one from a girl who perceives all the dangers before she goes to wreck. Her story might be headed "Drifting."

Dear Winona Wilcox: Perhaps by writing out my problem, I can define it more clearly for myself, and face it squarely. I am not yet thirty, a young wife and mother. I am very affectionate and love all sports. I have a husband whose profession takes him away from home 360 nights in the year. He is a doctor. I was a nurse. Since the age of twelve, I have wanted good times like other girls and I expected to have them after I was married. A year ago my husband and his best friend "X" were planning a trip. X said, "Why don't you come with us, little girl?" That trip was the beginning of my love for him. As we are such old friends, it was natural that when my husband was away for two weeks at a convention, X should invite me to dinner. Now we are madly in love with each other. It is a dangerous game. I do not know how to end the friendship. I suppose a woman with will power would break it off, while a weak woman will keep it up until it ends in a divorce court. Please remember that I've always wanted some one to make a fuss over me. Now I have found the right man—but he is another woman's husband. Now, girls, remember I am still a perfectly respectable young married woman with a dear little son. But when I am out with this other girl's husband, I forget about the rest of the world. Girls, no matter how lonely you are, I'd advise you not to start going to dinners with anybody's husband. So far, so good, but—? I will write again in six months and tell you truly how it turns out.—Julie.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT REAL LONESOMENESS IS?

Dear Winona Wilcox: Girls are always complaining in your column of lonesomeness. Will you let me tell them what real lonesomeness is? I shall be twenty soon. I find life a game not so easy to play as it was two years ago. I was married before I was eighteen to a man who was eleven years older than I. He was a deputy sheriff. He had saved a good deal of money, we went to live in our own home, we had a beautiful car. I had worked at a phone board after leaving high school. Do you wonder our first year was to me like Paradise? We couldn't live elaborately on his salary but we had the happiest home in the land. Our beautiful baby was a boy and I am thankful I gave him his father's name. I never dreamed fate could hurt me, never thought

of sorrow. I was too happy. When our little son was six months old, his father was killed in an accident. Not until after the funeral did I realize that he had answered the last call of duty—and was gone from me forever! Follow hopeless days, endless dreary nights! What do these unmarried little girls, crying out for a lover, know of lonesomeness?—E.

"I DON'T LIKE BOYS"

Now comes an odd song of little hates and a great ambition.

Dear Winona Wilcox: The girls I have gone with for years, when asked about me, reply: "Well, I really never did know her! She's awfully queer!" But that isn't what bothers me now so much as my greatest "queerness." I don't like boys. And never have. But constantly I am being urged to go with them. My mother, my sister, my girl friends, even the hired girl keep at me. My mother is the worst of all. Why are mothers so crazy to get rid of their daughters and so worried for fear they will lose their sons? My mother and sister have been nagging me to go with a teacher who is devoted to me. He's a fine fellow but oh! I don't want him! I don't want him!

What I want is to be a secretary for an explorer or an excavator, if they have such things, and travel in unknown lands, or dig up ancient cities. History is my hobby. Not bridge! You'll probably write and tell me to resign myself to fate. But oh! please word it so it will sound different.—V. H.

Scientists, as well as explorers and excavators, must have secretaries, and sometimes they are women, usually university graduates who have taken extra degrees. There's no reason why V. H. should not try to work out her ambition—if first, she will stop hating things in general. *

Now here comes a letter from another girl who objected to things as they are mapped out for women, to her everlasting sorrow.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am a modern girl and I think the modern girl is in a peculiar position. Years before I was old enough to have a home of my own, I dreaded the thought of "home." To me it meant only cooking, sweeping, dusting, and babies. In high school, a handsome football player paid considerable attention to me. He became my hero. I loved him but still that distaste for domesticity always was in the back of my head. So when he proposed, I refused. I couldn't see myself buried in the small dull routine of a home. He never mentioned marriage again. Gradually I realized that he was slipping away from me. Soon—he was gone! I was heart-broken. I determined to win him back, failed, and then went off to the mountains. I think I needed my forty days in the wilderness. In the midst of the Rockies, my illusion about the insignificance of the home slipped away from me. But too late! I met him, we have discussed what he tells me was my mistake, I am too proud to let him see I have changed. Gone is the desire for dances, cocktails, petting parties, cigarettes and freedom. The modern spirit has left me. Girls who scorn domestic life as I did, girls who are too sophisticated to want to settle down, may get some kind of a hunch from my experience.—J. H.

Here's an odd example of self-deception:

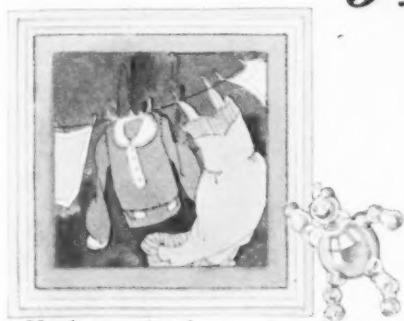
Dear Winona Wilcox: Lately I needed the address of a store in New York. There was no one to give it to me except a friend, a married man. I wrote to him and sent his wife my love. It may sound funny to love one you never have seen but I know I love her because—I love her husband! She answered the letter and gave me the address I asked for. They have a child. I am wondering if I should send it a gift. Her husband and I were lovers for years. I love him yet. No doubt she knows all about his former affair although she may be everything to him now. If I happen to be in New York, would it be all right for me to go to see them?—Katherine.

It all depends upon what are your intentions. If you honestly wish to be friends with the wife, all right. But if you wish only to get in touch with your former lover, all wrong. You'll have to analyze your own motives and be honest about them. And it's well to remember that the wife replied to the letter which her husband might have answered himself.

Dear Winona Wilcox: In a moment of anger with the right man, I eloped with the wrong man. But I determined that my husband never should be unhappy. That was three years ago. We have a lovely child. The "other man" has been a guest at our home, usually with a crowd. Now he has gone abroad for an indefinite time. The day [Turn to page 119]

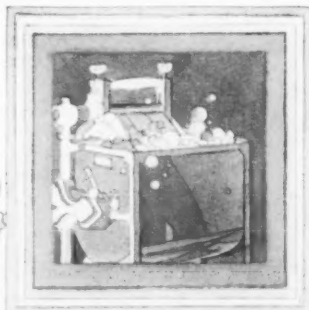
See how fast these bubbles work!

Here is your wonderful new house-helper



**Monday morning sharp at nine,
My Chipso washing's on the line.**

Just think what that means! Before I came, there was so much work—shaving and melting soap, hard rubbing; weekly boiling, repeated rinsings. This same 9 o'clock washing almost never got out before ten or ten-thirty.



**Don't chip a soap made like a brick—
My motto is: "Get rich suds quick!"**

With me to help, you are ready for work fifteen, twenty minutes sooner. My quick suds fluff up in a few revolutions of your washing machine, and make the dirt actually fall out.



**John and Jim, and Sue and Sally
Play in mud in yard and alley.**

But what if they do? We'll soak their play suits about fifteen minutes in my suds, rub a little here and there, and they're clean! And see how fresh I keep their colors.

One woman said the other day:

*"Since I began to use CHIPSO, I feel all
'smiley' when I look at the clothes basket."*

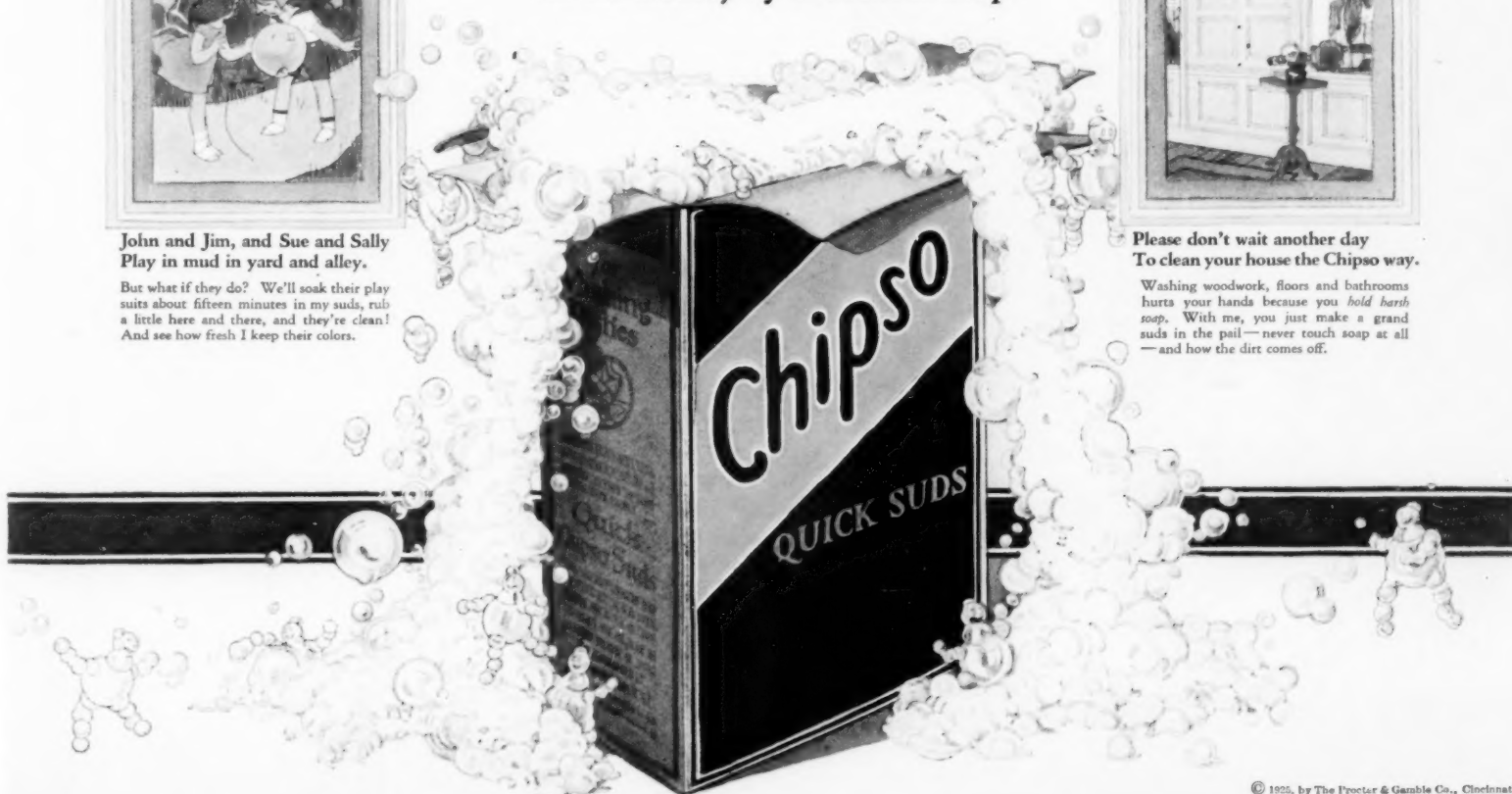
Millions of other women feel the same way every washday morning. Because CHIPSO is *ready*—just open the package and pour out those beautiful thin white CHIPSO flakes, and you have rich suds instantly.

And you just ought to see those wonderful CHIPSO suds work! They don't seem to have any respect for dirt at all. Dirt literally flies before them. Yet to the clothes and their colors, to the decorations on fine china, they are as kind as a trusted friend.

You see, CHIPSO is *different*. It is not only already chipped for quick, rich suds—it is finer soap, too. It saves you all the time of chipping and melting cake-soap, of course. But more than this—it gets everything cleaner in less time. And it is wonderfully economical—you'll understand this the minute you see the big CHIPSO packages at your grocer's.

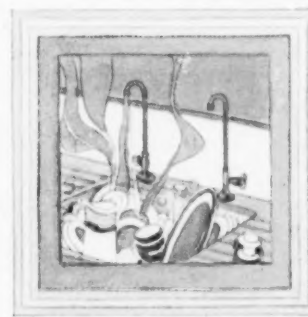
PROCTER & GAMBLE

*The most amazing success
in the history of household soap*



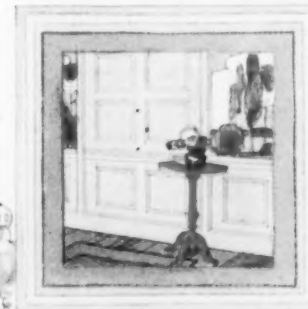
**When heavy linens must be done,
I soak, you rinse and hang in sun.**

Don't waste time and strength rubbing soap on great big sheets and table-cloths. Just soak, swish, rinse. They will come from this easy Chipso washing gleaming white, without a trace of soap-odor.



**Dishes? My, but this is easy,
Even when they're very greasy.**

Just let me and my sudsy brothers get to work! You never saw anything dissolve grease as we do. Don't rub the decorations off your china. Mop a little, rinse a little, and you're through.



**Please don't wait another day
To clean your house the Chipso way.**

Washing woodwork, floors and bathrooms hurts your hands because you hold *harsh* soap. With me, you just make a grand suds in the pail—never touch soap at all—and how the dirt comes off.

MILBONE
BRACKER
1924



Some heavenly dream!

Talk about your boyhood heaven! Here it is, sure enough! Heaping plates of Pillsbury's pancakes! Steaming, golden-brown cakes, chock-full of wholesome old-fashioned goodness. Just leave it to your boy. He'll choose Pillsbury's pancakes every time. Fluffy, tempting, tender—satisfying to the very last bite. And so quickly made you can serve them every morning! Simply add water or milk and bake on a hot griddle. Highest-quality ingredients and the special Pillsbury formula—that's why Pillsbury's pancakes have unmatched flavor and digestibility. Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them." Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

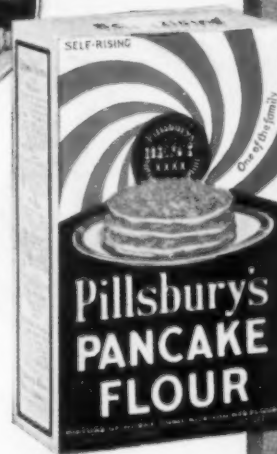
Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour • Pancake Flour • Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran • Wheat Cereal • Rye Flour • Graham Flour • Farina



Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand and rub it—see its fine, velvety texture—its creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. That's why Pillsbury's makes such delicious pancakes.



One of the family

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour